THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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OCTOBER 2, 1920

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Beginning **Seed of the Sun**—By Wallace Irwin

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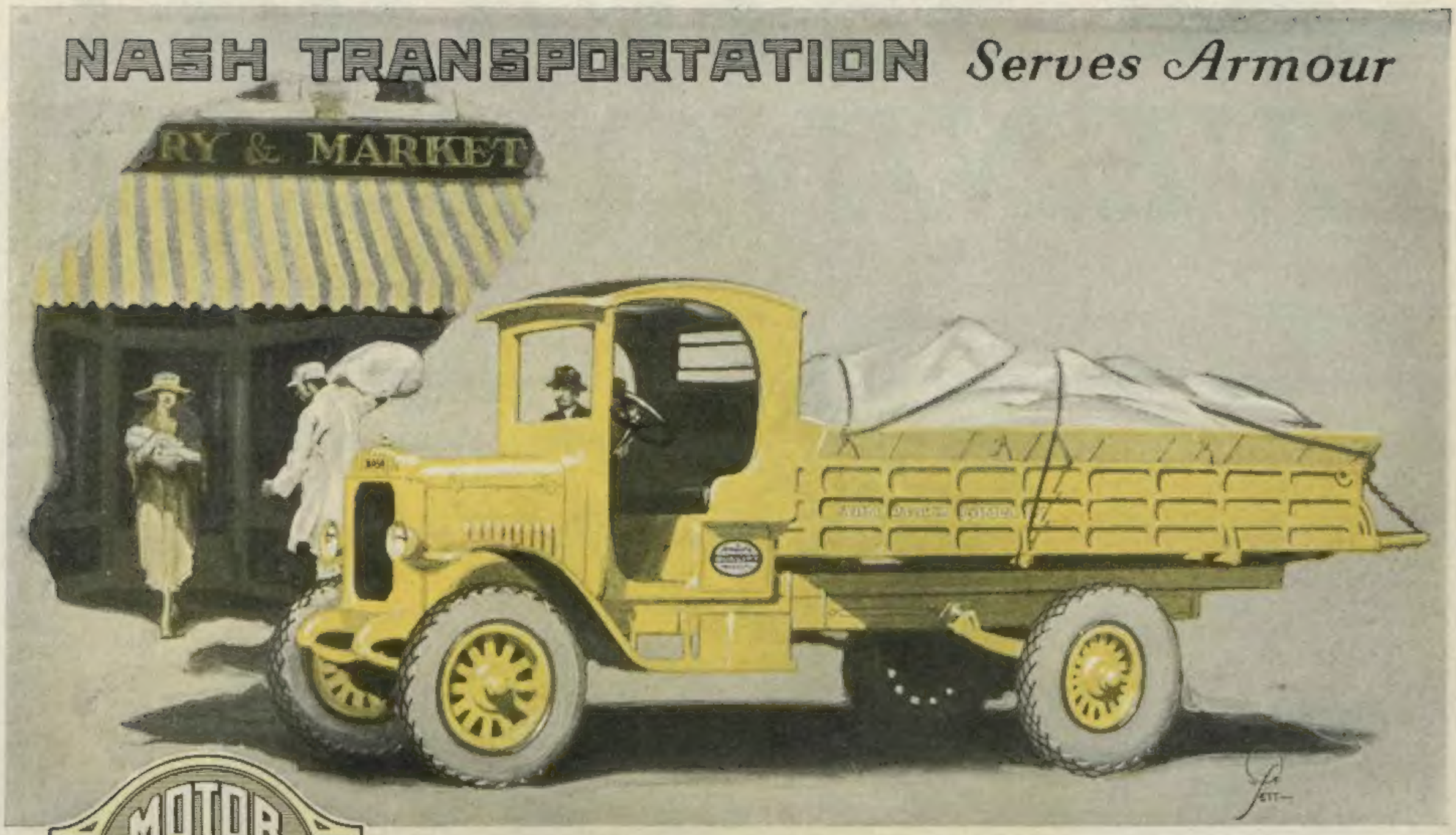

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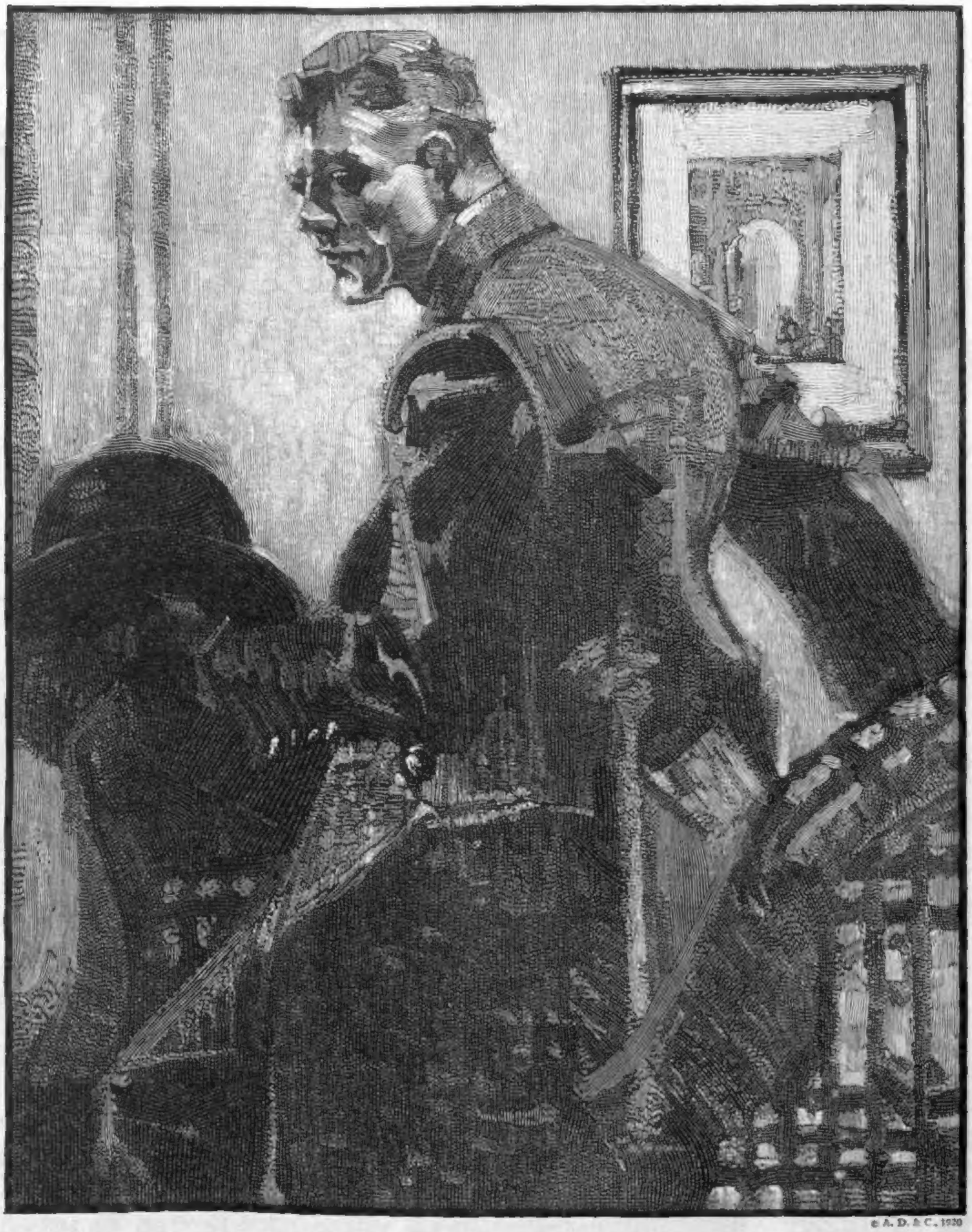

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SEED OF THE SUN

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"In Me You See the Brotherhood of Man Exemplified. In the Police Courts I Am Known as a Hobo; But it Would be More Elegant to Call Me a Chimera"

EARLY spring air was gorgeous with flying kites and flying clouds over the little short town with the little short name—a name, by the way, which the Japanese inhabitants could not pronounce because the letter *l* will always be an obstacle to the fluent tongues of Nippon. The younger and more progressive referred to it as Bry, the conservative ones adhered to the Japanese name which they had given it when first they decided that the region round the old Bly tract was worthy of attention. Such of the villagers as could read English—these being in the majority—recognized the name Bly when they saw it, as they could, plainly painted in giant letters on the side of the packing house or less prominently displayed at either end of the Southern Pacific waystation. But to the slanting black eyes of its inhabitants Bly was, at best, a barbarian word. Indeed, as a settlement for Californians, the town of Bly had long since ceased to exist.

Sparse February rains had been blown again into the Sierras, a north wind was drying away the good moisture of heaven, and the yellow folk of Bly—those sufficiently mature to worry about Nature's whims—were collected in Mr. Sago's general store, there to gather wisdom from the lips of the Honorable Sago or of the still more honorable Mr. S. Oki, local secretary of the Beneficent Society. Bow-legged little women, dressed in hand-me-down American clothes, were assembled on the porch of Mr. Sago's establishment, a respectful distance removed from the conference of their lords. Their large, broad faces bobbing and smiling above their undersized bodies gave them more than ever the appearance of quaint toys cheaply outfitted in the style of the day.

It was Sunday in Bly. Moreover the year had not yet awakened to the season of growing. Here then was an afternoon in which the most industrious people on the face of the troubled earth could breathe a little and exchange ideas to their mutual benefit. Tinny automobiles, short-nosed and noisy, were bringing in fresh loads of Asiatic farmers, father sitting majestically at the wheel, mother reverentially huddled at his side, abundant offspring in the tonneau. Up and down the hilly lane, leading at right angles from the main street, stunted men with their stunted families were filing along toward the local motion-picture theater, intent upon the comic deeds of Chaplin-san, great among the long-haired ones of the West; or they were shuffling in and out of the village drug store, whose proprietor was no less a person than Minejiro Akagashi, leader of men.

Kites were flying over Bly, a yellow child with keen, flat-lidded eyes at the end of every string. Remarkable kites they were, too, as they darted and plunged in the freshening wind, making the sky gorgeous with their purple bat-like wings, demon faces and party-colored bodies. They gave to the ugly, commonplace settlement its one touch of romance. Over square-rigged store fronts and battered garages, over the far-reaching orchard rows, over the slab-sided packing house by the Southern Pacific station darted the toy devils, now poising sarcastically, now plunging as though about to remove the town of Bly by force of tooth and claw.

Mrs. Awaga, wife of the Methodist minister, stood on the porch of her husband's shabby church looking enviously across at the Bly, California, Buddhist temple, whose roof had been shingled the week before and whose brand-new surface had been treated to its first coat of paint. Just what she was thinking concerns us not at this period in our story. Possibly her thoughts were untranslatable, for the Japanese mind is peculiar. She was a prim little woman, straighter and better proportioned than most of her countrywomen. Her appearance there was but a symbol—symbol of the new God warring with the old.

Was it symbolic, too, that she looked toward the sky to watch the play of paper demons? At that instant a little red-and-yellow kite, more spiteful than the others, was looping innumerable loops over the nubby spire of the Methodist church. It came so low that it grazed the roof. Then a gust of wind carried it up. Again it plunged—there was a clatter of wood and paper as it beat itself to death against the steeple, giving a shapeless note of color to that drab and leaky house of worship where the Reverend Professor I. Awaga had labored so long to inject a white man's religion under a brown skin.

"We're Thinking of Living on My Husband's Farm"

Now this is but a passing snapshot of the town whose name, defying race and color, remains so stubbornly Anglo-Saxon. Such motorists as go bowling through this crooked, hilly corner of Little Japan might wonder at the word "Bly" so legibly painted on the Southern Pacific station. Was there ever a Mr. Bly?

On the afternoon when paper demons flew over the village of Bly, and Mrs. Awaga stared unfriendly at the pagan emblem across from her husband's church, three amiable Americans sat in a pompous New York drawing-room and struggled to talk away the effects of an old-fashioned Sunday dinner. It was one of those houses which we associate with the name of England's most maligned of queens, Victoria. It had been built in the day when downtown was uptown and when fashionable New Yorkers seemed to have borrowed the architectural tastes of Mr. P. T. Barnum, then doing business in his justly famous museum.

Aunt Julia Stannard, one of the fiercest conservatives on the Island of Manhattan, had done little to change the nature of the house which spelled "respectability" in her worldly primer. The dining room, just beyond where the group were seated, glistened with knobby examples of the black-walnut period. True, she had attempted to modernize the drawing-room, but in doing so she had created a nightmare. Mr. Carlo Dulcimer, the reigning interior decorator, had inveigled her into having the walls paneled and tinted a faded washerwoman blue. Right there improvement had stopped at Aunt Julia's sharp command. Rosewood chairs, with pomegranates carved to bruise the back of the sitter, matched the stiff horsehair-upholstered couch, and the couch matched two cabinets through whose glass doors Dresden statuettes stared inanely. An ebony grand square piano, a Wilton carpet and a few family portraits in hard gilt frames completed the scene in which three good friends sat knee to knee making the best of their Sunday afternoon.

The aroma of Sunday cooking filled the air, giving a psychologic suggestion of funeral baked meats or of burnt offerings to a divinity in broadcloth.

"Hi-ho!" drowsed Zudie Brand, throwing back a head of honey-colored hair and opening her pretty mouth to an undeniable yawn.

"If you feel like that," smiled her widowed sister, Anna Bly, "why don't you go to bed?"

"Why don't you?" echoed the naval officer, who bore on his sleeves sufficient gold braid to indicate the rank of lieutenant commander in the United States Navy.

"I'm sorry," apologized the girl, raising her hand to shield a yawn that was already out. "They're perfect cannibal orgies, these Sunday dinners. Aunt Julia thinks you can't be a Christian unless you fill up like an anaconda on the seventh day."

"That's what makes it a day of rest," Lieutenant Commander Footridge took the liberty of explaining. "When you're unable to do anything but sleep, well, then ——"

Zudie's hazel eyes turned involuntarily toward the heavy walnut stairs up which Aunt Julia's upholstered form had struggled toward Sabbatical coma.

Anna Bly was paying but faint attention to these light remarks, obviously exchanged for the purpose of killing time. Life in this house had been hard to endure, but she considered Zudie's remarks about Aunt Julia a trifle out of taste. She wished a lot of things for Zudie then; wished that her agile mind would learn to settle down to something; wished that she could be kinder to poor Sid Footridge, who adored her so and got so little for it.

The two sisters, seated on either side of the naval uniform, were interesting by way of contrast. The family resemblance was scarcely distinguishable. It shone forth occasionally in a sudden expression of the face; that was all. Zudie's body was quick and agile—a dancer's body. Her features were small, and innumerable ringlets in her bright hair seemed to suggest a multitude of wayward thoughts in the little brain beneath. She was just turned twenty-one, and she looked—if anything—younger than that.

Anna Bly was seven years older than her sister. She had none of Zudie's sprightly prettiness. She was a beauty of heroic mold, tall, full-figured and slow. Her pale skin was as pure as a child's, her eyes clear gray, her brown hair as lustrous as it was simple in arrangement. She had the look of a woman who is clean from the heart out. She was no great conversationalist. Zudie's high-pitched voice went on trippingly, full of the tailor-made accents imparted by Miss Gault's finishing school; Anna's contralto was sweet and natural. And yet they were both of them women to love, however differently they approached the baffling phenomenon we have learned to call life.

"If we could turn on the phonograph," suggested Zudie Brand, "we might be able to dance down that plum pudding and hard sauce."

"Don't think of such a thing!" said Anna, coming out of her trancelike state. "If Aunt Julia should wake up and hear you dancing ——"

"We might give her the Holy City," Sid Footridge was so kind as to hint.

"Hi-ho!" lamented Zudie. "If I was making the world I'd end the week with Saturday night and begin it with Monday morning. Having to sit indoors on a Sunday afternoon when there isn't enough pep in the air to commit suicide by!"

"Zudie!" cautioned Anna, but she smiled upon the word.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Footridge, his sandy face flushing with an idea which he must have felt sure would be rejected. "I'll charter a hansom cab and we'll float round town. I've got to be aboard ship at five, but we could get a breath of air, and it might save Zudie from suicide."

This last sentence included a wink toward Anna.

"I don't want to float," said Zudie, one of her small feet thrust moodily forward to kick away a footstool. "I want to dance and gambol and be alive."

Footridge maintained the cautious air of a young man striving to say the diplomatic thing in a household torn by many warring factions.

"After all," he grinned, "an old-fashioned Sunday afternoon sort of whittles up your appetite for Monday. Far as I'm concerned, I've met a lot worse horrors than your aunt's perfectly corking food."

"Every day'll be Sunday by and by," quoth Zudie pessimistically.

But a noise at the front door brought diversion. A treble voice shrilling, "Aw, mother!" and a still more treble voice echoing the same summons were stilled by the acrid caution: "Can't ye be quiet now? Ye'd think an enjine was a-comin' tootin' through th' door. An' yer aunt asleep too."

"That's my bad, bad boy," whispered Anna to the visitor before she called out, "Come in, Kipps!"

The bad, bad boy appeared in the doorway looking as saintly as an Eton collar and a new blue suit of clothes, obviously for Sunday, can make a boy of eight—and growing on. He had his mother's brilliant eyes. The rest of his face gave an impression of teeth and freckles. A little girl of six, perfection's self in her squirrel-collared coat, came up at the rear and stood primly, her hands concealed in a muff. She was a pretty child and had inherited her good looks from Lieut. Alexander Bly, who had been killed at sea during the last month of the Great War.

"Kipps wouldn't put on his overshoes," announced the small girl, never moving from her attitude of perfection.

"Look here, mother," upspoke the accused in his own behalf, "what am I going to do with those things when they're two sizes too big for me? I have to slip along on my toes to keep 'em from falling off."

"He'll catch his death," creaked a pessimistic voice from the hall.

Dimly in the background a little wisp of an Irishwoman could be seen, her face puckered like a sour apple, her dark eyes prophesying doom.

"Aren't you old enough to know better?" asked his mother, resorting to an ancient formula. "Now come in, dear, and say good afternoon to Commander Footridge."

Kipps cast his brilliant eyes across the room. Apparently he had been unaware of an audience, and the moment was embarrassing. However, he made the most of it, and exchanged a handshake as man to man.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the sailor, "you seem to grow an inch a week, sonny! They'll need a yardstick to measure you for a uniform when you're old enough to go into the Navy."

"Mother and I have been talking that over," declared Kipps, now quite without embarrassment. "We've decided to stay out of the Navy. We aren't pacifists, though, are we, mother?"

"No, we're not pacifists, Kipps," admitted Anna, and it was her turn to be embarrassed, for she attempted to change the subject. "Sid, don't you think Nan's grown too?"

"Oh, so she has! She's tall enough now to have me at her feet."

But this pretty compliment was all he had for Nan. Footridge's mind was evidently upon the son of the man he had known and admired to the day of supreme sacrifice.

"Kipps," he persisted, "what's wrong with the Navy anyhow?"

"It's all right," replied Kipps, his freckles mobile with enthusiasm. "It's a he-man collection, I'll say!"

"I don't know where he picks up all that slang," interjected his mother.

"It gets in through the pores," suggested his frivolous aunt.

"But we civilians have got a lot of big jobs to tackle," Kipps was going right on. "I'm not sure whether I'll be an engineer or an editor."

"Susan," called Anna to the spectral Irishwoman in the hall, "you'd better take him upstairs and give him some dry shoes."

"We'll have to get together sometime and talk these matters over," smiled Footridge.

"There's a lot of things I'd like to talk over," declared Kipps.

"Kipps, Susan's calling you!" came Nan's shrill warning.

Therefore the conference had an abrupt end. Subsequent noises on the stairs indicated that Susan was hastening the captives by the force of her wiry right arm.

"He's an ace," declared Footridge.

But Anna seemed not so sure.

"He's getting dreadfully wild," she said.

"If he were getting dreadfully tame you'd have cause for worry," replied the naval officer.

"It's just New York oozing out of him," said Zudie, outdone to-day with her native city. And again she yawned "Hi-ho!"

A ring at the doorbell brought animation back into the young girl's hazel eyes. As Aunt Julia's parlor maid passed through the hall Anna looked concernedly round for an intuition warned her of who it might be.

"Mr. Lonsdale," announced the maid.

"Oh, Bunn!" cried Zudie as a slender young man, punctiliously clad for the afternoon, appeared at the door.

He was vivacious and straw colored. When he opened his mouth to laugh he showed rodent teeth, and his china-blue eyes seemed about to pop from his head.

"Hello, hello!" he breezed, shaking hands all round. "Yes, I know Footridge—how do you do? Can't stay a minute. Put on your hats, children. I'm giving a ball."

"A ball!" cried Zudie, clapping her hands.

"A regular Monte Carlo riot. Where? Over in my apartment. Now don't look stricken, Anna! Nothing rough. Respectable? Moses, how respectable! We've got six married couples—count 'em—six—to sit on the lid. If that isn't sufficient I'll bribe the night watchman to act as chaperon. He's a German, but I think he's perfectly safe."

"Bunn," interposed Anna, "when you get through with all that will you please come down to earth and tell us when and where and what?"

"I've named 'em all," he declared, counting. "Time—now. Place—my apartment. Occasion—mixed jubilee in honor of Mrs. Bly and Miss Brand. We're running four bridge tables, Lonnie Wayle is shaking the drinks and Mrs. Van Arnum will oblige at the piano. If you don't dance you gamble. If you don't gamble you dance. If you don't do either you stay in the kitchenette and help Lonnie. Who says me nay?"

"I don't!" volunteered Zudie, her cheeks bright with excitement.

"You know we're not going out," Anna began, but the engaging Lonsdale cut in:

"That's the point. This isn't out. It's just an afternoon tea arranged especially in your honor."

"I'm wild to dance," said Zudie. "Come on, fellows, let's go!"

"You'd better go out quietly before Aunt Julia comes to," said Anna, striving to lighten her tone.

"Aw, aren't you coming, Anna?"

"No, I don't think I'd better. Susan Skelley's going out, and I ought to stay with the children."

"How about you, Sid?" asked Zudie, turning to the officer, who was now standing apart looking out of the window.

"I'm a rotten dancer," he admitted with the hard smile of one ignoring defeat. "And I don't play bridge. But you go ahead, Zudie. I'll stay and talk with Anna."

"I wouldn't be trotting off like this," she apologized. "But you can't understand, Sid, how I want to dance."

"I understand all right," he grinned.

It was an instant after Anna had cautioned her sister to come back early and make peace with Aunt Julia that Sid Footridge and Anna Bly sat beside Zudie's vacant chair and strove to talk out the tangled situation.

"Anna," began Footridge, reddening as he opened his cigarette case and closed it absent-mindedly, "I don't know what to do about Zudie."

"You'd better give her a little rope," said Anna. "My father has been dead only six months. I don't like her to be going out to parties and dancing. But do you know, I sympathize with her sometimes. Father especially stipulated that we shouldn't go into mourning, and that makes some difference, I suppose. Just seeing black round you keeps you quieter, don't you think?"

"I suppose it does," he agreed.

He looked at her with earnest eyes. Was he thinking of her husband—how his life had been blasted out less than two years ago at the discharge of one of his own depth bombs? Was he thinking of the tearless courage with which she had taken the news and of how she had faced the world, spiritualized by her loss?

"I've never had the temptation," she went on, "because, I suppose, I've never cared a lot for parties. But with Zudie it has been a case of bubbles corked up and struggling to escape. Don't take it so seriously, Sid. Do you want me to encourage you?"

"A drop or two would help."

(Continued on Page 64)

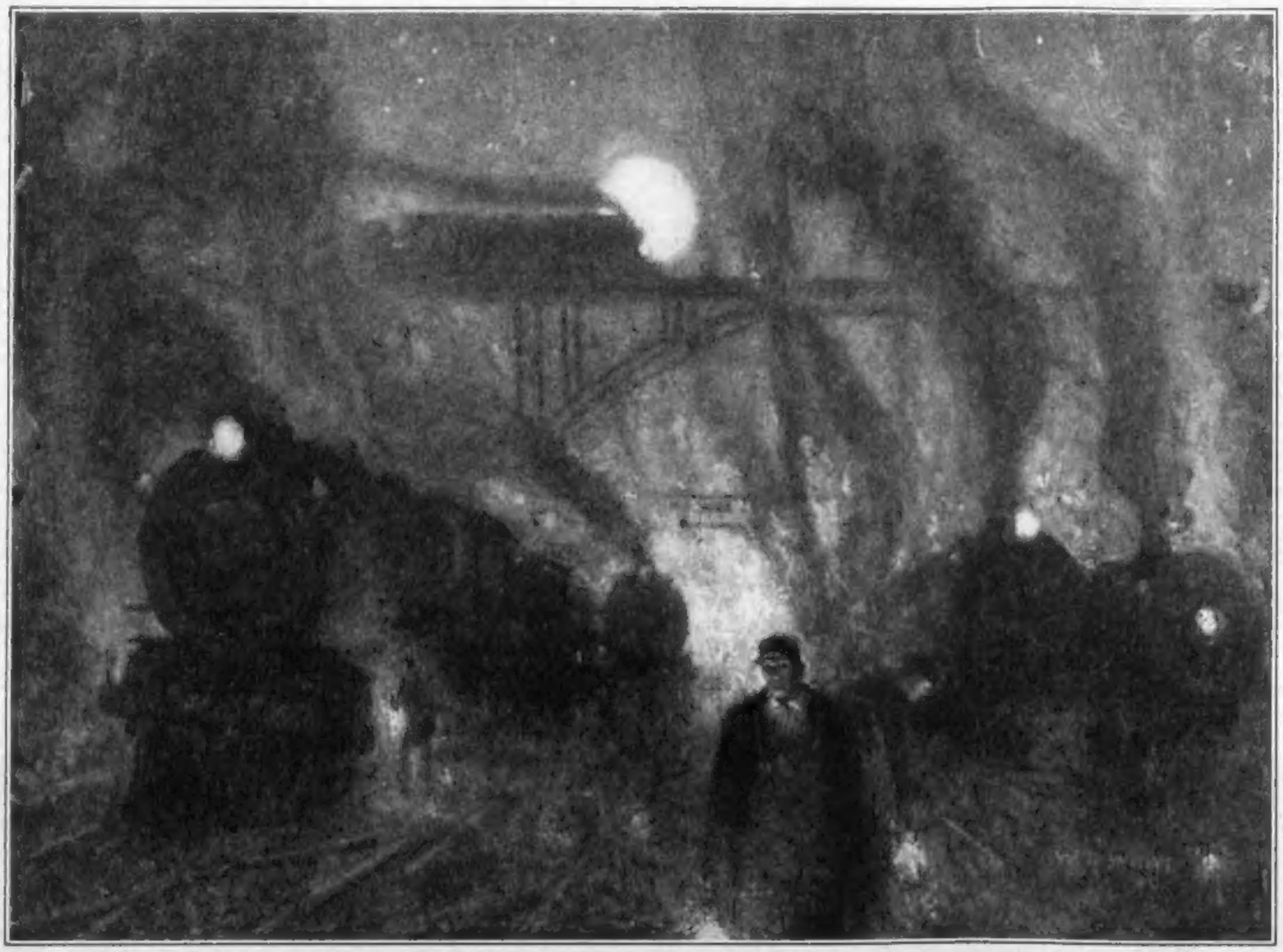
"Zudie," She Said, "We're Both of Us Spoiling Our Lives Here"

FELLOW TRAVELERS

By Irvin S. Cobb

DECORATION BY W. D. WHITE

WHERE I was going is of no consequence. Many of the places to which I have gone this year are of no consequence. Suffice it to say that I was on my way and that it was a bleak Sunday morning.



At seven-thirty, after a night's demi-slumber, I rose from my form-fitting lower berth. At that hour most of my fellow travelers in the sleeper still were in retreat behind their respective pairs of shielding green draperies. I was struck by the fact, as indeed I had been several times before daylight, that so many of the traveling public seemed to have gone in for sleeping aloud. There was a gentleman across the aisle from me—at least I assumed it was a gentleman; anyhow it was pronouncedly a barytone—who had taken up deep breathing very seriously. However, I was used to this sort of thing. I had spent so many nights aboard sleepers that when staying overnight in a hotel I had to insert an anthracite clinker in the corner of one eye before retiring, and hire a bell hop to come in at intervals and shake the bed violently; otherwise I failed to get my proper rest.

But on this night, at a rather somberly furnished way station, I had waited up until two-thirty A. M. to board a train due at eleven-forty-five P. M., and now in order to make connection with another train at a junction point I must rise early, as I had just done, and partake of a somewhat hurried breakfast, as I was now about to do.

I do not care to eat my Sunday morning breakfast hurriedly. I came from a section where Sunday morning breakfast amounts to something; not so formal and imposing perhaps as Sunday morning breakfast in Boston, Massachusetts, where the baked bean practically is a sacred rite and the codfish ball comes under the heading of devotional exercises, but nevertheless, down my way it has its deeply ceremonial aspects. Probably it is a survival of my earlier training, but I dislike being shoved along through my salutatory Sunday meal. Most of us in my native section are so inclined. Through life we carry our breakfast appetites with us. As the poet has said, Age cannot wither nor custom stale our infinite gastric juices.

An Unabashed Breakfaster

THIS day, the prospect of being driven briskly, as it were, from point to point in my breakfast was sufficient to clabber a usually sunny disposition, even though there had been no contributory excuses for having a grouch. Given more time for considering its merits, the menu would have been to me an absorbing piece of reading matter, not to say gripping. Possibly it was a bit jumpy in its style, and given to shifting too rapidly from subject to subject, but on the whole I might have found it ordinarily to be of a compelling nature.

There was a fascinating passage relating to waffles with maple sirup. There was a paragraph having an especial appeal for lovers of red-blooded literature. It dealt with sirloin steak. Liver and bacon formed an attractive subdivisional heading. Now, liver and bacon I have ever regarded as one of the noblest affinities in all romantic history, taking rank with such paired soul mates as Abelard and Héloïse, Damon and Pythias, Romeo and Juliet and Haig & Haig. Also, the compiler of the work had made a feature of that Jonathan and David of breakfast combinations—country ham and eggs. Having focused my taste upon this last named—Jonathan to be cut thin, with plenty of fat, and David to be fried on both sides—I now desired above all vouchsafed things a measure of privacy while going thoroughly into the topic. I felt that I should have it, too, seeing that the dining car was no more than a third filled, with plenty of vacant tables about.

Alas, such was not to be! Immediately there plumped down opposite me a person who looked as though Herbert Johnson drew him. He was a composite of two of Herb's favorite cartoon characters—Plutocracy and Common People. He had C. P.'s smallish, caved-in frame and wandering eye; he had Plute's predatory side whiskers. To the waiter he said, just like that: "Tea-toast-grape-fruit-oatmeal," all in one liquid, flowing compound word, and then to me, in the same breath: "Where going?"

"I haven't fully decided," I said. "I've heard Tuscaloosa spoken of very highly."

"Which Tuscaloosa?" he said. "There's one in Iowa and one in Alabama and one somewheres else, seems like to me."

"That," I said, "is what confuses me and makes it so hard to settle on a choice. If there was only just one Tuscaloosa the thing would be simplified."

I thought I was being pretty smart for seven-forty-five in the morning, and it raining hard outside. But he batted not a single eyelid.

"What line are you in?" he said.

"I'm a minister of the gospel," I said, "but there's a prejudice in some quarters against ministers of the gospel—their calling requires them to talk so much to strangers without having been introduced. So I'm disguised as a tired business man."

I felt that I was getting smarter and smarter all the time, but he muffed that one too. Seemingly I could not abash him. Anyone with half an eye could tell that probably never in his whole life had he known what a real bash was. He tucked an end of his napkin into his collar and slid his Adam's apple down against it to hold it firmly in place—he had one of those educated Adam's apples which rise and fall at will—and said: "When are these here high prices going to start coming down?"

This, I thought to myself, is going to be an endurance test. So be it then, and may the best man win. I said:

"High prices will begin falling on the twenty-first day of August, 1921, at three-thirty-four o'clock in the morning. I expect to set my alarm clock for two-forty-five that morning so I'll be up in time to see 'em start falling."

He took it without a blink.

"What about this here Armenian mess? How's it all going to turn out?"

Now, when one has in one's possession information of general public interest I believe one should be willing to impart it to friend and stranger alike without regard to one's present desire for keeping silent. I told him.

"When are them Russians going to get on their feet again and settle down to business and behave themselves?"

I told him that, too, but under pledge of secrecy. As I warned him, I had had the facts in confidence from one whose name might not be revealed, but if divulged here would undoubtedly cause a profound sensation.

Fleeing From Temptation

"HOW'RE the French and the Germans going to figure out their mix-up about them coal fields over there in Yourup?"

"That," I said, "is a detail which as yet I am not empowered to disclose."

"What do you think about this here League of Nations the way it shapes up now?" he said.

"I think so," I said. "Some persons may not agree with me, but I think so."

He said: "Well now, what about this here Irish question?"

Ireland was the last straw. I rose and fled headlong, leaving Jonathan practically untouched, and deserted David to go cold and clammy upon the platter. Either I must flee or give way to homicidal impulses. Prudence bade me stay the murderous hand. Had I had him handy to New York I could have lured him up to the Hall of Fame and killed him and left him weltering in that shrine of our immortal dead, knowing that it would be months and perhaps years before anybody came along and discovered the body.

But here I was, far from home in a strange district. For all I knew to the contrary, the state through which we were then traveling might be one of those states of our Union where deliberate murder is almost as strongly deprecated as the act of surreptitiously importing a pint bottle of pale ale. So self-interest o'erswayed natural cravings, and I went away from there and left him to live on a while. Even so, I felt I should see him in this flesh never again. Our first meeting almost surely would be our last one. Someone with a will power not so thoroughly under subjugation as mine was would some day destroy him utterly. (Continued on Page 74)

The Next President of the United States and the High Cost of Living

By CHARLES G. DAWES

THE elemental political issues upon which we divide in the United States are not made in political platforms, but in the minds and hearts of the people. We have just witnessed in our two great political conventions the effort by politicians in both parties to select issues best calculated to exploit their own political fortunes, but the issues involving our attitude in international affairs, which they have sought to emphasize, are not the issues uppermost in the minds of our people.

Both platforms make it plain that the sovereignty of our nation is not to be impaired, and our people, outside of the politicians who live largely in personalities, recognizing that both parties are committed to this, do not seem to be much concerned whether the agency through which, in international affairs, this unimpaired sovereignty is exercised is to be a League of Nations, a Hague Tribunal or any other voluntary association.

What our people are chiefly interested in is the reduction of the high cost of living and the restoration of normal conditions of life; and they have generally come to know that high taxation is chiefly responsible for the high cost of living. The excess-profits tax, in a country where the diversification of industry is as great as in the United States, which is duplicated and collected over and over again in the ultimate cost of things to the consumer, was popular until Mister Average Citizen, who is generally looking out for Number One, began to realize that he and not the rich manufacturer was the one who was paying it.

Let the Tax Spenders Beware

A MAN shows intelligence in divining causes that hit his pocketbook that he does not always show in more abstract matters. As a rule he seems comparatively unconcerned when the other man's pocket is picked through unfair and unequal taxation, especially when he finds that such a process benefits himself. But inevitably there comes to his mind a sense of the great truth that the encouragement of this kind of pocket picking will lead finally to the picking of his own pocket when the other man's money is all gone.

This has recently occurred in Russia, and even the long-distance sight of it has somewhat muffled the parrotlike chatter of the American parlor Bolshevist. For about a decade in this prosperous country of ours we have listened in politics to a large chorus of personally ambitious idealists, declaiming against the undoubted iniquities incident to human society and suggesting that the ones chiefly responsible for the most of them were those who were acquiring wealth, which is what nearly every individual tries his best to do all the time.

We have passed legislation duly penalizing the man of wealth and the wealth makers—some of it good; some of it bad—and yet Mister Average Citizen finds, notwithstanding, that he is still being trimmed at his grocery store, at his meat shop, at his tailor's and almost everywhere else. Now Mister Average Citizen, however liberal he may have been in advocating reforms the cost of which he expected somebody else to bear, is beginning to reason a little more clearly as to the relation of the taxes he thought the other fellow was paying to the cost of things to him. In other words, he is getting down to brass tacks, and, when he does, let the politician look out for him, for he knows what he wants. The time has come when Mister Average Citizen realizes that a reduction in the present high cost of living depends chiefly upon the reduction of taxes, and that the reduction of taxes depends chiefly upon the reduction of the running expenses of our Government. The purpose of this article is to endeavor to show that the reduction of governmental expenses depends primarily upon the next President of the United States.

Probably no government in the world is run more extravagantly than that of the United States. The reasons for this are numerous; but two stand out: First, the departments of the Government which spend the money have never been properly controlled or coördinated in their history.

Second, the taxable resources of the country have been so enormous that from the time of the Civil War until the recent war the drain upon them, even by an extravagant and slipshod business management of government business, has not been such that the people were "taxed until it hurt."

Therefore the tax spenders did not face a solidified and antagonistic public sentiment.

Let us analyze for a minute our present impossible government business system.

First, no responsible business head of the Government under the present Administration or any past Administration has thought in terms of the Government as one business institution, and outlined its business program as a unit in proper relation to the taxable resources of the nation.

Each Department for Itself

SECOND, the different departments of the Government—the War Department, the Navy Department, the Agricultural Department, the Interior Department, and so on—have gone to Congress for appropriations direct, each with its own program only in mind, each entirely indifferent to the needs of the other departments and entirely unconcerned as to the relative importance of other departmental programs in a general scheme—each determined to get all it can for itself.

Third, the department chief, being only a temporary officer, feeling no pressure for economy from above, and introduced suddenly to the business of an immense institution of which he is generally totally ignorant, allows, of necessity, his bureau chiefs to outline largely and fix the amount of money to be demanded of Congress.

Fourth, an average bureau chief, long in office, and likewise feeling no heavy pressure upon him from above to economize, which, disregarded, should bring upon him a personal penalty, endeavors to expand his work.

(Continued on Page 182)

Front-Row Stuff

THE HELL DIGGERS

By BYRON MORGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"How's That for a Convincing Finish?" Grunted the Engineer Savagely

WHEN Dora pressed the starting pedal and angrily snapped the gears into first speed the dirt-spattered young man lifted a mud-caked, booted foot to the running board of the little roadster, leaned quickly forward and turned the ignition switch.

"You've got to listen, Dora," he ordered, his jaw tightening. "I want only a fair chance to ——"

"You have had your chances, Teddy—several of them—the last one. Please take your hand away from the switch!"

There was an icicle on each word. The young man shook his head defiantly.

"I won't," he said, the muscles of his neck swelling perceptibly beneath the open collar of his grease-streaked flannel shirt. "I'm not going to lose you without a good fight."

"No? How very interesting! With whom do you expect to fight—me?"

"Certainly not! I mean the ones who have been preaching these fool notions to you. The ——"

"My father?"

The question was a breath of the north wind.

"Yes!" He bit down hard on the word. "Your father—and the other members of his farmers' organization. They're carrying their fight a bit too far. Why should they make a personal issue of it? Why wreck my happiness—our happiness?" he added, a softer note creeping into the almost gruff tone.

"They have not, Teddy." Dora turned and her level brown eyes met his squarely, unflinchingly. "You know that. If—if anyone's happiness has been hurt you have only yourself to blame."

"I? Why ——"

"Yes. You think only in terms of destruction. You ——"

"The same old argument?"

"The truth, Teddy. Every normal man is a builder, a creator. Are you? No, you're a destroyer, a professional wrecker, a—a ——"

"Hell digger!" he cut in harshly, his eyes hardening. "You've never said it, but you might as well. You think it, don't you?"

She nodded slightly. And the nod said plainer than words, "And for that I'm sorry."

His figure stiffened.

"Well, it's my job. It's all I know. It's my living—my future. I've made a success ——"

"And you boast of it!" Her slender, gloved hand tightened on the steering wheel, the knuckles rising sharply against the leather. "You're proud of your accomplishments, of your ambitions, of the havoc you have created! Daddy was right! The others are right! It's the lust for destruction, the—the soul of—of a hell digger!"

"Dora, don't, please!" He dropped his hand from the switch, then placed it lightly over hers as it rested on the wheel. "I'm sorry. Listen, dear, I ——"

The starting motor's gears rasped harshly. The roadster vibrated protestingly, then shot ahead, a swirl of dust with a black center that grew fainter and fainter.

For several long explosive-charged minutes Teddy Darman, his jaws clamped grimly together, stood like a granite statue, staring after the roadster as though by mere concentration of will he could reverse the course of the car.

Then he turned, climbed slowly through the barbed-wire fence, and with hands jammed pugnaciously into pockets, hat pulled wrathfully over his eyes and his mind sweeping back over Dora's seemingly unjust accusations, he trudged across the level field. Presently he halted at the edge of a huge water-filled excavation and stared thoughtfully at the gigantic monster that wallowed rather than floated in the yellow, muddy water of the artificial lake.

"Hell diggers?" he muttered quizzically, a glint of pride in his eyes as they traveled over the outlines of the steel giant. "Yes, you are, my beauty. You're a hell digger—mine!" He thrust out his two big paws. "With these hands I designed you—created you. And how she hates you, you ugly, efficient brute!"

He squatted down on his heels Indian fashion, his eyes focused on the laboring leviathan as though to read in its bulk the answer to his problem. Born of man's diabolical genius, offspring of the age-old craving for gold, the monster differed only from the rest of her devilish breed by her increased capacity for destruction. A marvel of untiring efficiency, she was prized and petted by a select few and christened Number Three of the X. Y. Z. Gold Dredging Company's fleet. But by many others she was cursed and called a hell digger.

She was a huge, formidable ship, a gross mechanical emblem of her designer's destructive ambitions. Like her sisters, her ponderous, fourteen-hundred-ton bulk had been born in a gigantic hole scooped out of dry earth and launched on her wasteful mission by the simple method of filling the excavation with water. She floated in her own jealously guarded private sea and navigated by digging her own lake as she progressed.

She was the mightiest of the X. Y. Z. dredges. Her hull was of steel, a hundred and fifty feet long, fifty feet wide and ten feet deep. Her armament was a hundred-and-seventy-five-ton endless chain of eighty-three nickel-chrome, manganese-lipped, pressed-steel buckets, driven round a hundred-and-twenty-foot plate-girder-type digging ladder by a four-hundred-horse-power electric motor.

Her digestive organ was a gigantic revolving steel screen, in which under high-water pressure the gold-bearing earth was separated from the cobblestones and distributed to the gold-saving tables and the refuse of rock delivered to the stacker belt to be cast out behind.

She was the most insatiable of her breed. She dug and devoured ten thousand tons of earth each day, winnowing the gold from every cubic foot of soil from surface to bed

rock, leaving behind her the soil at the bottom and the cobblestones piled on top in windrows twenty-five to forty feet high—a hideous, forbidding trail shunned by every living creature—a barren, rock-strewn desert that would endure as long as the Pyramids.

It was these unsightly monuments of her voracious appetite, Teddy realized, that had roused the wrath of the community—that had earned for her breed and their crews the hated epithet of hell diggers—that eventually threatened to destroy them. For a group of farmers, spurred to action by the scope of the destruction, and efficiently led by the shrewd mind of Old John Wade, Dora's father, promised to accomplish what even legislatures had utterly failed to do.

With characteristic cunning, Old John Wade had struck directly at the dredges' Achilles' heel, their most vital need—the earth on which they gorged. Banded together, the clan of farmers, controlling more than a thousand acres of rich dredge ground, had several years before pledged themselves never to sell an acre for dredging purposes. And now rumor had it that the X. Y. Z. had about worked out its ground and that it couldn't last more than a year or two longer.

But these reports did not now concern Teddy. What did trouble him was why Old John Wade had injected the personal element into the fight. Why was he so bitter toward him, a mere employee? True, he was the construction superintendent of the company—had built two of its three dredges—had in fact designed the great Number Three and invented several of her most efficient points. But that was part of his day's work. Why should he be held personally responsible, any more than the inventor of a new-style revolver should be brought to account for the murders committed with that particular gun?

Abstractedly he walked slowly round the pond, pulled down the pivoted ladder, climbed to the gangplank which reached out over the huge bucket line and boarded the dredge. From force of habit he picked his way across the slippery bow deck, unconsciously making note that when Number Three was digging shallow, or her digging ladder was up for repairs or oiling, her forward deck was almost awash and one was apt to skid overboard into the liquid paste of the pond. That was a point of construction to be corrected in the next boat he built.

With an uncharacteristic gruff greeting he passed Bill Howard, dredge master, climbed to the upper deck and passed on into the winch room—the little pilot-house cabin perched high over the digging ladder and bucket line—from which the winchman, amid his mass of levers and controllers, guided and controlled the leviathan dredge with the same ease that an elephant trainer directs the march of his powerful charge by a tap of his ankus.

Leaning in the open window, he stared half puzzledly out across the level field through which the ravenous monster was eating her way. To-day for the first time those fertile acres seemed to take on a different look—a more significant meaning. Nothing but the re-creation of the world could undo the havoc the dredges had wrought, could efface those horrible windrows of rock, could destroy those tell-tale monuments to man's greed for gold. Dora was right!

"Hell diggers?" he muttered grimly. "Gad, they're right! We're—we're surely raising hell!"

He leaned heavily against the winch-room wall. Every word of that unforgetable scene at the roadster was a red-hot scar on his memory.

"If you must have the pitiful amount of gold," Dora had insisted, "why don't you design a dredge that will return the ground to its normal condition? Surely brains that can devise such inhuman monsters can go further—can find some way to put those terrible rock piles underneath the soil again!"

There was logic in Dora's argument, Teddy realized. Why was such a dredge impossible? The ground was not really destroyed—it was simply upside down, the rise of the rock piles above the former level just a confession of man's inability to duplicate Nature's method in packing the ground into a solid mass. The superintendent's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. If only he could reweld the earth into its former space! If ——

He crouched down on his heels, drew a bit of chalk from his pocket and started to draw strange, grotesque outlines on the deck. True, it was only a dream castle on the glorious sands of the wonderful isle of imagination, but then that huge, efficient steel monster beneath his feet had once been just such a vague bubble. For years dredgemen had scoffed and loudly hooted the idea of an all-steel dredge that would dig three thousand cubic yards of earth a month. Yet squatting in the yellow slime of the pond below was the embodiment of that derided vision. And in a like brooding place another duckling might be hatched a duckling that would not be called a hell digger—that would not be hated by Dora.

II

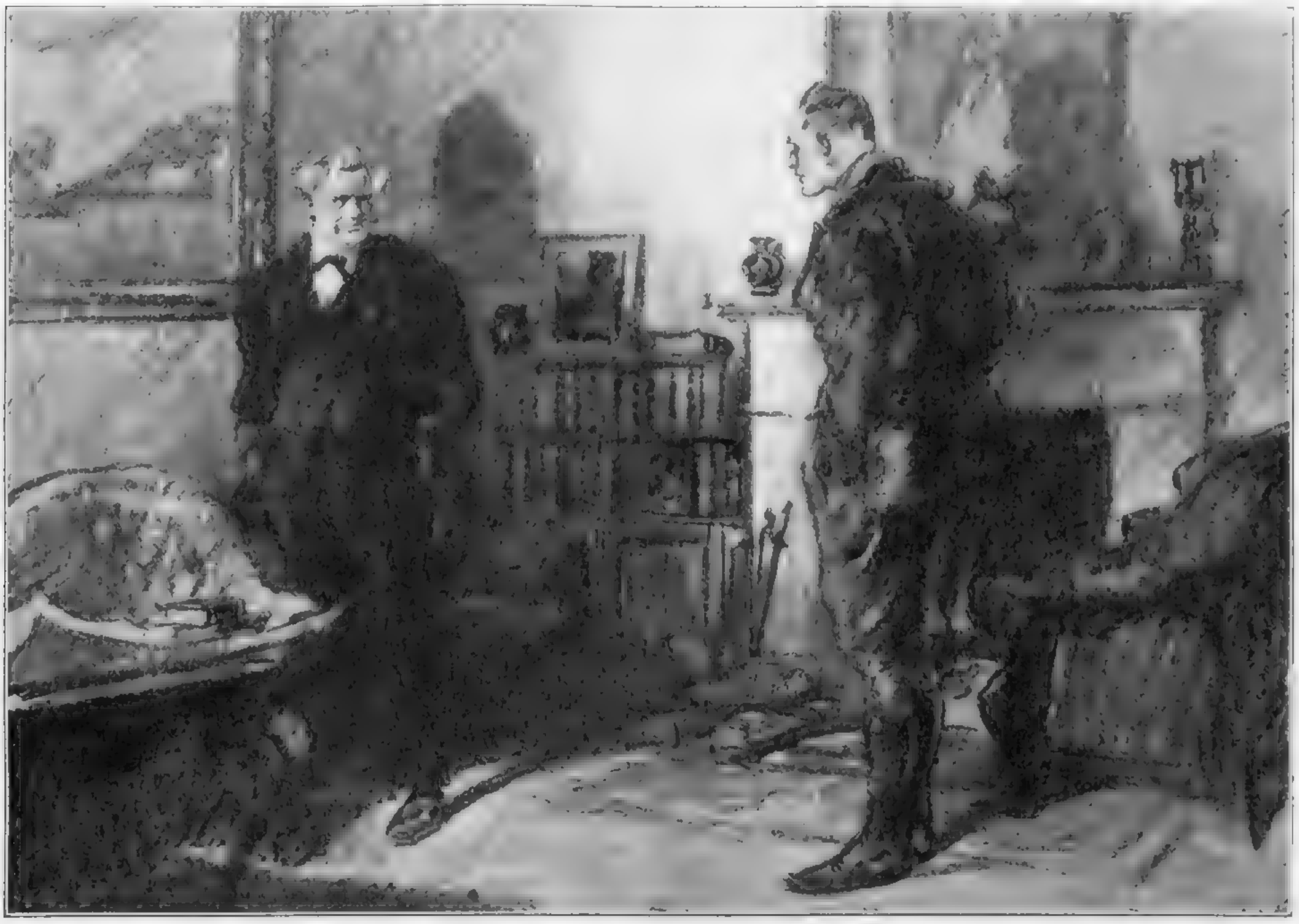
OLD John Wade sat massively back in his chair staring quizzically at the fire that crackled in the deep fireplace of the cozy living room of the Wade homestead. Why did the night seem so unusually quiet—quiet with a heavy, unnatural stillness, as though some familiar sound had suddenly ceased? Then abruptly he understood. Number Three dredge, working a scant quarter mile away, had shut down. The harsh, coarse shriek of her huge buckets grinding against the digging-ladder rollers, like the wail of some medieval monster ever complaining over its task, was unexpectedly stilled.

"That's the third night this week they've shut down," Old John muttered to himself. "Strange they're losing so much time."

He hoisted his huge frame out of the chair, stamped across to the window, pulled aside the shade and gazed out into the blackness. Only one small electric light blinked from the towering bow gantry of Number Three. That also was peculiar. Ordinarily when a dredge was shut down for repairs the work was rushed at top speed, the night shift working under the daylike brilliance of electric arcs.

Wade's stern old eyes narrowed speculatively. There could be but two answers to the almost impossible number of breakdowns the X. Y. Z. dredges were having. Either the company was suffering an exceptionally long period of hard luck or they were deliberately stalling, hoarding the rapidly diminishing acres between their giant boats and the frontier of the farmers' forbidden gound—putting off the inevitable day when they must come to a life-and-death grip with himself and the other farmers.

Continued on Page 115

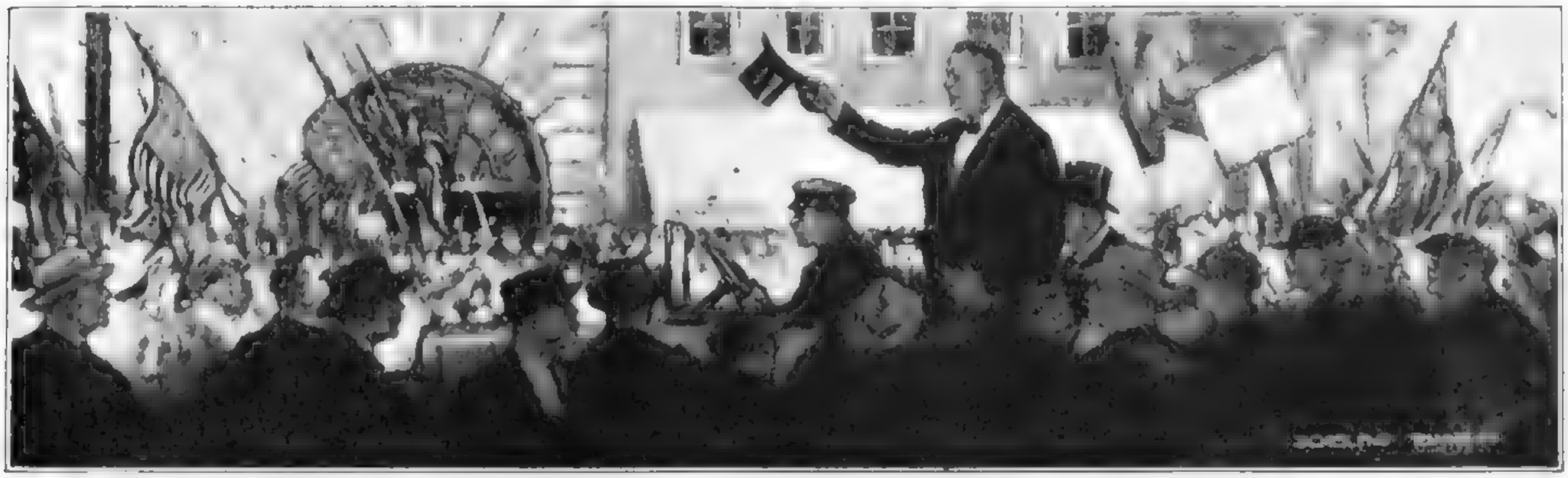


"You're Worse Than a Fool," He Said Bluntly. "You're a Hypocrite! You've Brooded Over This Thing Until Your Vision Is Warped"

"JIMMY"

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN



TO ALL and Sundry Who Desire to Acquire Merit in the Eyes of the Hon. James M. Cox: Greetings and Adjuration:

Call him Jimmy!

In support of this advice, which will be useful up to and including election day and as much beyond that time as circumstances warrant, I offer the following facts:

What pleased the governor most, on the day of the notification celebration at Dayton, was the number of marchers in the parade—and the number was great—who shouted "Hello, Jimmy!" at him, and "Hurrah for Jimmy!" and other similar enthusiasms; and the numerous banners the marchers carried that set him forth as "Jimmy," and especially those that had him "Our Jimmy."

The governor is a keen student of the works, writings, speeches and politics of the late Colonel Roosevelt, having closely observed him in action in the flesh, and is well aware of the universal popular acclaim of the Colonel as Teddy. The governor is as expert in politics as Roosevelt ever was, and he has hopes that Jimmy will be for Cox the same sort of proletarian asset that Teddy was for Roosevelt.

It is always well to humor a candidate, because a political anchor to windward is much more nourishing than a berth in the political dry dock.

Politics in Ohio is an intensive pursuit, pursued by intense persons. It ramifies in many directions, and comprehends all phases of information. Every politician in Ohio knows not only the political record of every other politician but the personal history as well. Moreover, they all tell what they know whenever opportunity arises, frequently tell when opportunity is reclining, and they have long and prehensile memories.

Wherefore some person or persons stood forth a time ago and asserted it is a matter of baptismal record that the governor was sent forth into the world as James Monroe Stokes Cox; and there was great and ominous significance attached to the circumstance that the governor signs his name as James Middleton Cox at the moment.

What's in a Nickname?

PASSING the somewhat pertinent reflection that even a Democratic candidate for President ought to know what his own name is, the facts remain as set forth above. All persons who deem it expedient, or mayhap beneficial, to have their minds go along with the governor's on this cognomen business will refer to him as Jimmy. Teddy Roosevelt—Jimmy Cox. You get the idea? Nobody on earth could call Harding, Warnie Harding. Doubtless the parents of the Republican candidate were sure he would be President some day, but they didn't help him any when they labeled him Warren Gamaliel. Indeed, some of those Ohio name hounds insist that it was originally Warren Gamaha, or that "W. G." wrote it so in his youth, or something of the sort.

The visit Col. Bill Sterrett, of Texas, and I paid to the garage in Dayton has a direct bearing on this point. Colonel Bill came up to have a look at his candidate for the purpose of informing the people of Texas about him. Bill has been informing the people of Texas about men and things for a long time, and his wisdom is great and his philosophy sound.

"Leave us go round to the livery stable," said Bill.

"For what purpose?" I asked.

"To find out about this man Cox."

"But there is no livery stable; nothing but garages."

"A garage will do. That's the successor to the livery stable. I always go to the livery stable when I get to a man's home town. That is the center of information. You can find out all about how the folks regard him there."

We went to a garage and sat round for a time, talking about Cox to the men who were there and the men who came in and out.

"Sure we know Jimmy," they said. "We all know him. He's lived here and near here all his life."

The information we obtained about the candidate may be epitomized thus:

When he goes fishing he wants to catch all the fish in the creek.

When he goes hunting he never quits until he has his legal limit.

When he starts to make money he wants to make every nickel the enterprise affords.

When he gets into a fight he fights all the time.

When he works he works like a steam engine.

When he plays he plays the same way.

When he goes after a man he never quits until he gets him.

When a man goes after him he runs out to meet him.

He is a good citizen, a good fellow, a good friend and a most annoying enemy.

When he has a thing to do he does it and provides the reasons after it is done.

Everybody in Dayton calls him Jimmy.

Sifted down, that was the opinion of the garage on Cox, and that also is the general Dayton opinion, modified according to politics in instances, and discarded entirely in others, for Cox has been active in newspapering and in politics in Dayton for more than twenty years, and not everybody is for him. They take their politics seriously in Ohio, and Cox has stepped on a good many toes, and had his own stepped on now and then into the bargain.

I asked President Wilson a few years ago, in the course of an interview with him for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, what, in his opinion, was the outstanding feature of the presidency from the viewpoint of the man who held the office.

"The power of decision," he answered.

I asked Cox the same question, as a possible President, and as a man who has had at least a view of the office, and knows of its powers, duties and responsibilities.

"The power to take a situation by the nape of the neck and the seat of the trousers and shake a result out of it," he said.

That was a Coxian answer, for he is incisive in his talk, but given to words in his public papers and speeches. That's an odd thing about Cox. He talks, man to man, in short, nervous sentences and in the vernacular. When he comes to putting down things on paper he expresses himself clearly, but at length—at length. He is verbose in his public writings, his official writings. Witness that twelve-thousand-word acceptance speech. He toiled over that for days, and it grew longer and longer under his toil.

When he was elected governor of Ohio for the first time he prepared a message to the legislature. He worked at the message for a long time. It grew incredibly. When it was completed it was a monumental pile of written sheets—monumental. Cox surveyed it. Not half of what he wanted to say was in it, but he had a suspicion that, even so, there was too much of it as it stood. He went at the job of revising it. He revised upward, not downward. Instead of cutting out he put in. After another week of toil the thing was stupendous. It would take hours to read it. It would take pages of the newspapers to hold it.

Then his newspaper sense intervened. He was an editor himself, but apparently he couldn't edit his own stuff. So he called in two newspaper friends, cold, merciless, cynical newspaper men, who knew how to use the blue pencil and had no compunctions over using it, even on so important a production as the first message of a newly elected governor.

"Boys," said Cox, pointing to the huge pile of manuscript, "this is my message to the legislature. I am afraid it is too long."

One of the newspaper friends poked at the pile an investigating first finger. "It has that physical appearance," he agreed.

"I wish you would go over it and cut it down where it can be cut advantageously."

"All right," said the two friends, shedding their coats and sharpening their pencils.

They split the manuscript into two piles. "It's very important," cautioned Cox. "Be careful what you cut."

"Jim," said one of the men, "you go away from here and stay away for two hours. Go out and run your newspaper, or take a walk or a nap, or do anything you please, but get out of here. We'll cut this thing down so it won't be more than two hours passing a given point."

Cox hesitated. He was fearful of what might happen. "Get out!" commanded the executioners, and he went out.

Operating on a Masterpiece

THOSE two copy cutters rolled up their sleeves, lighted their stogies and waded in. The slaughter was appalling. They cut out paragraphs, pages, chapters. Two hours later Cox came back. The floor was strewn with sheets of his precious manuscript, mangled beyond recognition. The two friends were up to their elbows in the gore of his pet phrases.

"Have you cut that much out of it?" wailed Cox.

"We ain't half done," said one of the men. "Get out and we'll call you when the carnage is complete."

No record was kept of how much they eliminated, but, at that, the message was long enough to cause comment when the governor read it. Unfortunately he didn't call in his friends after he had finished his speech of acceptance. He edited that himself, cut it down to twelve thousand words by thinking of a new paragraph now and then that must be added—and was; and thinking of a new paragraph, by the way, that was not added, which shows just how good he is as a publicity man.

When a man is nominated for President he becomes a daily news source, and the big newspapers and the press associations send staff men to cover him day by day. There was much interest in Cox's speech from the Wilsonian angle. Cox had gone to the White House soon after he was nominated, and it had been announced that he and the President were in full accord on the issue that is paramount in the White House view—the League of Nations. Also it was said in other quarters that perhaps Cox and the President were not so fully in accord as the dispatches indicated, and that this might be shown in the speech of acceptance. In any event there was great interest in the speech, not only among the Wilson supporters in the Democratic Party, who were eager to know just how closely Cox would tie himself up to the President, but among the anti-Wilson men, who were equally eager to discover just how loose he could, and would, make the bonds.

One day, while he was preparing his speech, Cox said something to the reporters about an insert to the speech he would make at the last minute, an insert that it would be necessary to send out to the newspapers by telegraph

to be placed in its proper place in the speech that would be forwarded in printed form by mail. This was sensational. It was argued that this insert must inevitably concern the very latest developments of the great point at issue—the extent of the Cox subservience to the White House idea as to the league or the weakness of it, as dictated by last-moment events.

The news of this fifty-ninth-minute insert was spread by the correspondents at Dayton, and kept fresh from day to day. There was a considerable discussion of it and speculation about it. Then the speech day came, but no insert. In all probability what happened was that Cox, because of his habit of sticking in his official papers every germane thing that came to him—and oftentimes many ungermane things—felt that something might bob up at the last moment that he could not resist, that must go in; and prepared for the emergency. That was the official Cox of the extended remarks. The newspaper man Cox saw the publicity value of this daily reference to his speech, and he let the insert assumption ride, and did not discourage discussion of it or speculation about it. Then on speech day the speech appeared with the benefit of much more advance advertising than it would have had in natural course. Brother Cox, all his life a newspaper man, knows the value of advertising.

Not all his public utterances have length. He can be brief and direct when he chooses. During one of his first terms as governor a certain propagandist minister, who may be called the Reverend John J. Blank, went about the state assailing Cox because of some policy or predilection or purpose of his that was not to the liking of the organization represented by the minister. One day the Reverend Blank made some specific and condemnatory charges against the governor. These charges were brought to him, as issued, by the newspaper correspondents at Columbus. Cox was asked if he desired to comment on them—make a reply.

"I do," said Cox

"An interview?" he was asked

"No," he said. "I'll write out a statement for you. Please wait for it"

He turned to his desk and wrote for a moment. He gave what he had written to a secretary and asked for copies immediately. Presently the secretary returned and Cox handed each reporter a copy of what he had written, with the remark: "This is all I have to say."

Governor Cox's Motto

THE communication read: "Gov. James M. Cox, when shown the charges of the Rev. John J. Blank, gave out the following authorized statement: 'The Rev. John J. Blank is a liar and a grafter.'"

That's all there was to it, and if you should ask him about the Reverend Blank to-day Cox would say the same thing. He is an unvarying person in these matters, is Cox, and pertinacious in his ideas about people. He is a hard hater, and his method of dealing with an enemy is to hit him in the eye as often as the eye comes within range of whatever is handy to hit it with.

The apt illustration of this trait of his is the story of Cox and the railroad president. Years ago, before anybody save Cox, and possibly before Cox himself, or his mother, connected him with the presidency in any closer terms than his eligibility by birth, I told this story about Cox in the Who's Who—and Why page of THE POST, as illustrative of the character of a two-fisted young representative from Ohio then in Congress. Now that Cox is a candidate for President the story has a wider significance.

When Cox was a reporter on a Cincinnati paper and was doing railroads, as the newspaper parlance is, he wrote some things about a high railroad official then making his headquarters in Cincinnati, that, in the view of the high railroad official, were not commensurate with the dignity, importance, power or position of himself. Being a high railroad official he was accustomed to deal arbitrarily with matters of this sort, and inasmuch as the reporter did not work for him and thus was beyond reach of his personal discipline he did what many another man of similar status has done. He threatened to get Cox's job.

The city editor and the managing editor laughed at him, but the high railroad official was insistent. He went to the owner, and orders came to fire Cox. There was a revolt at this. The owner was told that if Cox was fired the entire staff would quit. That was the fact. Whereupon the owner effected a masterly compromise. He did not fire Cox, but ordered him taken off the railroad assignment and put in the sporting department. Cox didn't want to go into the sporting department, but his job was of value to him, and he went. The high railroad official was mollified and all seemed serene.

Presently Cox went to Washington as the secretary of Paul Sorg, a rich Ohioan who was elected to Congress, and presently also Cox became the owner and publisher of a newspaper in Dayton. All in good time Cox was elected to Congress. One night he made a speech at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York. Very high railroad officials were present. Cox's speech was a good speech. It was the best speech of the night. The railroad magnates expressed the desire to confer distinction on Cox by shaking him by the hand and congratulating him. They were presented. Cox shook hands with three of them, but turned to the fourth, who was the then very high railroad official who had been the high railroad official in Cincinnati who tried to have Cox discharged, and in a calm and deliberate manner told that very high railroad official all about himself in language that even his official intelligence could easily comprehend.

Cox recalled himself to the very high railroad official as the reporter back yonder in Cincinnati whom the high railroad official would have thrown on the street at a time the weekly pay envelope was the most important feature of his life, and concluded the ceremony by saying to the very high railroad official that he, Cox, had waited twenty years, unforgetful, for an opportunity to say these things; that now, having said them, he would not shake hands with him; nor would he twenty years hence, nor forty, nor a hundred and forty-four.

That is the way Cox operates with those he feels have injured him. He did not use his newspapers to get even. He waited for a chance to say what he had to say personally, and face to face. And he has a very steady eye, and a very cold and measured voice, and a very grave and impressive manner when he uses the combination in a matter of this sort. His motto appears to be: "Don't tread on me."

Cox measures five feet and eight inches, with a good depth of chest and excellent shoulders. He weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds and looks like a fighter—a boxer. There is a certain quickness of movement about him, a pose of the head, a glint of the eye, a swing of the shoulders—the air and impression of a man who knows how to defend himself and offend the other fellow. They all speak of him as a fighter, a man who goes in after what he wants and gets it, or gets well beaten up before he quits—is put out.

Two of his newspaper fights in Dayton are of great local celebration. One was against the usurpation of a street by a big manufacturer who wanted to build a railroad track down the middle of the thoroughfare, and the other was a traction fight, when an outsider came in and tried to make a combination of local traction properties against, as Cox saw it, the interests of the community. The manufacturer was a powerful man and the promoter was a powerful man, and they fought Cox as Cox fought them, using every weapon they could muster, including suits for enormous libel damages. Cox won both these fights. Also, he has won a good many other fights, political and otherwise.

His outstanding characteristic is pertinacity. He hangs on. If they drive him into a corner he gets out either by maneuver or by fight, by craft or by assault, and keeps right at it. If he is beaten on one phase of a proposition he is resourceful enough to find another phase that will aid him in what he wants to do, and puts that to the front. Losing that, he produces a third.

He is a man of serious mind and of serious occupation. There is no light of battle in his eye when he goes forth to the fray, no song of war on his lips, no banners flying before him. His eyes are cold. His lips are tightly closed. The banner bearers are pushed from his path. He just goes in—and watch out, for the way to win a fight in the lexicon of James M. Cox is to win it. He'll hit you with an ax or a club or a monkey wrench or anything that is handy, so to speak. He'll lam you with anything that is useful for lamming, from a speech that flays you, to a political maneuver that leaves you gasping on the roadside.

Obstinacy That Is Elastic

THERE are no amenities in the fighting tactics of Cox—not an amenity. He is not an amenable person. As I have said, he is of serious mind, not at all imaginative or visionary. He may be classed as an unkind fighter. It is his creed that the object of a fight is to win it, whether it is political or of any other sort. Wherefore, the sole idea of Cox is to win—to "grasp a situation by the nape of the neck and the seat of the trousers and shake a result out of it."

There are no side issues, no diversions, no extenuations. He is whipped or his opponent is. That's all there is to it And the fact that his opponent whips him once doesn't end matters. Presently, right on the same lines if he thinks he is right, Cox presents himself to whip or be whipped again. A pertinacious person, but not truculent. That is, he isn't always looking for a fight; but he isn't avoiding one, either. Still he can be mild on occasion.

This pertinacity and combativeness may seem to denote a mighty stubbornness, a colossal obstinacy. It is true enough that Cox is obstinate, let us say, but he is not obstinate in the sense of the overweening obstinacy of President Wilson, for example. Having set his mind to a thing, the President refuses to allow any divergence therefrom, either by his own mind or by other correlated or concerned mind. What is to be done must be done his way or not at all. The important point with the President is the manner of getting the thing done. The important point with Cox is getting the thing done.

When Cox has a fight to make he sets forth the principles on which that fight is to be made, if it is that sort of fight, or the end to be accomplished, or the men to be beaten. He goes at it one way. If that way does not win he goes at it another way. There is elasticity to his obstinacy. There is flexibility to his pertinacity. If he cannot win by cutting straight across he'll win by going round the edge. If he cannot win by staying on the ground he'll win by climbing a tree or by digging a hole. If a result is desirable and helpful and for the good of all concerned, including his party, his state, his city, his country and, incidentally, himself—get that result! Never mind the formulas, nor the restrictions, nor the amenities. Win!

That spirit showed during the coal shortage in the first year of our participation in the war. Cox, then governor of Ohio, differed from Garfield, the fuel administrator. Ohio needed coal. Coal was in Ohio. Cox took the coal that was in Ohio, and kept it. Garfield protested that that

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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

YOU'RE ANOTHER!

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"We have strict statutes, and most biting laws"
Measure for Measure, Act I, Scene 4.

"After an existence of nearly twenty years of almost innocuous desuetude these laws are brought forth."
Grover Cleveland, Message, March 1, 1886.

"There is no man so good who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the laws, would not deserve hanging ten times in his life."
Montaigne. Of Vanity, Book III, Chapter IX.

"I am further of opinion that it would be better for us to have [no laws] at all than to have them in so prodigious numbers as we have." Montaigne. Of Experience, Chapter XIII

MRS. PIERPONT PUMPELLY, lawful spouse of Vice President Pumpelly, of Cuban Crucible, erstwhile of Athens, Ohio, was fully conscious that even if she wasn't the smartest thing on Fifth Avenue, her snappy little car was. It was, as she said, a "perfec' beejew!" The two robes of silver fox alone had cost eighty-five hundred dollars, but that was nothing; Mrs. Pumpelly in her stockings—cost Pierpont at least ten times that every year. But he could afford it with Cruce at 791. So, having moved from Athens to the metropolis, they had a glorious time. Out home the Pierpont had been simply a P. and no questions asked as to what it stood for; P. Pumpelly. But whatever its past the P. had now blossomed definitely into Pierpont.

Though the said Pierpont produced the wherewithal, it was his wife, Edna, who attended to the disbursing of it. She loved her husband, but regarded him socially as somewhat of a liability, and society was now, as she informed everybody, her "meal yure."

She had eaten her way straight through the meal—opera box, pew at St. Simeon Stylites, Crystal Room, musicales, carousals, hospital entertainments, Malted Milk for Freezing France, Inns for Indigent Italians, Biscuits for Bereft Belgians, dinner parties, lunch parties, supper parties, the whole thing; and a lot of the right people had come, too.

The fly in the ointment of her social happiness—and unfortunately it happened to be an extremely gaudy butterfly indeed—was her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Rutherford Wells, who obstinately refused to recognize her existence.

At home, in Athens, Edna would have resorted to the simple expedient of sending over the hired girl to borrow something. But here there was nothing doing. Mrs. Rutherford had probably never seen her own chef and Mrs. Pumpelly was afraid of hers. Besides, even Edna recognized the lamentable fact that it was up to Mrs. Wells to call first, which she didn't. Once when the ladies had emerged simultaneously from their domiciles Mrs. Pumpelly had smilingly waddled forward a few steps with an ingratiating bow, but Mrs. Wells had looked over her head and hadn't seen her.

Thereupon the iron had entered into Mrs. Pumpelly's soul and her life had become wormwood and gall, ashes in her mouth and all the rest of it. She proposed to get even with the cat at the very first chance, but somehow the chance never seemed to come. She hated to be living on the same street with that kind of nasty person. And who was this Wells woman? Her husband never did a thing except play croquet or something at a club! He probably was a drunkard—and a roo-ay. Mrs. Pumpelly soon convinced herself that Mrs. Wells also must be a very undesirable, if not hopelessly immoral, lady. Anyhow, she made up her mind that she would certainly take nothing further from her. Even if Mrs. Wells should have a change of heart and see fit to call, she just wouldn't return it! So when she rolled up in the diminutive car and found Mrs. Wells' lumbering limousine blocking the doorway she was simply furious.

"Make that man move along!" she directed, and Jules honked and honked, but the limousine did not budge.

Then Mrs. Pumpelly gave way to a fit of indignation that would have done her proud even in Athens, Ohio. Fire-breathing, she descended from her car and, approaching the limousine, told the imperturbable chauffeur that

"Madam or No Madam, Just Slip This to Her," Said the Shabby One. "Happy Days!"

even if he did work for Mrs. Rutherford Wells, Mrs. Rutherford Wells was no better than anybody else, and that gave him no right to block up the whole street. She spoke loudly, emphatically, angrily, and right in the middle of it the chauffeur, who had not deigned to look in her direction, slyly pressed the electric button of his horn and caused it to emit a low scornful grunt. Then a footman opened the door of the Wells mansion and Mrs. Rutherford Wells herself came down the steps, and Mrs. Pumpelly told her to her face exactly what she thought of her and ordered her to move her car along so her own could get in front of the vestibule.

Mrs. Wells ignored her. Deliberately—and as if there were no such person as Mrs. Pumpelly upon the sidewalk—she stepped into her motor and, the chauffeur having adjusted the robe, she remarked in a casual, almost indifferent manner that nevertheless made Mrs. Pumpelly squirm, "Go to Mr. Hepplewhite's, William. Pay no attention to that woman. If she makes any further disturbance call a policeman."

And the limousine rolled away with a sneer at Mrs. Pumpelly from the exhaust. More than one king has been dethroned for far less cause!

"You telephone Mr. Edgerton," she almost shrieked at Simmons, the butler, "that he should come right up here as fast as he can. I've got to see him at once!"

"Very good, madam," answered Simmons obsequiously.

And without more ado, in less than forty minutes, the distinguished Mr. Wilfred Edgerton, of Edgerton & Edgerton, attorneys for Cuban Crucible and hence alert to obey the behests of the wives of the officers thereof, had deposited his tall silk hat on the marble Renaissance table in the front hall and was entering Mrs. Pumpelly's Louis Quinze drawing-room with the air of a Sir Walter Raleigh approaching his Queen Elizabeth.

"Sit down, Mr. Edgerton!" directed the lady impressively. "No, you'll find that other chair more comfortable; the one you're in's got a hump in the seat. As I was saying to the butler before you came, I've been insulted and I propose to teach that woman she can't make small of me no matter what it costs—and Pierpont says you're no slouch of a charger at that."

"My dear madam!" stammered the embarrassed attorney. "Of course there are lawyers and lawyers. But if you wish the best I feel sure my firm charges no more than others of equal standing. In any event you can be assured of our devotion to your interests. Now what, may I ask, are the circumstances of the case?"

"Mr. Edgerton," she began, "I just want you should listen carefully to what I have to say. This woman next door to me here has ——"

At this point, as paper is precious, space priceless and the lady voluble, we will drop the curtain upon the first act of our legal comedy.

"I suppose we'll have to do it for her!" growled Mr. Wilfred Edgerton to his brother on his return to their office. "She's a crazy idiot and I'm very much afraid we'll all get involved in a good deal of undesirable publicity. Still, she's the wife of the vice president of our best paying client!"

"What does she want us to do?" asked Mr. Winfred, the other Edgerton. "We can't afford to be made ridiculous—for anybody."

This was quite true since dignity was Edgerton & Edgerton's long suit, they being the variety of Wall Street lawyers who are said to sleep in their tall hats and cutaways.

"If you can imagine it," replied his brother irritably, "she insists on our having Mrs. Wells arrested for obstructing the street in front of her house. She asked me if it wasn't against the law, and I took a chance and told her it was. Then she wanted to start for the police court at once, but as I'd never been in one I said we'd have to prepare the papers; I didn't know what papers."

"But we can't arrest Mrs. Wells!" expostulated Mr. Winfred Edgerton. "She's socially one of our most prominent people. I dined with her only last week!"

"That's why Mrs. Pumpelly wants to have her arrested, I fancy!" replied Mr. Wilfred gloomily. "Mrs. Wells has given her the cold shoulder. It's no use; I tried to argue the old girl out of it, but I couldn't. She knows what she wants and she jolly well intends to have it."

"I wish you joy of her!" mournfully rejoined the younger Edgerton. "But it's your funeral. I can't help you. I never got anybody arrested and I haven't the least idea how to go about it."

"Neither have I," admitted his brother. "Luckily my practice has not been of that sort. However, it can't be a difficult matter. The main thing is to know exactly what we are trying to arrest Mrs. Wells for."

"Why don't you retain Tutt & Tutt to do it for us?" suggested Winfred. "Criminal attorneys are used to all that sort of rotten business."

"Oh, it wouldn't do to let Pumpelly suspect we couldn't handle it ourselves. Besides, the lady wants distinguished

counsel to represent her. No, for once we've got to lay dignity aside. I think I'll send Maddrox up to the Criminal Courts Building and have him find out just what to do."

It may seem remarkable that neither of the members of a high-class law firm in New York City should ever have been in a police court, but such a situation is by no means infrequent. The county or small-town attorney knows his business from the ground up. He starts with assault and battery, petty larceny and collection cases and gradually works his way, so to speak, up to murder and corporate reorganizations. But in Wall Street the young student whose ambition is to appear before the Supreme Court of the United States in some constitutional matter as soon as possible is apt to spend his early years in brief writing and then become a specialist in real estate, corporation, admiralty or probate law and perhaps never see the inside of a trial court at all, much less a police court, which, to the poor and ignorant, at any rate, is the most important court of any of them, since it is here that the citizen must go to enforce his most fundamental and everyday rights.

Mr. Wilfred Edgerton suspected that a magistrate's court was a dirty sort of hole, full of brawling shyster lawyers, and he didn't want to know any more about such places than he could help. Theoretically he was aware that on a proper complaint sworn to by a person supposing himself or herself criminally aggrieved the judge would issue a warrant to an officer, who would execute it on the person of the criminal and hale him or her to jail. The idea of Mrs. Wells being dragged shrieking down Fifth Avenue or being carted away from her house in a Black Maria filled him with dismay.

Yet that was what Mrs. Pumpelly proposed to have done, and unfortunately he had to do exactly what Mrs. Pumpelly said; quickly too.

"Maddrox," he called to a timid youth in a green eye shade sitting in lonely grandeur in the spacious library, "just run up to the—er—magistrate's court on Blank Street and ascertain the proper procedure for punishing a person for obstructing the highway. If you find an appropriate statute or ordinance you may lay an information against Mrs. Rutherford Wells for violating it this afternoon in front of the residence next to hers; and see that the proper process issues in the regular way."

To hear him one would have thought he did things like that daily before breakfast—such is the effect of legal jargon.

"Yes, sir," answered Maddrox respectfully, making a note. "Do you wish to have the warrant held or executed?"

Mr. Wilfred Edgerton bit his mustache doubtfully.

"We-ell," he answered at length, perceiving that he stood upon the brink of a legal Rubicon, "you may do whatever seems advisable under all the circumstances."

In his nervous condition he did not recall what, had he stopped calmly to consider the matter, he must have known very well—namely, that no warrant could possibly issue unless Mrs. Pumpelly, as complainant, signed and swore to the information herself.

"Very well, sir," answered Maddrox, in the same tone and manner that he would have used had he been a second footman at Mrs. Pumpelly's.

Thereafter both Edgertons, but particularly Wilfred, passed a miserable hour.

They realized that they had started something and they had no idea of where, how or when what they had started would stop.

Indeed they had terrifying visions of Mrs. Wells being beaten into insensibility, if not into a pulp, by a cohort of brutal police officers, and of their being held personally responsible.

But before anything of that sort actually happened Maddrox returned.

"Well," inquired Wilfred with an assumption of nonchalance, "what did you find out?"

"The magistrate said that we would have to apply at the court in the district where the offense occurred and that Mrs. Pumpelly would have to appear there in person. Obstructing a highway is a violation of Section Two of Article Two of the Police Department Regulations for Street Traffic, which reads: 'A vehicle waiting at the curb shall promptly give way to a vehicle arriving to take up or set down passengers.' It is not usual to issue a warrant in such cases, but a summons merely."

"Ah!" sighed both Edgertons in great relief.

"Upon which the defendant must appear in default of fine or imprisonment," continued Maddrox.

The two lawyers looked at one another inquiringly.

"Did they treat you—er—with politeness?" asked Winfred curiously.

"Oh, well enough," answered the clerk. "I can't say it's a place I hanker to have much to do with. It's not like an afternoon tea party. But it's all right. Do you wish me to do anything further?"

"Yes!" replied Wilfred with emphasis. "I do. I wish you would go right up to Mrs. Pumpelly's house, conduct that lady to the nearest police court and have her swear out the summons for Mrs. Wells herself. I'll telephone her that you are coming."

Which was a wise conclusion, in view of the fact that Edna Pumpelly, née Haskins, was much better equipped by nature to take care of Mr. Wilfred Edgerton in the hectic environs of a police court than he was qualified to take care of her. And so it was that just as Mrs. Rutherford Wells was about to sit down to tea with several fashionable friends her butler entered, bearing upon a salver a printed paper, which he presented to her, in manner and form the following:

CITY MAGISTRATE'S COURT, CITY OF NEW YORK

In the name of the people of the State of New York

To "Jane" Wells, the name "Jane" being fictitious.

You are hereby summoned to appear before the —— District Magistrate's Court, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, on the eighth day of May, 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to answer the charge made against you by Edna Pumpelly for violation of Section Two, Article Two of the Traffic Regulations providing that a vehicle waiting at the curb shall promptly give way to a vehicle arriving to take up or set down passengers, and upon your failure to appear at the time and place herein mentioned you are liable to a fine of not exceeding fifty dollars or to imprisonment of not exceeding ten days or both.

Dated 6th day of May, 1920.

JAMES CUDDAHEY, Police Officer,
Police Precinct ——,
New York City.

Attest: JOHN J. JONES,
Chief City Magistrate.

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Wells as she read this formidable document. "What a horrible woman! What shall I do?"

Mr. John De Puyster Hepplewhite, one of the nicest men in New York, who had himself once had a somewhat interesting experience in the criminal courts in connection with the arrest of a tramp who had gone to sleep in a pink silk bed in the Hepplewhite mansion on Fifth Avenue, smiled deprecatingly, set down his Dresden-china cup and dabbed his mustache decorously with a filigree napkin.

"Dear lady," he remarked with conviction, "in such distressing circumstances I have no hesitation whatever in advising you to consult Mr. Ephraim Tutt."

"I have been thinking over what you said the other day regarding the relationship of crime to progress, Mr. Tutt, and I'm rather of the opinion that it's rot," announced Tutt as he strolled across from his own office to that of his senior partner for a cup of tea at practically the very moment when Mr. Hepplewhite was advising Mrs. Wells. "In the vernacular—bunk."

"What did he say?" asked

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"Dear Lady, in Such Distressing Circumstances I Have No Hesitation Whatever in Advising You to Consult Mr. Ephraim Tutt"

LIFE IN VIENNA

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

THAT first summer in Austria was quite different from anything I had ever lived through. Baden, and beyond it, Bad-Voslau, where we moved for the month of August, were small and not particularly fashionable resorts, but had the great advantage of being near town, so my father could spend his office hours at the embassy. Yet they were really countrified as far as our life went, and entirely quiet socially; so my mother found them restful. From Voslau the view out over the valley was quite charming, on the order of that over Paris from St. Germain, but greener and with a greater sweep of valley. The vegetation and the drives and walks through the country were very attractive, and Vöslau had large swimming baths in pretty surroundings, which were supplied with continuously running water from naturally warm sulphur springs. The largest pool was almost a lake, perhaps one-half by one-quarter of a mile, and it was supplied with excellent swimming masters. It was there we took swimming lessons, and progressed rapidly. I found afterward, however, it was much easier to swim in the sulphur-charged than in ordinary water and that I was far from giving a good performance elsewhere.

Royal Opera House, Vienna

Somehow the summer passed very quickly in the quaint surroundings of our new frame. We were the only foreigners in either little Baden or Bad-Voslau and we knew none of the Austrians about us, but one could not but admire and like them as one looked on. They were always gay and sunny, sang and laughed, and never quarreled or wore discontented faces. In the mornings at the pool they were shouting and laughing with and at one another, and if I found myself in deep water a friendly pair of eyes seemed always watching me, and a friendly hand was always ready outstretched to hold my chin, with an additional cheering word about how well the swimming was going. In the afternoons one saw groups in pretty clothes wandering over the roads and fields, their arms full of poppies and cornflowers, daisies and buttercups. Along the roadside here and there were scattered farmhouses with vine-clad arbors, and there were always little family groups seated in the green shade, drinking milk or beer or the delightful local light wines.

Social Circles in Old Austria

IT WAS on Sundays or in the evenings, though, that spirits were highest. No matter how small the place, there were always one or two restaurants with tables in the open, and with really good music being played by a more or less important orchestra. All the population turned out to sit in the cool for hours, eat their light supper and listen to their national operas or operettas, or to dance to the inimitable Strauss waltzes, as only young, light-hearted Austrians can. The elders sat sipping their beer or light wine, gently, placidly nodding in time to the music, with an amiable expression on their fat faces. Nearly all the older people had grown heavy with comfortable living, while the youngsters and girls moved gracefully and were slim. Later, as I grew to know society better in Vienna, I noticed that among the nobility only the women put on flesh with years, evidently from their sedentary lives and large families, while from riding, shooting, mountain climbing and immense activity, both in their civilian lives and their military professions, as well as in the superintending of the work on their estates, Austrian men were kept thin and intensely alive and interested.

Not so the bourgeois class at Baden or Bad-Voslau. Apparently "business" meant to them opening offices or shops slowly and late, carrying on the day's work in a spirit of contentment, and closing up as early as possible to return to their ham and salad supper and the endless glasses of beer en famille afterward. I am sure no two middle-aged business men ever talked shop after office hours in old Austria, and though they could scarcely be called live wires they gave the impression of making a solid and reliable class for the foundation of a political state. Such peasants as we saw were dull looking and never seemed able to digest what one said to the point of giving a straight reply; but they partook of the general amiability and struck one as rather attractive helpless children, content with their lot, devoted to their Emperor, and without the slightest ambition to move on in the world from the station where the Middle Ages had placed them.

This immovability in the Austrians' lot had two very marked effects on the people of all classes. The nobility were born where they were, to stay there. They had intermarried for generations and everything was laid out for them from birth. They must be agreeable, unpretentious, truthful, fine sportsmen and accomplished socially, but no one asked them to be intense about anything else, or intellectual or ambitious; and they never were. They lived in their châteaux in summer, looked after their people, of whom they did take care in the most paternal way. They lived in dignity and state in winter in their great palaces, where, except for an occasional ball which was given with great splendor, they entertained only a few people, and those quite en famille. Rarely they went abroad. One or two couples went to England each year, where the men hunted and the women shopped a little. This was especially the case in such families as had English traditions or blood. A few of the men took long shooting trips to India, Africa, Russia or the Rockies, or they went to Paris and Monte Carlo or Biarritz for a few weeks' change and gayety. But in general they lived at home, where their own court society, the races in the spring, the country in summer and their shooting in autumn and early winter made an agreeable routine program, each year like the other. They were all, men and women, young and old, handsome, high-bred and perfectly charming; but not much varied in type and perhaps giving one the impression that they had stood still for a long time with no desire to grow in any way. Their constant intermarriage made them so interrelated that one was always surprised things went as well as they did with these aristocratic brains and bodies.

In the middle class intermarriage was less usual, but the intimacy and tradition seemed as old and as great as above. One had a feeling the bourgeois also lived and provided for his family on the same plan his ancestors always had. They had their banks and offices and shops, their hotels or apartments in certain quarters of the city, distinctly theirs, and they had their villas out of town, with fine carriages and horses. Their own society was quite apart, which in high-finance circles was gay, extravagant and showy; and in the shopkeepers' group more modest but equally typical.

Beneath these classes were the peasants. None of these groups intermingled in their lives except as far as their necessities of mutual duties overlapped. At church the nobles sat in their loges, the bourgeois in a group apart, while the peasants filled the body of the church; but they stood under one roof and apparently had kindly smiles for one another. At a national or patriotic festivity the peasant on the sidewalk, the bourgeois in the window, and the noble in the procession were all warmly devoted to the country and the Sovereign. There was no competition, no disdain, none of the ill feeling brought about by the fight for existence or ambition to shine. Each, no matter what he did, would stay in the station to which he was born, and he seemed to like that station and to make the most of it without desire to climb on the one hand or to progress on the other.

Noblesse oblige made the aristocrat busy himself with his duties toward the state and toward the peasant, whom he helped and took care of, while he left business to the bourgeois. The latter handled it well; and the peasant did his work, which was rarely too hard, and took his amusements in off hours, depending on his landed proprietor for much that elsewhere he would have had to think of himself—such as supplies in a bad year, care in illness or a decision as to the settlement of his possible difficulty with a brother peasant. Un-American all these arrangements were, but with certain advantages; for each group had its happiness and pleasures, and on the whole the state was well kept and well served, and the people looked content.

The Simple Life of the Emperor

PROVINCIAL and narrow, and in some ways antiquated in their methods, also much more Oriental than ourselves, they lacked the intense effort to push forward; but they also had to use up less strength, stand less wear and tear, and they lived longer. One saw quite old couples in every walk in life sitting about, resting after their work years. On the whole, also, the marriages seemed happy, and masses of children crowded about parents who treated them well and cared for them lovingly even if rather casually because of their numbers.

The women in the upper classes took life easily, and it was generally the husband who managed and decided everything about the household, even frequently ordering the meals. In the bourgeois group it was the same and—perhaps wrongly, for I was very young to judge—it seemed to me the wives were neither consulted nor interested in most subjects of conversation. They kept out of politics or intellectual talk or energetic pastimes, and did their round of opera, ball, races and home life in calm, silent content, smoking or yawning comfortably, indifferent to their appearance and generally remarkably handsome, imposing and amiable in spite of lack of effort. There was no opposition ever to a woman's stepping forward and taking hold of things socially, charitably or in business ways on their estates or in town, as the brilliant success of certain exceptional ladies proved convincingly; but these were the exceptions, and in the lower classes among workmen, on the land and in the cities, the women did more than their share of heavy jobs, apparently without complaint. Like Orientals, they faded early, though they seemed to live to ripe age.

Living through three or four months in the country gave us an opportunity to look closely at the people, not of the capital and the court, but those who composed the mass of the Austrian nation; and one could not be near without growing fond of them, for they were very lovable. Soft voices, gay spirits, warm hearts—their natures radiated kindness. Never pushing and not caring for foreigners at all, they yet were invariably courteous and ready to serve one to the best of their ability. A sunny, happy, kindly, innocent, attractive crowd always—and when the Emperor's birthday with its celebration of music and song occurred with procession and illumination in the town park and with indefinite beer and dancing toward evening, all their devotion for their old Emperor went into their expressions of enthusiasm. They would say with affectionate tones: "Unser Franzerl, naturally we love him, he is so *echt Wiener*." Calling him "our little Francis" and saying he was a "real Viennese" seemed to bring the man close to them, not as the great ruler but as one of themselves; and truly, as later I knew him, he seemed to deserve their sentiment and to return it quite sincerely.

We heard from the people stories of his fondness for them—how in his youth he loved Vienna and its citizens, wanted them to enjoy their lives, had helped with all the charities and amusements for the poor of the city; how he circulated freely and informally among them, was seen on the Ring constantly; how there was none so humble in their midst that he might not go direct to Francis Joseph and tell his trouble, sure of a hearing and of sympathy, and often also having justice or assistance given him by the Emperor's order. His simple life was known, and tales of his unspoiled ways were told; how he slept in a camp bed in a whitewashed room with no carpet, in the midst of his palaces; rose daily at four-thirty A. M. and began his work, afterward eating the lightest of breakfasts. So it was His Majesty gave the example of frugality and industry to his people and began work while the rest of his empire still slept, not even disturbing his old valet, who posed to the outside world as the master's friend and confidant, and undoubtedly was the source of a good many of the charming stories which circulated and everywhere created a delightful impression of the Emperor.

Mourning the Crown Prince

AFTER the Crown Prince's death the Emperor buried himself for the first period of deep mourning at the palace of Schönbrunn, alone with his sad thoughts and bitter disappointment, while his people stood in hushed sympathy outside the gates; and when he drove out they stood along the long road to town with bareheaded respect, peering anxiously into his face for signs of recognition and looking for the old smile they had grown used to. Soon it came back at least for those whom he passed by, and for all those who immediately surrounded him as well; and he took up the burden of his duties; but after his son's disappearance from the scene the Emperor gave up all but the duties of his great position, with the one exception of the shooting in season on his various estates.

My father had come home with a delightful impression of the Sovereign, when at his first reception by the latter he had presented his credentials. His Majesty had shown infinite cordiality; had said he was immensely glad to have my father come to represent the United States in Austria; had told my father how well he remembered receiving my grandfather at Schönbrunn many years before. During his trip round the world my grandfather had stopped for a while in Vienna. The Emperor asked my father about the last years of President Grant; asked news of grandmamma, whom he also remembered; said how pleased he was the latter had liked his home well enough to return again on a pleasure trip now. Then he inquired if my father were married and had children, and their ages; and did he shoot? On the affirmative reply he went on to say that he hoped they would shoot together some day, and that he also trusted we would like our life in Vienna and be happy there. He was all smiles and amiability of welcome, simple and magnetic—an example of what a man in his situation should be to win the hearts of those who approach him. He spoke no English and my father no French, but each had some knowledge of the language which the other spoke, so though an interpreter was present he had little translating to do.

Several times I saw the Emperor in the streets of his capital during the first winter we spent in Vienna. Occasionally he passed in a closed carriage, but more generally he drove in a victoria, rather an informal-looking one, where the back of his seat and the hood were low behind him, exposing him more fully to view than seemed usual, or perhaps he had an unusually high cushion on the seat. Anyhow he seemed to show himself purposely to the passers-by; and he looked about with interest while the coachman, in rather simple livery, drove his two admirable horses rapidly. I do not remember a footman always being on the box, nor an aide-de-camp in the trap, though these may have existed. The Emperor habitually wore the uniform of an Austrian general—or perhaps a field marshal—with a full large emerald-green plume; and I recall how the latter floated out backward from the rapidity of the motion; also how he not only saluted when people bowed or curtsied at the roadside but how he would smile genially and give them a friendly little nod frequently, while his eyes were lighted with interest. Each person attributed this at once to himself or herself as a mark of personal recognition.

Francis Joseph was very erect and had a slender figure for his age—fifty-nine or sixty, I think—with the healthy ruddy skin of one who spends much time in the open air. He was bald, with a fringe of white on the temples and at the back of his head. All the hair was clipped very short, while he wore rather long snow-white side whiskers, and had a well-cut chin but very thick lips. The mouth seemed mobile, however, and his smile was agreeable. His nose was a little heavy and a little too short to be called aquiline, though it gave that impression in profile. His eyes, I think, were gray, but one remembered them less for their color than for the light in them—of intense sympathy and interest with whomever he talked to, and the amusement in them which often suddenly gleamed. Altogether a magnetic and dignified personality without apparent effort and certainly without pose was the Austrian Emperor in 1889.

He had done his best through many troubles and failures in war and peace, had fought intrigue abroad and at home and had suffered keenly; yet he held his people's love, respect and admiration, kept all the various nations of his empire attached to himself, however they might feel toward one another, and in many ways had managed to make good. At last, by his son's death, he stood on the threshold of old age without a natural heir well prepared to follow him. A group of nephews would inherit his throne, whom he knew not to be popular, yet whom fate had thrust now into the place of the brilliant Rudolf. Yet Francis Joseph, the first shock over, turned patiently back to his work as ruler, and to the more delicate task of educating Francis Ferdinand, the son of his brother, to the succession; a hard task nobly faced without complaint.

We got back to town early in the autumn. The legation moved into its new quarters and we into the big apartment over it, amid the American furniture, which had just arrived from home. There was great joy and excitement in unpacking our things, nearly all of which dated back to the Morristown cottage of old days. In the new quarters they had plenty of room to spread out well, and as they were made habitable the great spaces looked very well indeed. The entrance and marble stairs were quite imposing, and the apartments opened up well, with a very large light hall, where on the walls were grouped many typical souvenirs of the home country.

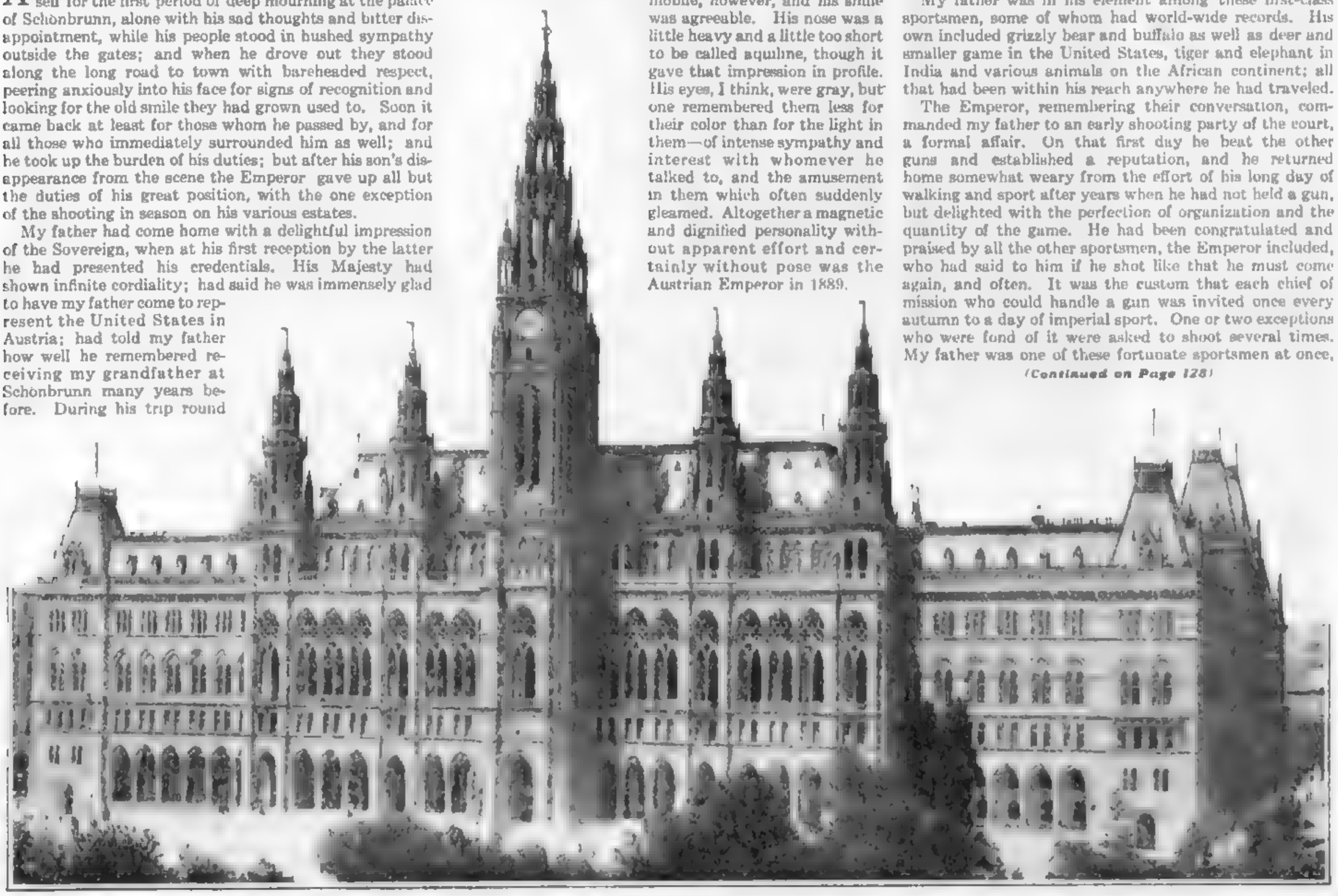
A Royal Shooting Party

AMONG these hung a number of rare and very beautiful Red Indian headdresses of feathers, beads and leather given to my father or captured by him in the Far Western fights in which he had spent his early career. There was a whole dress of wonderful bead embroidery, bright blue in tone and so heavy I could not lift it, which had belonged to a chief's daughter. There were, besides, various arms—spears or guns captured, and my father's own gun, with which Indians in battle, or buffalo for food and robes, had been killed. All through the years we spent in old Vienna this collection of trophies was augmented; one after another heads, antlers and stuffed birds came, marked with dates, and names of the estates on which they had been killed; and many a group of sportsmen wandered out into that hall after dinner or tea to examine and compare these trophies of my father's with some they had heard of or had in mind.

My father was in his element among these first-class sportsmen, some of whom had world-wide records. His own included grizzly bear and buffalo as well as deer and smaller game in the United States, tiger and elephant in India and various animals on the African continent; all that had been within his reach anywhere he had traveled.

The Emperor, remembering their conversation, commanded my father to an early shooting party of the court, a formal affair. On that first day he beat the other guns and established a reputation, and he returned home somewhat weary from the effort of his long day of walking and sport after years when he had not held a gun, but delighted with the perfection of organization and the quantity of the game. He had been congratulated and praised by all the other sportsmen, the Emperor included, who had said to him if he shot like that he must come again, and often. It was the custom that each chief of mission who could handle a gun was invited once every autumn to a day of imperial sport. One or two exceptions who were fond of it were asked to shoot several times. My father was one of these fortunate sportsmen at once,

(Continued on Page 128)



Rathaus, Vienna

BUSINESS AND DESIRES

"For every man hath business and desires, such as they are"

By Stacy Aumonier

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH stretched himself luxuriously in front of the fire of King Cup Villa. His consciously proprietary attitude appeared justified, as indeed it was. It may have been a little accentuated on this evening, because he had been informed that day that his salary in future was to be five pounds a week instead of three pounds fifteen—a well-merited recognition of his seven years' service to Messrs. Bole & Binspit, the famous West End firm of furnishers and upholsterers.

From the little kitchen at the back came the sound of his wife's voice humming an Indian love lyric as she washed up the sardiney plates from their supper. Through the thin walls he could hear a pianoplayer in the adjoining villa. Frederick James lighted a cigarette and glanced at a copy of the Evening News, but he was too happy to read. Getting on. He enjoyed fleet glimpses of more and more getting on—infinite possibilities. They said that old Pagson, the head salesman, was making more than a thousand a year. Mr. Binspit himself lived in Grosvenor Court, and had another house at Maidenhead. It only wanted a bit of luck here and there. A romantic and interesting life, a furniture salesman's.

His wife entered the room with a handful of knives and forks, which she deposited in the plate basket on the sideboard. He watched her sorting them out and putting them in the different compartments as she continued to hum Pale Hands I Knew. Remarkable things, women. The vision of her quickened his sense of proprietorship. Here was Gladys, wife, mother of his child, running the little villa, doing the housework and the cooking, cleaning and mending, nursing the baby, doing the shopping, keeping the accounts, and yet in the evening looking smart and sweet, even humming passionate music. Whatever her duties, she always kept a little corner for romance. And she was his, intensely and ultimately his—the thing he owned more completely than anything in the world. The instant she had adjusted the silver she darted upstairs to peep at the baby. When she returned she was no longer singing, but she carried a basketful of socks. She sat down on the cane chair on the left of the fireplace and began to examine the socks. The master of the house spoke.

"I tell you what, old girl, we might go to the pictures to-morrow evening."

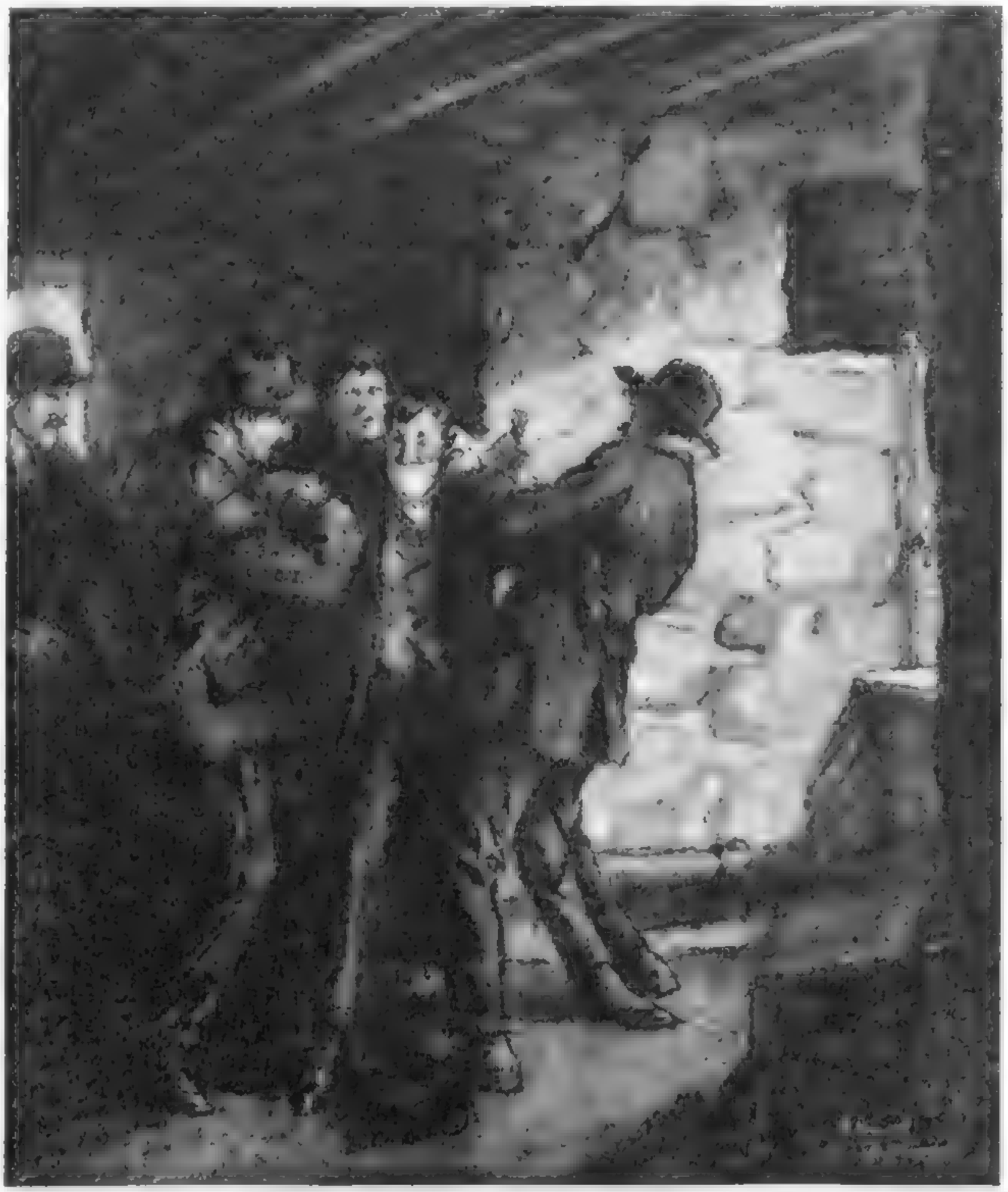
The wife and mother thoughtfully threaded a darning needle.

"Um! We might, if I can get Bessie to come in for a couple of hours. We mustn't be late, though."

"No."

Frederick James sat down and toyed with the poker.

"They're fairly letting that piano player go to-night, aren't they?"



A Cloth Saturated With Some Pungent Liquid Was Whipped Across His Face. He Was Gagged and Pinioned

"Yes. That's rather a pretty piece, isn't it?"

"Um!"

They sat in silence for some time, listening. Then Gladys said: "Been busy to-day?"

The eyes of the business man lighted up.

"I should think we have! Rush, rush, rush all day. Getting out specifications for that Tilgate job. Chap must have pots of money, having a marble hall and a walnut billiard room. Some blokes do have luck."

"Don't you grumble, old thing. You're doing all right."

"I'm not grumbling. I'm only saying. I like it. There's lots of romance in the furnishing trade. You'd be surprised. Things happening all day. Rich people and that. You see into their lives. You'd be surprised the things you see. I suppose, except for doctors, no one sees so much of the inner life of the rich as the furnisher. And it's rush, rush, rush all the time. I get to that state when nothing surprises me. The things we see! The only rule I make is I never ask questions. Whatever I see in folks' houses, I say nothing. It's not my business."

He lighted another cigarette and took up the newspaper. The cozy little intimacy had helped to soothe him. He read out odd paragraphs of interest to Gladys. Then he wrote a letter to a firm of ironmongers, expressing the opinion that their estimate for repairing a sewing machine was excessive. He went out and posted it, and bought a packet of cigarettes. Then he came in and locked up the cat in the scullery. Gladys tidied up and turned out the gas. At a quarter past ten they were in bed.

At eight o'clock next morning they breakfasted, and at twenty-five minutes past he kissed his wife and said: "Well, what about the pictures to-night?"

She brushed the rim of his coat collar and replied: "Yes, all right. Where shall we meet?"

"What do you say to that A. B. C. in the Strand?"

"All right."

"Righto then. Be there at six o'clock, and we'll have a couple of poached eggs on toast or a sausage, and then we can go to one of those picture shows in Cranbourn Street."

"Right you are, dear. Don't be late."

He walked to the corner and caught his bus, and had the good fortune to secure a strap. At four minutes to nine he was at his desk. He had put his umbrella in the corner and was about to remove his overcoat when one of the porters came up and said: "Mr. Smith, Mr. Binspit wants to see you in his office the moment you arrive."

"Oh!"

What was this all about? A sudden misgiving came over him that there had been a mistake about his increase. Or was he to be put up into an even more exalted position? He stared vacantly at the papers on his desk, then he walked quickly through to the holy of holies and tapped on the door.

Mr. Binspit's secretary was binding up some drawings. He glanced at Frederick James and said: "Here is Smith, sir."

"Come in, Smith."

The head of the firm stood up. He was a tall, imperturbable, elderly man with polished manners and a beautifully tonsured beard.

He remarked, "Let's see; what are you doing, Smith?"

"I'm on the Tilgate job, sir."

"You must leave it. I want you to come with me. Get your order book and a notebook and meet me down at the front door in five minutes' time."

"Yes, sir."

In four and a half minutes' time Smith was standing by the front door like a sentry on duty. Mr. Binspit did not keep him waiting. He came through in the impressive manner that had been one of the assets of his career. He ignored Frederick James and walked straight through to the pavement. His car was waiting. He pointed to a seat.

"Get in."

The car glided up Oxford Street. The chief twirled his mustache. As they were passing Hyde Park he condescended to remark: "We are going to Richmond. A new client, Mr. Marshall Flaxton—American. Appears to be

in a great hurry. I don't know what the job is. You may have to stay there all day."

"That's all right as long as I get to the A. B. C. in the Strand at six o'clock—in time to meet the missus," thought Frederick, but he only said, "Yes, sir."

The run to Richmond lasted less than half an hour. The car entered the park and took a side road in the direction of Kew. Suddenly it entered a drive between long beds of rhododendrons in full bloom and came to a halt before the portico of a large Queen Anne house. The front door was open and a man who had apparently been expecting them stepped forward and nodded. He was a small, oldish man, with cracked-parchmenty skin and keen brown eyes. He said: "Bole & Binspit?"

Mr. Binspit bowed.

"I am Mr. Binspit. This is one of my junior salesmen."

Mr. Marshall Flaxton glanced at them both, and to Frederick's surprise he felt that he himself was the object of the greater interest.

"Come right in."

They walked across the hall. The house was apparently empty and unoccupied, but Mr. Flaxton called up the staircase: "Ella, they've come!"

There was the sound of hurrying footsteps on the bare boards, and almost immediately a stoutish old lady came hurrying downstairs. She appeared flurried and out of breath. She ejaculated "Morning," and put her hand to her heart. Frederick was equally aware when she glanced at him that there was something about his appearance which occasioned surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Flaxton exchanged glances, then he turned briskly to Mr. Binspit and said: "Now, if you don't mind, I'll do the talking. Time presses."

There was a series of reception rooms connected by folding doors. Mr. Flaxton turned to Frederick and said: "Shorthand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get out notebook. Room One—Heppelwhite drawing-room suite, two Chinese lacquer cabinets, Turkey carpet, felt surround—got that? Right! Two majolica vases for overmantel. Heavy brocade curtains in style, three full-length portraits, Georgian period, gilt Italian coffer—got that? Right! Come on! Room Two."

Before Mr. Flaxton had reached Room Five the eyes of the imperturbable Mr. Binspit were starting out of his head. Frederick was unmoved. He went on calmly entering the instructions in his notebook. Mrs. Flaxton trotted along in the rear, like a faithful sheep dog.

"The man must be mad," thought Binspit.

But the reputation of Marshall Flaxton, the nitrate and potash king, was good enough to justify a little insanity.

At Room Five a French window opened into a conservatory. Mr. Flaxton said to Frederick: "Go in there and roughly estimate cubic dimensions."

Frederick James stepped through, and then as he stood on the other side, owing to the echo of the empty rooms he overheard a remark not intended for his ears. He heard Mr. Flaxton say: "Is this the kind of fellow who can mind his own business?"

And he heard Mr. Binspit answer: "I chose him for that purpose. I think he is the kind of man you asked for."

They went over the whole house. There was to be no painting or decorating; no arrangements for lighting, nothing done to the kitchen; but the house was to be filled with costly furniture, carpets, curtains, pictures and bric-a-brac.

When the party eventually arrived back in the hall Mr. Binspit cleared his throat and said in his best manager-directing voice: "Well, Mr. Flaxton, I think your wishes are quite clear. We can let you have a specification and estimate in the course of a week or so."

Mr. Flaxton took out his watch.

"It's five minutes of ten," he muttered as if to himself. Then, tapping the other on the forearm, he exclaimed: "I didn't ask you for a specification or an estimate. It's five minutes of ten. I want the job done by three o'clock to-day."

"Er—excuse me! Do I understand ——"

"I want the job done by three o'clock to-day."

"I'm afraid it's quite impossible."

"How many men do you employ?"

"Oh, several thousand altogether—scattered about."

"You can call them off other jobs."

"I'm afraid the cost would be ——"

"I didn't ask about the cost. Aren't there automobiles and motor lorries? Aren't there telephones? Haven't you any stock? Is London bereft of old furniture? Is your firm bereft of enterprise? I repeat, I didn't ask the cost."

The pupils of Mr. Binspit's eyes seemed to narrow to a pin point. He looked like a terrier watching the approach of a rabbit, and yet not quite convinced that it really was a rabbit. He fidgeted with his handsome beard and took several paces up and down the hall.

In the meantime Mr. Flaxton jerked out: "Section it out. Fifteen salesmen—each responsible for a room. Order fleet of motor lorries to be ready by twelve o'clock. Have fifty men waiting here for them. So many detailed to each room. Holy Moses, there's nothing to do but put the furniture in its place!"

"But—the carpets! The curtains!" wailed Mr. Binspit despairingly.

"Excuse me, sir," suddenly remarked Frederick James quietly. "There are those brocade curtains which are now ready for Lord Gastwych St. James. I believe they would be just the size for these rooms."

"Bright lad!" chirped Mr. Flaxton.

"But Lord Gastwych was in yesterday. He was complaining ——"

"Oh, forget the lord! I'll pay you three times what he's paying."

Frederick James again spoke.

"Excuse me, sir, but if Mr. Flaxton could have the surrounds stained instead of laying down a felt it could be done quickly, and with that stain we use now it dries in half an hour. In that case there would be no difficulty, if those curtains fit."

(Continued on Page 151)

Frederick Balanced the Paper on a Window Sill and Copied the Name Antonio Bruno Andreozzi. Mr. Flaxton and One of the Chinamen Witnessed the Signature

A BIT OF THE BALKANS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

IF THE large Italian jack boot which hangs down into the Mediterranean Sea were to swing back half an inch on any well-regulated map its heel would bring up with a thud against the most prominent portion of a peculiar section of the Balkan Peninsula which is known to lexicographers as Albania, but which is always referred to in much more profane fashion by members of the Peace Conference.

Some years ago there was a movement among post-card manufacturers to break away from the purely social in post-card art and to dally for a time with nature studies and our dumb friends. Thus it came about that post cards which showed thick-ankled young ladies seated in floral horseshoes and gazing bewitchingly up at dressy young men with neatly shaved necks were occasionally interspersed with pictures of kittens pushing balls of yarn round on carpets of an arsenical-green shade, or with views of stubby-tailed puppies with their left ears elevated, sitting on their haunches, silhouetted against large baby-blue moons, and supposedly voicing some such touching and original sentiment as, "I am mooning about you."

Persons whose artistic perceptions are such as to enable them to remember these silhouetted puppies need go no farther in order to find out how Albania is shaped, because Albania's outline is the selfsame outline that the post-card manufacturers used to use over the words "I am mooning about you." It is the outline of the rear elevation of a puppy squatting down on his haunches. His abbreviated tail hangs straight down, just as it used to do on the post cards, and his left ear is raised in a manner to suggest contemplation or inquiry.

On the maps puppy-shaped Albania appears in the right proportion to the Italian jack boot—about one-quarter as high. If the boot were to execute the slight backward swing of which I spoke in the first paragraph the heel would strike the puppy on the left haunch, and the spot on which it would land would be the Albanian city and harbor of Valona—or Avlona.

Farther north, just at the base of the inquisitively erect left ear, is the city of Scutari, in and round which there were ructions early in 1920 between the Italians and the Albanians. Still farther north, on the edge of the ear itself, the Jugo-Slavs and the Albanians, during the first year of the Great Peace, had some highly fretful exchanges of baser metals molded into the shape of slugs.

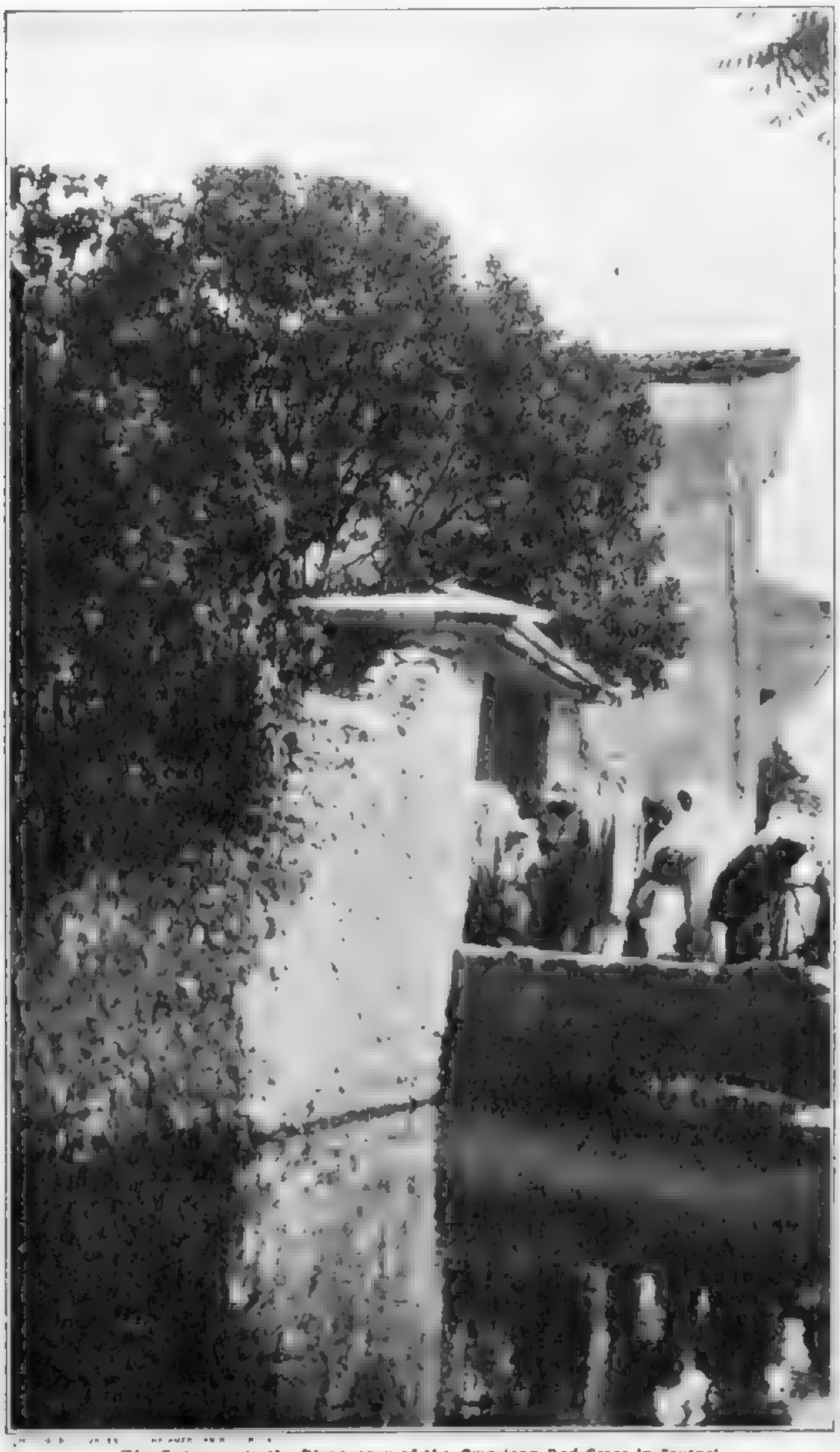
Down at the tail end of the puppy the same period witnessed acrimonious passages between the Albanians and the Greeks, gun play being resorted to with great vigor and large numbers of disputants being thoroughly ventilated.

The cause of these exhibitions of spleen on the part of the Albanians and their neighbors is the passionate and ineradicable desire characteristic of so many nations in Southeastern Europe to help themselves freely to territory that belongs to someone else.

The doctrine of self-determination of peoples is viewed with tremendous enthusiasm by each collection of people in Central and Southeastern Europe; but not one of the collections is able to see why the doctrine should apply to anyone else. The Grabbonians and the Snatchinians, let us imagine, live side by side in Southeastern Europe. The Grabbonians would roar like stricken lions if any other nation should attempt to control a couple of square miles of Grabbonian territory; yet the Grabbonians are strongly in favor of annexing three or four Snatchinian cities; and they would be pierced by a series of shooting pains if anyone attempted to point out to them the error of their ways.

An Albanian Costume

The Grabbonians believe in self-determination for Grabbonians only. The Snatchinians favor it ardently—for Snatchinians alone. The Grabbonians are firmly convinced that they could determine the Snatchinians far better than the Snatchinians could. The Snatchinians feel the same way about the Grabbonians. They are willing to fight about it at any hour of the day or night. If interrupted in the fight they will desist for a time and fight happily among themselves, and when the cause of the interruption is removed they will resume the fight with all their former bitterness and effervescence.



The Entrance to the Dispensary of the American Red Cross in Scutari

Albania's Greeting to Invaders

NO AGENCY and no combination of larger nations, no matter how powerful, can permanently stop the Grabbonians and the Snatchinians from flying at each other's throats when the flying is good or when a throat is injudiciously exposed. They have hated each other for hundreds of years; they have fought each other for hundreds of years. They have often been secretly encouraged in their hates and privately assisted in their fights by the larger nations, which stood on the side lines and professed to be deeply shocked by the noise and the dust and the profanity which ensued when the Snatchinians and the Grabbonians came together.

The same conditions exist to-day. Most of Europe is a welter of evasion and intrigue—a good place for Americans who believe in the Golden Rule and justice for all and the rights of small nations and altruistic endeavor to avoid if they don't want to be most grievously offended and insulted.

Visitors to Albania in the spring of 1920 found the Jugo-Slavs industriously attempting to annex the Albanian city of Scutari and the Italians clinging desperately to the Albanian harbor of Valona—to say nothing of several Albanian towns—and the Greeks talking loudly of coming up and grabbing the whole southern end of Albania.

One doesn't need a particularly tenacious memory to recall the ear-splitting outcry that was emitted by the Jugo-Slavs when D'Annunzio's Italian troops seized the semi-Italian-populated Jugo-Slav port of Fiume. The Jugo-Slavs raised their hands to high heaven and called the world to witness the foul wrong that was being done to the nation when this city was seized and its half Jugo-Slav population forced to live under the Italian flag. But at the same time the Jugo-Slavs see nothing wrong in helping themselves to the ancient Albanian city of Scutari, which is inhabited by Albanians.

The Italians likewise throw fit after fit at the very thought of giving up Fiume to the Jugo-Slavs. It would be terrible, declare the Italians, if all the Italians who live in Fiume were forced to live under the Jugo-Slavs. It would be something to fight viciously over. None the less, the Italians hesitate not at all to occupy the city of Valona and to force its Albanian population to live under the Italian flag. That, of course, strikes the Italians as being quite a different affair. The obtuse Albanian, however, is unable to grasp the delicate nuances of such relations; so he unlimbers his silver-inlaid rifle and lets fly at the Italian invader. He also takes a shot at the Jugo-Slavs when they come over on his land. In the same way his welcome to the Greeks is usually propelled by a couple of drams of smokeless powder.

The Albanian, noisy and persistent fellow that he is, appears to labor under the delusion that there will be no peace in the Balkans until he is permitted to set up his own government in his own country and run it in his own peculiar Albanian style. He makes this announcement in

a loud, firm voice; and then he sallies out from the mountains in which he was living long before the year of the little herring—long, long before Diogenes started his hunt for an honest man, and even before the first Marathon race was run off with only one contestant—and puts a few embarrassing bullet holes in the intrusive Italians and Greeks and Jugo-Slavs.

There are a great many people who believe that the Albanian is not serious in this assertion. They seem to think that he makes it for fun, just as some people talk about their golf scores, and just as others brag about their influential friends. Practically everyone, however, who has stopped an Albanian bullet in full flight, and has lived to tell about it, is inclined to believe the Albanian when he says that there will be no peace in the Balkans until he is left alone to govern himself and work out his own salvation.

Albania is a country which intrigues an American for various reasons. It is only forty miles from Italy. One can take an Adriatic steamer from one of the ports down near the heel of the Italian boot and be in Albania in about four hours' time—if the steamer doesn't break down or have a falling out with one of the floating mines that will probably continue to float up and down the Adriatic until the present rising generation has developed long white whiskers. But in that four hours one travels backward many years—back to the Dark Ages, some people say; certainly back to a very different sort of civilization from that which one would expect to find so close to Italy.

Albania is a country that demonstrates the tribulations which an armed force of Americans would encounter if the United States were ever to become a party to any agreement which required the presence of American troops to enforce peace in Europe. It is a country which allows an American to take a long and horrified look at the claims and the counterclaims and the press-agent work which so often blind people to the true condition of affairs in out-of-the-way corners of the world. It also affords an excellent chance to see a European mandate in the act of mandating with all the covers removed from the cogwheels and all creaks and rattles plainly revealed.

Customs and Traditions

THE Albanians of to-day are the original settlers of the Balkan Peninsula. They have been doing business at the old stand for so many centuries that their beginnings are lost in the impenetrable darkness which preceded the dawn of history. When the Bulgars and the Serbs moved into the Balkans they found the Albanians viewing them with the annoyed stare which is the privilege of persons who have been on the spot for several hundred years.

The Albanians had been loafing majestically and decoratively on their barren mountain slopes for many a year before the ancient Greeks appeared in Greece and started in to develop Greek sculpture, Greek fire, Greek poetry and the Grecian profile. In those ancient days, however, the Albanians weren't known as Albanians. They were known as Illyrians and Molossians. Roughly speaking, the Illyria of antiquity was the north Albania of to-day, while the ancient Molossia was the present-day south Albania.

These districts were far richer in olden times than they are to-day, so the races and peoples that were afflicted with the itch for invading used to invade it regularly; while the barbarian hordes, which were accustomed to overrun every country in sight, went in keenly for overrunning Illyria and Molossia.

The most successful invaders and overrunners were the Gauls, the Romans, the Goths, the Slavs, the Bulgars, the Normans, the Venetians and the Turks.

The Illyrians and Molossians and their descendants, the Albanians, fought them all with the utmost impartiality and pleasure. Each time, overcome by superior forces, they withdrew quietly but firmly to their inaccessible mountain ranges, seldom showing their faces except when they cautiously slid them out from behind a large blond rock for the purpose of drawing a bead on an unwary enemy. In every instance the invader and overrunner was eventually either forcibly expelled or wholly absorbed in the Albanian people. In all the centuries that have passed since the invading and overrunning began, hardly a single dent has been put in Albanian customs or traditions or language.

History is silent as to the number of years that the Northern Albanians have been wearing their peculiar variety of white-felt pants decorated with several yards of home-made soutache braid, and their abbreviated black jackets which sport entrancing worsted pompons and fringes; but these things were being worn in 1468, which was the year of the death of the great Albanian leader and fighter, Scanderbeg. In that year, by way of mourning for Scanderbeg, the color of their jackets was changed from white to black.

Since an unknown number of years prior to 1468, then, the Albanians have been wearing the same styles in clothes that they are wearing to-day. A great many of the Albanians, in fact, look as though they were wearing clothes which have been handed down since 1468, but that appearance is probably due to the white trousers. Even the snappiest of snappy dressers, if marooned in Albania in a pair of pristine white trousers, would find them taking on an air of senility and decay in two weeks' time.

Sons of the Mountain Eagle

THE Albanians never refer to themselves as Albanians. Most of the Albanians wouldn't know what the word Albanian meant, and if called Albanians they would be more than likely to regard it as an insult and start shooting. They refer to themselves always as Shkypetars, or Sons of the Mountain Eagle; and their country is referred to as Shkyperi, or Land of the Mountain Eagle. According to the Albanians, this name originated with the celebrated Albanian general, Pyrrhus, who went over to Italy in the year 280 B. C. and stood the widely advertised Roman legions on their ears.

When an admirer remarked on the speed with which Pyrrhus' Albanians skipped hither and yon over the surface of Italy, now banging the Romans in front and again kicking them viciously in the rear, Pyrrhus replied in an offhand manner that his men were naturally rapid movers, since they were Shkypetars, or Sons of the Mountain Eagle.

The Albanians say that ever since that day they have always been Shkypetars and nothing else. Educated Albanians state that the name "Albania" was first attached to the country by Norman invaders under Robert Guiscard in the eleventh century. These invaders landed at Durazzo, indulged in a considerable amount of ground-and-lofty fighting, and then marched inland to the Albanian city of Elbassan.

The Normans found themselves incapable of twisting their tongues round the Albanian language, and they were particularly tongue-tied over the word "Shkypetar." Consequently, instead of wrestling with the word, they named the inhabitants

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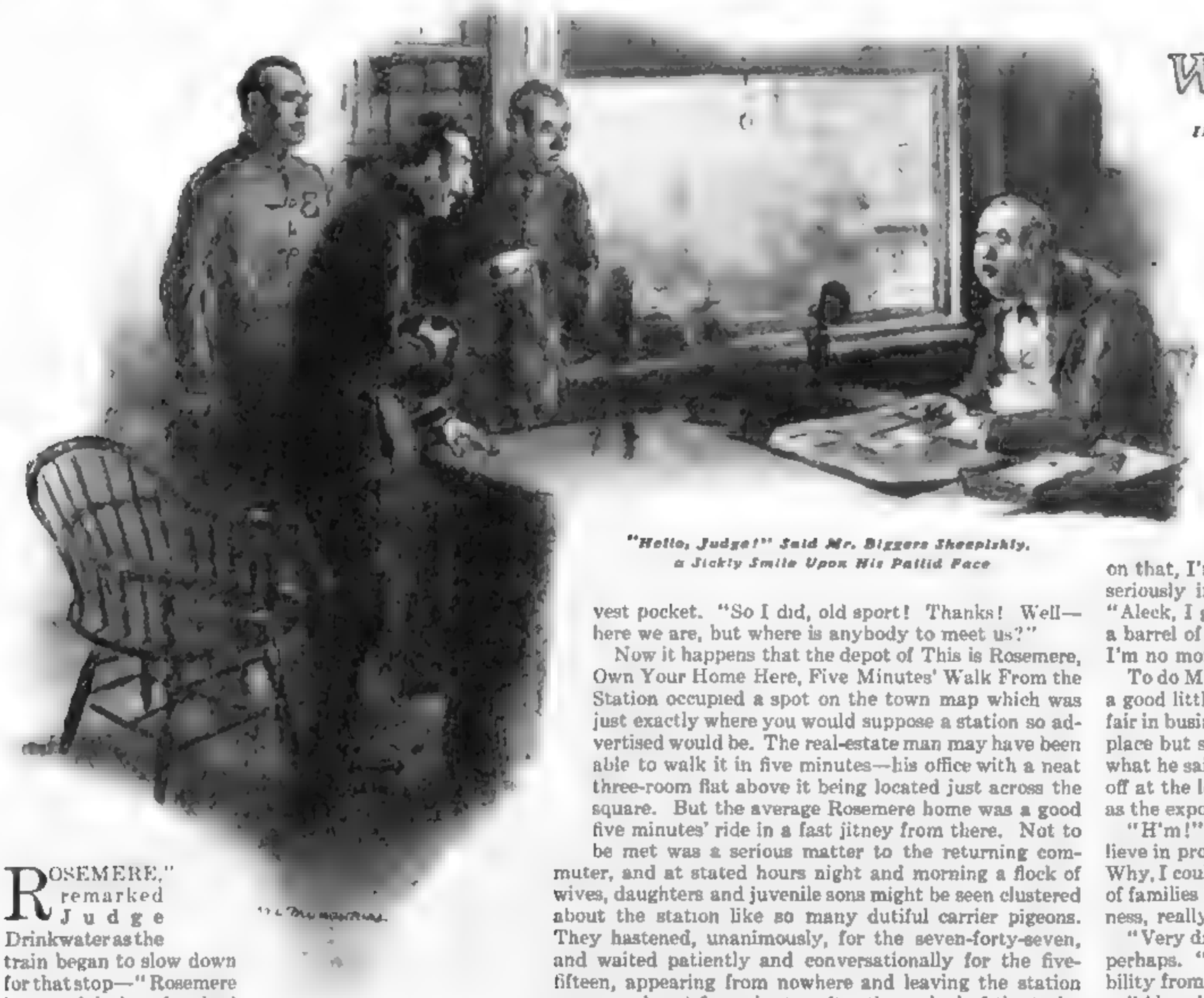
Tirana Market Place. Above—An Albanian Posse Bringing in a Gang of Robbers

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



"Hello, Judge!" Said Mr. Biggers Sheepishly, a Sickly Smile Upon His Pallid Face

"ROSEMERE," remarked Judge Drinkwater as the train began to slow down for that stop—"Rosemere is a restful place for tired nerves but an awful tiresome place for rested nerves, as the feller said."

Mr. Biggers nodded agreement. "Only I like it," he amended.

"But do your nerves ever get caught up, what with this business of commuting?" Judge Drinkwater asked. "I couldn't stand going into the city every day, same as you do!"

"Well, not if I made every night like last night, I couldn't," Mr. Biggers admitted with a wan smile. "Big times like that are just as well kind of spread out thin."

"Wonder where the lodge got that liquor?" mused the judge reminiscently.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Biggers; "but I expect it was some they have had on the premises right along."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt!" His Honor agreed hastily. "The brotherhood would not try any foolishness like bringing it in."

"Not with you round," grinned Biggers through his straggling mustache. "Well, here we are, home!"

The two men collected their parcels as the guard called a station which from long familiarity rather than his diction they knew to be theirs, and alighted thereat. First came the local magistrate, large, cumbersome, bland, with a rather ministerial manner and a conciliatory box of candy for his missus. Then came little Mr. Biggers, lost in his somewhat shapeless blue suit, the mildest figure of a man imaginable, with nothing conspicuous about him except an enormous, authoritative-looking badge upon his right lapel.

It was at first glance closely akin to the sort of badge policemen wear. But Mr. Biggers, despite the company he was in, was not a member of the force. He was in truth a button manufacturer, and a close examination of the ornament upon his lapel disclosed the mysterious fact that he was a U. S. F. of the degree of Hocus Pocus. Which, translated by the initiated eye of Judge Drinkwater, meant United Society of Freemen, and that Biggers, when wearing the insignia, should have been occupied with the duties of program announcer at a lodge banquet.

As they reached the platform His Honor called attention to this fact. "Lookit—your badge!" He pointed a reproving finger at the offending lapel. "You forgot it!"

"Why, so I did!" exclaimed Mr. Biggers, blushing faintly as he retired the sacred symbol to the safe obscurity of a vest pocket. "So I did, old sport! Thanks! Well—here we are, but where is anybody to meet us?"

Now it happens that the depot of This is Rosemere, Own Your Home Here, Five Minutes' Walk From the Station occupied a spot on the town map which was just exactly where you would suppose a station so advertised would be. The real-estate man may have been able to walk it in five minutes—his office with a neat three-room flat above it being located just across the square. But the average Rosemere home was a good five minutes' ride in a fast jitney from there. Not to be met was a serious matter to the returning commuter, and at stated hours night and morning a flock of wives, daughters and juvenile sons might be seen clustered about the station like so many dutiful carrier pigeons. They hastened, unanimously, for the seven-forty-seven, and waited patiently and conversationally for the five-fifteen, appearing from nowhere and leaving the station square a desert five minutes after the arrival of the train.

But this wasn't the five-fifteen. It was the four-forty-eight. A very different thing. No wonder the square was empty. It had been a matter of congratulation with both men that they had barely managed to land on the tail platform of this earlier train, and now it was a subject for mutual commiseration.

"Guess we'll have to hoof it," remarked the judge.

"That's all right for you, old son!" retorted Biggers. "You've only got to go as far as Pershing Square! I live two miles out on the Loftfield Road. You seem to forget that!"

"I'll go along and keep you company," said the genial judge. "Yes, indeed. Walk will do me good!"

"All right, but I can't think why J. Talton didn't meet me!" Biggers grumbled. "My folks know they ought to try this train unless I telephone I'll be late! That boy's mother has him driving her to some fool tea, I suppose!"

The two men walked along for a few minutes in friendly silence. The day was hot and, in spite of the shade on Main Street, dusty.

"All teas are fool affairs!" It was the judge who broke the silence. "Tea! Of all silly drinks that is the worst!"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Biggers. "Ice it, stick in a little lemon—nice drink. Got quite a kick, too!"

"Ah goawn!" retorted the judge. "You talking about the kick in tea with that cellar of yours!"

"Aleck," said Biggers with all the moral fineness of a man who has been on a pretty fair party the night before, "Aleck, that cellar of mine is no more!"

"No more?" said the judge blankly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that it is all out—run dry—lots of space for the canned goods!" replied Biggers gently.

"Nothing left?" reiterated the judge incredulously. "Why, George, you told me only two weeks ago ——"

"It was said in the exuberance of alcoholic stimulation," replied his pal, "I exaggerated, Aleck. I had only two quarts at the time. And now, as the feller says, alas, no more!"

"Well!" said His Honor tersely.

"Yes, and what's further," George went on, warming to the theme in his day-after moral righteousness, "what is further, there isn't going to be any more. I tell you, Aleck, it's not right to break the law. I'm a decent man with a family. I'll admit I like a little nip now and then, but these chaps who violate the law of the land—and pay out huge sums of money for what they get—ought to be severely punished. You will agree with me on that, I'm sure! Why, Aleck," he went on, looking up seriously into the face of his ponderously large friend, "Aleck, I give you my word that if I knew where to get a barrel of liquor to-day I'd most certainly turn it down. I'm no moralist, but I do feel seriously on this matter!"

To do Mr. Biggers full justice he spoke the truth. He was a good little chap, honest, industrious, kind to his family, fair in business and possessing a very decent set of commonplace but seaworthy American ideals. Oh, yes, he meant what he said, despite the fact that he had just had a night off at the lodge. Judge Drinkwater seemed to realize this as the exposition of faith developed.

"H'm!" said His Honor. "H'm! Well, of course, I believe in prohibition myself. Many people abused the stuff. Why, I could tell you of cases—something terrible! Fathers of families hauled up before me and everything—bad business, really!"

"Very dreadful!" observed Mr. Biggers, a trifle smugly perhaps. "Thank heaven I have removed any such possibility from my own future life!"

"Ahem!" said the judge, and it sounded like "Amen." "Well, this is my street, George, old man!"

"Why, I thought you were going to walk out with me?" remarked Biggers politely.

"Well—I really ought not to keep the wife waiting," replied Aleck. "You'll understand. See you soon, George!"

And his imperial tonnage sailed away down the mottled shade of the pleasant street.

George stared after his friend's retreating figure for a moment in mildly sorrowful amazement. Then he shook his head gently several times, wiped his face on a large blue silk handkerchief, looked hard at the sidewalk in a puzzled way, and renewed the homeward trip, shaking his head occasionally as he went. Now when George had built Rooftree he had in mind several important points in choosing so secluded a spot, and one so many more than five minutes' walk from the railroad station.

To begin with, land was appreciably cheaper on the outskirts of

"Behold the Budding Bustnest Man!"

the development than in the village; and besides, he had visions of one day manicuring his forty acres into something which could be advertised as a gentleman's estate. Not that he bought the land with any real intention of reselling it, but he wanted something that would photograph well—amateur photography being George's favorite outdoor sport. Friend wife had been with him on this all the way through—as far as it had gone, that is, which, truth to tell, wasn't very far, seeing that it was hard to get help and that since J. Talton, the heir apparent, rounded fifteen he had developed a positive talent for leaving it to Tony, the sturdy Tuscan, who, with his lately imported wife, constituted the Biggers domestic force.

Nevertheless Rooftree was a lovely home, despite the fact that its lawns were going profitably to hay. It was isolated from its nearest neighbor by nearly a quarter of a mile—a square and dignified house, set amidst beautiful old elms, and George took great pride in its possession—when he didn't have to walk to it from the depot.

This particular Tuesday afternoon, hot and tired as he was, his already depleted vitality still further drained by the dusty walk, he turned in at the driveway with a resolute straightening of his shoulders. After all, why be cross? There must be some proper explanation of the failure to meet him. Being disagreeable and irritable and taking things hard never got a person anything—nobody ever felt the impact of one's wrath with any violence except oneself. And anyhow, the family couldn't have guessed that all the hacks and jitneys would be taken. No use scolding over spilt milk—no use at all! With this kindly resolution Mr. Biggers trudged up the ill-tended avenue and stomped cheerfully across the porch.

"Hello, mommer!" he called with a fair imitation of blitheness. "Oh, mommer! Hello, Tootums—come see what papa brought from the banquet!"

Only a deadly silence, broken at length by a shuffling sound from the region of the kitchen, greeted him. Presently the untidy black head of Carolina, wife of Antonio and cook and chambermaid-at-large, appeared.

"*La signora—il bambino*—no home yet," she informed him. "Maka da Noo York!"

"Oh!" said the master of the house, a trifle dashed. "That's all righta, Carolina!"

The black head was silently withdrawn, and George took his hat off and laid it away in the proper place; depositing within it the celluloid box adorned with an American flag and filled with pellets alleged to be candy, which was designed as Tootums' surprise. Then he lit a cigar and went outside, where he stood looking earnestly at the geraniums and considering taking the weeds out from among them until the raucous chuckle of an ancient jitney gave warning of an approach.

George strolled round to the porte-cochère, and there was Anita, the wife of his heart, a trifle smudged and with a wisp of blond hair coming loose over one ear, the protesting two-year-old Tootums under one arm. She was in the act of descending from the jitney and George ran to her assistance. Anita had given up the struggle against encroaching flesh after the arrival, late in life, of her baby boy. Getting out of a jitney unaided had become practically impossible.

"Where on earth is J. Talton?" she demanded as soon as she reached the porch. "George, pay the man, please. I told that boy to meet the five-fifteen!"

"So that was why he did not meet the four-forty-eight!" exclaimed Biggers brightly as he kissed her. "I knew there was some explanation!"

"Well, it doesn't explain why he didn't meet me!" said his wife crossly, sinking into a piazza chair and fanning herself with the evening paper. "I have had the most terrible day, and I'm nearly worn out!"

"I'm sorry, dear," said George. "What was the trouble?"

Without warning Anita made a sudden dive for Tootums, swept him into what lap she had, and seizing him by one ankle she shook the little foot violently at his father.

"Do you see those?" she said indignantly. "New shoes. Guess what I had to pay for them—guess! Nine dollars!"

"Well, dear, it's pretty stiff," said George, smiling. "But shoes for Tootums is something we have to buy, isn't it? And we don't begrudge them, I'm sure, any more than do all the other parents who are in the same boat, you must remember!"

"I know, but it makes me sick—positively sick!" Anita complained. "Here you work like a slave, and we have to spend the money all out almost immediately. The prices are simply fearful. I got some pillow cases to-day—ours were positively in rags and how much do you suppose they were? Twenty-six dollars a dozen for the commonest cotton! I didn't dare to look at linen!"

"But my sweet!" said George, persistently reasonable. "Pillow cases are a necessity too—and you showed good sense in getting cotton. . Of course I suppose it's a high price—I don't know much about such things, but if they were a necessity why, what's the use in groaning? We are not the only sufferers!"

"I know, but it's the same way with everything," said Anita. Here she paused. She opened her mouth and closed it again. Then she made another try. But she had changed her mind, that was evident.

"Where is Violet?" she asked, getting up. "Not home yet? Good gracious, you'd think that girl would manage to be here to help with her baby brother some of the time!"

She was in the hallway now, the baby nodding drowsily over her shoulder.

"Did you have a good time last night, dear?" she asked. George followed her in and kissed her again.

"Whatcher Caller Wine—No More Have Got It. We Go Italia—Beat It!"

"There, old thing!" he said softly, patting her shoulder. "Don't worry too much—we shall manage all right if only we use a little common sense. I'm making enough money to take care of the necessities, you know. And even of a reasonable frill now and then!" He stood smiling after her as she carried the child upstairs, wondering what trifle she had bought herself and been so obviously afraid to tell him of. Nothing much, he felt sure. Anita never did spend much money on herself, God bless her!

Shaking his head in that funny way of his, he decided actually to do something about the weedy geraniums, and the while he was thus employed he meditated upon the high cost of living, feeling a sort of forlorn pride in the thought that he could weather the storm with care. Things couldn't go on as they were: that was plain, he decided. The strain would have to snap. Things would come down with a tumble and then they would begin really to save.

In the meantime he could manage, though in a way the effort was pretty disheartening. Yet wherein lay any advantage in pulling a long face? "Keep sensible," he thought, "and keep smiling."

At six-fifteen Antonio, more picturesque than energetic, led the only cow within a radius of three miles into her shed and smiled a sunny greeting at his employer. This mutual grin was about as far as they ever got conversationally, for Antonio, a survivor of the war who had managed to stay just lame enough to let him out of doing those things which he particularly disliked to do, had as little English as he had ambition. Since prohibition Tony had never been quite the same.

"I suppose he misses his red ink," thought George as the man went by. "I shouldn't wonder but that one reason he came to us in the first place was because we had that Chianti. And now that it's gone—well—*addio, mia bella Napoli*."

Just what George meant by this I am unable to state. But I presume there was some idea in the back of his head to the effect that the wine being gone the Italians would likewise soon depart—a catastrophe which only a commuter is capable of understanding properly. And George was right. After Tony had put the cow where she belonged he came over and did the same to Mr. Biggers.

"Say, boss," began Antonio, "me go by Italia pretty damn quick now, I guess!"

"Why, Tony, don't do that!" protested Mr. Biggers, sticking his three-prong cultivator into the ground and resting his hands against the small of his back. "Don't do that. Haven't we treated you right?"

"You betcher my life!" replied Antonio seriously. "Only on one ting. *Il vino*. Whatcher caller wine—no more have got it. We go Italia—beat it!"

"Tony," said Mr. Biggers, "I want you to think this matter over carefully before making a decision. We would like you and Carolina to stay—you getta me? This country is dry. No more *vino* in whole United States! No place can get *vino*, see? I know you are not a drunkard, but lots of folks took too much and so the rest of us had to give it up. See? Some people taka too much."

"Where dey getta?" asked Antonio, not fully understanding.

"No can getta," reiterated Mr. Biggers patiently. "Now you let me know finally to-morrow. There's a big chance for you in America—more money and fine conditions. You'd better stay. Think it over and let me know in the morning."

And just then his daughter Violet, sixteen and smart, called him from the doorway. "Papaw!" she shouted. "Mother says please come in and wash for supper! We'll not wait any longer for J. Talton!"

Meekly George obeyed the summons, leaving Tony to Latin meditation, fancy-free.

"Well, where has my pretty daughter been to-day?" asked George half an hour later.

"In town," she replied, whirling away from him. "How do you like the result?"

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"Ah Geewn!" Retorted the Judge. "You Talking About the Kick in You With That Collar of Yours!"

After Jazz Philanthropy—What?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

An Ingenious Method of Collecting—With a Vacuum Cleaner

WHILE it lasted, wonderful and amazingly long-lived jazz philanthropy. During the war the American people gave so freely, to different auxiliaries and side issues, that some of it is still unspent. Michigan has $200,000 left of her patriotic fund, for instance, and as this is written is seeking a fit purpose for its investment. Some of the popular war endeavors quickly rolled up surplus funds.

For more than a year after the armistice this giving spirit persisted, and apparently had to have an outlet. The outlet was provided! Innumerable institutions and causes replaced the war organizations, seeking money. There were worthy causes with reasonable demands, worthy ones with unreasonable demands, and downright swindles. War methods persisted, with brass bands, oratory, publicity, the hurry to make the objective, well-paid organizers and canvassers, sentiment, excitement and confusion generally.

Thus was philanthropy jazzed up and salvaged after the Kaiser quit. War industries and war material may have gone to the scrap heap at a loss, but the wonderful giving spirit roused in the nation was conserved to yield hundreds of millions of dollars more than a year after the war was over.

The American people seem to be patient and orthodox in such things. If everybody is going in for jazz philanthropy they contribute their dollars without question. They hate suspicion, interrogation, pessimism and gloom. Everybody is doing it, so it must be right. Why be nasty? Be a booster!

When the worm turns it must be with a national right-about-face. To-day the national worm has turned upon this drive method of raising money. Repeated and unreasonable demands, progressionalism in the raising of funds, rumors of expense and waste, made it certain that reaction must set in sometime. Now the reaction is here.

A Revolution Against Drives

THERE has lately been deep concern over the greatest of all money drives. Planned on a magnitude approaching government finances, with an objective of $400,000,000, this project enlisted institutions with an enormous membership. It had hundreds of thousands of volunteer workers, and some of the best professional brains and experience of the drive industry. Yet at this writing it is a failure. A very large sum of money was raised, but not upon the plan originally laid down. The project will be modified and continued on more conservative lines. But as a drive it was admittedly unsuccessful.

There are different opinions about the mishaps of the Interchurch World Movement. Wrong organization is blamed. The impetus of the drive was supplied by a central committee that directed the publicity and work. This committee incurred most of the expense, while collections were made chiefly within their own denominations. Some of the churches prospered, but the central organization did not realize enough money to pay its bills.

To meet expenses this central organization is said to have relied upon the general public—that is, churches would collect money from their own members, while the worldly outside public would reimburse the central committee for drive costs. It was also assumed that a group of friendly citizens, made up of rich people without church connections, would contribute toward these expenses. Critics pronounce this an error of judgment, saying that there is no such body of unattached rich people. Every man and woman of wealth in the United States either has church connections or is carefully charted and kept track of by money-seeking institutions. Certainly, if there is such a group it did not come forward.

Harmful rumors got abroad. There was one to the effect that instead of $400,000,000 the real objective was $1,350,000,000, spread over five years—which has been denied. Extravagance was whispered about—large expenditures for advertising, surveys, experts' salaries.

But a good many things seem to be explained by the state of public opinion at the time this great drive was launched. For more than a year money had been solicited for every sort of cause, in unheard-of amounts. Philanthropy was speeded up until overdone. The American people were slow in applying the brakes, but when they did so jazz philanthropy stopped with a vengeance. Institutions began to fall short of their objectives, and then to fail altogether. This particular movement, with its enormous program, got under way just as the reaction set in, and its very magnitude seems to have made it a scapegoat for the expression of the public's changed state of mind.

The public is in revolt against drives. Yet it still has millions of dollars available for necessary public institutions. Colleges, charities, churches, hospitals and benevolent activities cannot be abandoned. They must be financed on a more generous scale than before the war to meet increased expenses and much-needed extensions of their work. It is estimated that under the drive stimulus an aggregate of $1,500,000,000 was raised for benevolent work in 1919. But in a normal prewar year such contributions approximated $1,000,000,000 without drive methods. What the public did quietly, investigators reason, it is ready to do again. The public is in revolt not against worthy institutions or the giving of its money but against the pressure and excitement of the drive and the expense, waste and misdirected effort it suspects in that method. It is ready to give again, on a broader scale than ever before, but methods of soliciting must be changed and worthiness and efficiency demonstrated by institutions seeking support.

Money was raised during the war all over the world with such ease that it often became a by-product of philanthropy.

When Herbert Hoover tackled the Belgian-relief problem he took steps to secure popular contributions in the United States and Allied countries. Hundreds of thousands of dollars poured in for the Belgians. Yet Hoover has frankly confessed that these popular contributions were secondary in his plans. Funds were solicited not so much to feed the Belgians as to create a backing of public opinion that would prevent German suppression of Belgian-relief work. Moreover, Allied governments would be compelled to sanction and support it if popular contributions did not pay the bills, and that is what happened.

But the day of easy money is passed. Too many institutions have been asking for funds in too casual a way since the armistice. The cost of raising money rapidly increased. Institutions asked for double and treble their normal needs and devoted themselves to the capture of the dollar with such intensity that they often forgot to tell the public in detail what the money was to be used for or how. Drive times were grand times while they lasted, but sooner or later the stabilizing common sense of the public was bound to become a factor. To-day things have swung back to normal, and both the public and the money-raising experts seek the method that is to replace the drive.

The Effect of War on Philanthropy

MONEY-SEEKING institutions often had grave shortcomings before the war. Their accounting was loose, their costs high both in collections and expenditures, their work duplicated, their directors and officers frequently prominent dummies. Here and there some effort had been made to put them on a better business basis, but not in a broad way.

War giving wrought a transformation. Where institutions had been supported chiefly by a small body of well-to-do contributors, war giving enlisted the whole public in philanthropy. Before the war a few investigators here and there had begun to insist upon better business methods for institutions as protection for well-to-do contributors. To-day the whole public is interested in better methods, as a contributor, and disposed to hand over its dollar only when service and efficiency are proved.

During one of the biggest war drives a New York business man received a letter from his janitor. His janitor was a black man, in France. Up to the time when he had dropped his broom and feather duster at the summons of the draft board his janitor had been accepted by this business man as a small cog in the mechanism of daily comfort. But when his janitor waived sound claims for exemption and disappeared into the army, that was different

somehow. Not many weeks after entering camp he was on his way to France in a crowded transport, and three months later at the front, with a corporal's stripes and one experience in being gassed.

The janitor's letter gave interesting details about life in the trenches and wound up with an appeal for something to smoke and something to read. That week millions of dollars were being raised to supply our soldiers with cigarettes, books and magazines. The business man was solicited in his office, at his clubs, by his trade organizations, in his home. If he stepped into a theater the performance would be interrupted by a revivalistic appeal for the poor boys in France. Subscription blanks were circulated when he went to church, and money boxes rattled on every corner. Tens of millions sought for the good cause, yet here was his own janitor, at the real front, with nothing to smoke or read! In all his life the business man had participated in only two wars. This was the only janitor he had ever sent to the front. To supply him with cigarettes and magazines became more than a personal obligation—a straight business proposition. So instead of adding his contribution to the drive millions he sent the currency to his janitor in France and made arrangements to have magazines mailed regularly and direct.

Another phase of this same state of mind is shown by a Philadelphia business man's scheme of philanthropy. Having prospered himself he felt that a percentage of his yearly income ought to go for benevolent work. Treating this percentage as he would an investment he read institutional reports, calculated expenses, and finally found a small denominational home for old ladies where the cost of keeping each old lady figured out about six dollars a week. Probably the trustees of that home had never figured it so closely themselves. This looked like efficiency to the business man, so he chose that old ladies' home as his charity and added his personal interest to his money. Then some of his money is kept for emergencies. Such an emergency arose when a scrubwoman in his apartment house ran a rusty nail into her hand and narrowly escaped blood poisoning. His cook heard about it and told him. He sent a doctor to the scrubwoman's tenement, visited her, found that she earned only thirty dollars a month, paid fifteen dollars for rent, was a widow, her husband having died of tuberculosis, and was bravely bringing up three children. Far from being the kind of woman who would apply for charity, the business man's help saddened and discouraged her, because it looked as though she were losing her battle for the children. To reassure her he had to make his money a loan and find her a better-paid job so she could wipe it out in installments.

Circus Methods

PEACETIME money-raising projects are coming home to many other people in the same way.

Instead of the national war drive in which contributions were given without question, the money-seeking institution is now local and coming into the contributor's immediate focus. It seeks funds on the basis of necessary social work in one's own community. Contributors are beginning to ask questions about its necessity, efficiency and service, and that is an excellent thing for everybody concerned.

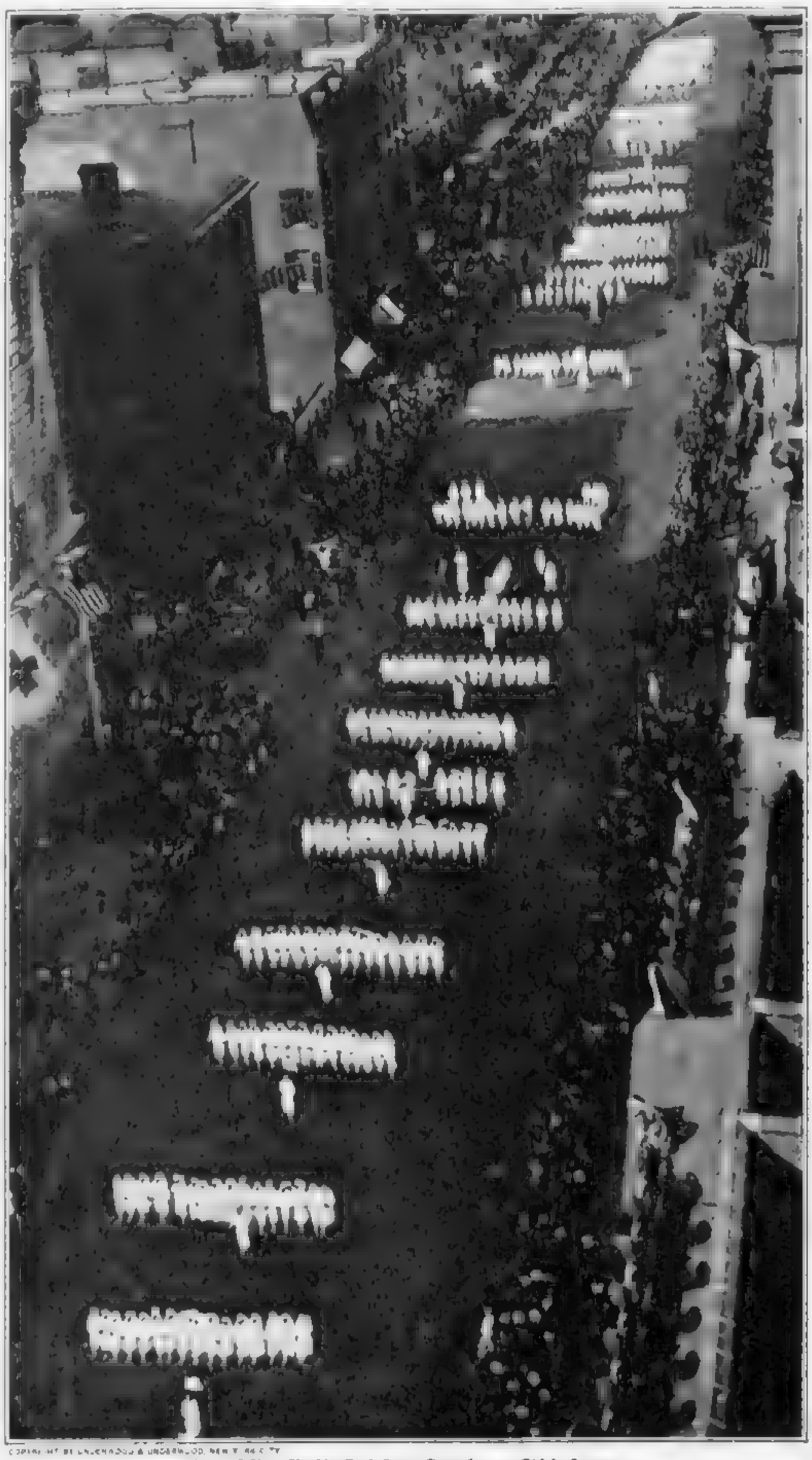
With very few exceptions money-raising is a community proposition. Some great institutions, like the American Red Cross, work on a national and international basis. But their funds are raised locally to a large extent and their efficiency should be a matter for local demonstration. Charities, churches, hospitals, settlement houses, fresh-air funds and like institutions are strictly local. Even colleges and educational institutions are local either in drawing their students and support from restricted territory or in the matter of their alumni, to whom, though perhaps scattered, their appeal is largely made for service rendered.

So here we have one definite thing about the money-raising method that must replace jazz philanthropy—that it will be local, a community affair, under the eye of the public in the raising and spending of money.

Certain other definite things have materialized.

The hurry and pressure of the drive will be abandoned and a steady campaign substituted, seeking support from regular contributors throughout the year, and year after year. Drive methods brought money to-day, but often at the expense of next year's contributions. Even when successful they often brought nothing but dollars, and dollars are not everything. Institutions need public interest, and when they secure it dollars come in as a by-product.

Institutions will be supported by a larger public. In the past they depended chiefly upon well-to-do contributors. Rich people's money didn't always go round. War broadened the whole basis of giving, and the modest gift of the small contributor must be conserved.



One of New York's Red Cross Parades on Fifth Avenue

Indiscriminate giving will stop. Questionable schemes thrive upon it. Institutions will seek to build up support among contributors who understand and follow their particular activities.

The soft pedal has already been put upon circus methods because the public is tired of them. Drives have emphasized money at the expense of institutional work. For lack of knowledge about such work and through the rousing of suspicion people have stopped giving. Now emphasis will be put upon institutional service.

Philanthropy will be more fully organized along the lines of the community chest. This idea grew out of the war chest, whereby towns replaced the innumerable drives for individual causes by one or two big community drives a year, raising a general fund to meet all demands. With the community chest there must be institutional standards, and investigations that separate the efficient and worthy causes from the wasters, duplicators and swindlers.

Professionalism will decrease and the volunteer figure more prominently in raising money. High salaries and the payment of commissions and percentages are not so common to-day as they were a year or two ago.

While people in the large cities have been solicited, resolicited, and systematically hunted by workers in big drive organizations, hundreds of local drives have been carried out, not merely with success but with public enthusiasm.

The Local Appeal

THE cities have been asked for hundreds of millions. At one time recently, in addition to great national drives, New York was being canvassed by representatives of a dozen big universities seeking an aggregate of fully $100,000,000. Each institution maintained its New York committee, and in one instance angles of approach were so carefully planned that every graduate, wealthy person and friend might be visited three times—by members of his class, associates in his business or neighborhood and a plain canvasser. In the meantime, however, quieter campaigns were being carried out elsewhere by fifty smaller colleges whose needs were set at $5,000,000 each or less, and thirty of these asked for sums ranging from $1,000,000 down to as little as $10,000. Graduates in the big cities were visited, but most of the effort in raising money was centered upon the localities served by each institution—perhaps a group of states or a single state, and in many cases a single minor city. Some of the colleges were denominational and sought support chiefly from their church organizations.

While an Eastern seaboard city approaching 1,000,000 population was turbulent with big money drives some months ago a children's aid society in the adjoining county set out to raise a modest fund—$25,000 to pay its debts and enlarge its work. This was the only charity in that county. Drive methods were used under the direction of a professional supervisor, and one week devoted to actual money raising, after two months of preliminary publicity about the organization and its work. The amount asked was not only oversubscribed by the local public but newspapers in the harassed near-by city found space for the county institution's publicity articles, and money was forthcoming from city contributors.

In a Southern city of 25,000 population the only hospital for white patients had been struggling for years under a burden of debt, and also a certain ill will due to lack of knowledge of its work. A professional money-raising expert, who specializes in small local campaigns, visited that town on his vacation and became interested in its hospital problem. The trustees told him that $100,000 would pay all

(Continued on Page 174)

THE PAGAN MADONNA

VI

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

NOW then, the further adventures of Ling Foo of Woosung Road. He was an honest Chinaman. He would beat you down if he were buying, or he would overcharge you if he were selling. There was nothing dishonest in this; it was legitimate business. He was only shrewd, not crooked. But on this day he came into contact with a situation that tried his soul, and tricked him into overplaying his hand.

That morning he had returned to his shop in a contented frame of mind. He stood clear of the tragedy of the night before. That had never happened; he had dreamed it. Of course he would be wondering whether or not the man had died.

When Ling Foo went forth with his business in his pack he always closed the shop. Here in upper Woosung Road it would not have paid him to hire a clerk. His wife, obedient creature though she was, spoke almost no pidgin—business—English; and besides that, she was a poor bargainer.

It was hard by noon when he let himself into the shop. The first object he sought was his metal pipe. Two puffs, and the craving was satisfied. He took up his counting rack and slithered the buttons back and forth. He had made three sales at the Astor and two at the Palace, which was fair business, considering the times.

A shadow fell across the till top. Ling Foo raised his slanted eyes. His face was like a graven Buddha's, but there was a crackling in his ears as of many firecrackers. There he stood—the man with the sluing walk! Ling Foo still wore a queue, so his hair could not very well stand on end.

"You speak English."

It was not a question; it was a statement.

Ling Foo shrugged.

"Can do."

"Cut out the pidgin. Your neighbor says you speak English fluently. At Moy's tea-house restaurant they say that you lived in California for several years."

"Twelve," said Ling Foo with a certain dry humor.

"Why didn't you admit me last night?"

"Shop closed."

"Where is it?"

"Where is what?" asked the merchant.

"The string of glass beads you found on the floor last night."

A sense of disaster rolled over the Oriental. Had he been overhasty in ridding himself of the beads? Patience! Wait a bit! Let the stranger open the door to the mystery.

"Glass beads?" he repeated ruminatively.

"I will give you ten gold for them."

Ha! Now they were getting somewhere. Ten gold! Then those devil beads had some worth outside a jeweler's computations? Ling Foo smiled and spread his yellow hands.

"I haven't them."

"Where are they?"

The Oriental loaded his pipe and fired it.

"Where is the man who stumbled in here last night?" he countered.

"His body is probably in the Yang-tse by now," returned Cunningham grimly.

He knew his Oriental. He would have to frighten this Chinaman badly, or engage his cupidity to a point where resistance would be futile.

There was a devil brooding over his head. Ling Foo felt it strangely. His charms were in the far room. He would have to fend off the devil without material aid, and that was generally a hopeless job. With that twist of Oriental thought which will never be understood by the Occidental, Ling Foo laid down his campaign.

Ling Foo Heard Footsteps, But Behind Him. He Turned. The Meddling Young Officer Was Striding Toward Him

"I found it, true. But I sold it this morning."

"For how much?"

"Four Mex."

Cunningham laughed. It was actually honest laughter, provoked by a lively sense of humor.

"To whom did you sell it, and where can I find the buyer?"

Ling Foo picked up the laughter, as it were, and gave his individual quirk to it.

"I see," said Cunningham gravely.

"So?"

"Get that necklace back for me and I will give you a hundred gold."

"Five hundred."

"You saw what happened last night."

"Oh, you will not beat in my head," Ling Foo declared easily. "What is there about this string of beads that makes it worth a hundred gold—and life worth nothing?"

"Very well," said Cunningham resignedly. "I am a secret agent of the British Government. That string of glass beads is the key to a code relating to the uprisings in India. The loss of it will cost a great deal of money and time. Bring it back here this afternoon, and I will pay down five hundred gold."

"I agree," replied Ling Foo, tossing his pipe into the alcove. "But no one must follow me. I do not trust you. There is nothing to prevent you from robbing me in the street and refusing to pay me. And where will you get five hundred gold? Gold has vanished. Even the leaf has all but disappeared."

Cunningham dipped his hand into a pocket, and magically a dozen double eagles rolled and vibrated upon the counter, sending into Ling Foo's ears that music so peculiar to gold. Many days had gone by since he had set his gaze upon the yellow metal. His hand reached down only to feel but not so quickly as the white hand, which scooped up the coin trickily, with the skill of a prestidigitator.

"Five hundred gold then. But are you sure you can get the beads back?"

Ling Foo smiled.

"I have a way. I will meet you in the lobby of the Astor House at five"; and he bowed with Oriental courtesy.

"Agreed. All aboveboard, remember, or you will feel the iron hand of the British Government."

Ling Foo doubted that, but he kept this doubt to himself.

"I warn you, I shall go armed. You will bring the gold to the Astor House. If I see you after I depart ——"

"Lord love you, once that code key is in my hands you can go to heaven or the devil, as you please! We live in rough times, Ling Foo."

"So we do. There is a stain on the floor, about where you stand. It is the blood of a white man."

"What would you, when a comrade attempts to deceive you?"

"At five in the lobby of the Astor House. Good day," concluded Ling Foo, fingering the buttons on his counting rack.

Cunningham limped out into the cold sunshine. Ling Foo shook his head. So like a boy's, that face! He shuddered slightly. He knew that a savage devil lay ready behind that handsome mask—he had seen it last night. But five hundred gold—for a string of glass beads!

Ling Foo was an honest man. He would pay you cash for cash in a bargain. If he overcharged you that was your fault, but he never sold you imitations on the basis that you would not know the difference. If he sold you a Ming jar—for twice what it was worth in the great marts - experts would tell you that it was Ming. He had some jade of superior quality—the translucent apple green. He never carried it about; he never even spoke of it unless he was sure that the prospective customer was wealthy.

His safe was in a corner of his workshop. An American yegg would have laughed at it, opened it as easily as a ripe peach; but in this district it was absolute security. Ling Foo was obliged to keep a safe, for often he had valuable pearls to take care of, sometimes to put new vigor in dying luster, sometimes to peel a pearl on the chance that under the dull skin lay the gem.

He trotted to the front door and locked it; then he trotted into his workshop, planning. If the glass beads were worth five hundred, wasn't it likely they would be worth a thousand? If this man who limped had stuck to the hundred Ling Foo knew that he would have surrendered eventually. But the ease with which the stranger made the jump from one to five convinced Ling Foo that there could be no harm in boosting five to ten. If there was a taint of crookedness anywhere, that would be on the other side. Ling Foo knew where the beads were, and he would transfer them for one thousand gold. Smart business, nothing more than that. He had the whip hand.

Out of his safe he took a blackwood box, beautifully carved, Cantonese. Headbands, earrings, rings, charms,

necklaces, tomb ornaments, some of them royal, all of them nearly as ancient as the hills of Kwanlun, from which most of them had been quarried—jade. He trickled them from palm to palm and one by one returned the objects to the box. In the end he retained two strings of beads so alike that it was difficult to discern any difference. One was Kwanlun jade, royal loot; the other was a copy in Nan-shan stone. The first was priceless, worth what any fool collector was ready to pay; the copy was worth perhaps a hundred gold. Held to the light, there was a subtle difference; but only an expert could have told you what this difference was. The royal jade did not catch the light so strongly as the copy; the touch of human warmth had slightly dulled the stone.

Ling Foo transferred the copy to a purse he wore attached to his belt under the blue jacket. The young woman would never be able to resist the jade. She would return the glass instantly. A thousand gold, less the cost of the jade! Good business!

But for once his Oriental astuteness overreached, as has been seen. And to add to his discomfiture, he never again saw the copy of the Kwanlun, representing the virtue of the favorite wife.

"I am an honest man," he said. "The tombs of my ancestors are not neglected. When I say I could not get it I speak the truth. But I believe I can get it later."

"How?" asked Cunningham. They were in the office, or bureau, of the Astor House, which the manager had turned over to them for the moment. "Remember, the arm of the British Government is long."

Ling Foo shrugged.

"Being an honest man, I do not fear. She would have given it to me but for that officer. He knew something about jade."

Cunningham nodded.

"Conceivably he would." He jingled the gold in his pocket. "How do you purpose to get the beads?"

"Go to the lady's room late. I left the jade with her. Alone, she will not resist. I saw it in her eyes. But it will be difficult."

"I see. For you to get into the hotel late. I'll arrange that with the manager. You will be coming to my room. What floor is her room on?"

"The third."

"The same as mine. That falls nicely. Return then at half after ten. You will come to my room for the gold."

Ling Foo saw his thousand shrink to the original five hundred, but there was no help for it. At half after ten he knocked on the panel of Jane's door and waited. He knocked again; still the summons was not answered. The third assault was emphatic. Ling Foo heard footsteps, but behind him. He turned. The meddling young officer was striding toward him

"What are you doing here?" Dennison demanded

His own appearance in the corridor at this hour might have been subjectable to inquiry. He had left Jane at nine. He had seen her to the lift. Perhaps he had walked the Bund for an hour or two, but worriedly. The thought of the arrival in Shanghai of his father and the rogue Cunningham convinced him that some queer game was afoot, and that it hinged somehow upon those beads.

There was no sighing in regard to his father, for the past that was. An astonishing but purely accidental meeting; to-morrow each would go his separate way again. All that was a closed page. He had long ago readjusted his outlook on the basis that reconciliation was hopeless

A sudden impulse spun him on his heel, and he hurried back to the Astor. The hour did not matter, or the possibility that Jane might be abed. He would ask permission to become the temporary custodian of the beads. What were they, to have brought his father across the Pacific if indeed they had? Anyhow, he would end his own anxiety in regard to Jane by assuming the risks, if any, himself.

No one questioned him; his uniform was a passport that required no visé.

Ling Foo eyed him blandly.

"I am leaving for the province in the morning, so I had to come for my jade to-night. But the young lady is not in her room."

"She must be!" cried Dennison, alarmed. "Miss Norman?" he called, beating on the door.

No sound answered from within. Dennison pondered for a moment. Ling Foo also pondered—apprehensively. He suspected that some misfortune had befallen the young woman, for her kind did not go prowling alone round Shanghai at night. Slue-Foot! Should he utter his suspicion to this American officer? But if it should become a police affair! Bitterly he arraigned himself for disclosing his hand to Slue-Foot. That demon had forestalled him. No doubt by now he had the beads. Ten thousand devils pursue him!

Dennison struck his hands together, and by and by a sleepy Chinese boy came scuffling along the corridor

"Talkee manager come topside," said Dennison. When the manager arrived, perturbed, Dennison explained the situation.

"Will you open the door?"

The manager agreed to do that. The bedroom was empty. The bed had not been touched. But there was no evidence that the occupant did not intend to return.

"We shall leave everything just as it is," said Dennison authoritatively. "I am her friend. If she does not return by one o'clock I shall notify the police and have the young lady's belongings transferred to the American consulate She is under the full protection of the United States Government. You will find out if any saw her leave the hotel, and what the time was. Stay here in the doorway while I look about"

He saw the jade necklace reposing in the soap dish, and in an ironical mood he decided not to announce the discovery to the Chinaman. Let him pay for his cupidity In some mysterious manner he had got his yellow claws on those infernal beads, and the rogue Cunningham had gone to him with a substantial bribe. So let the pigtail wait for his jade.

On the dresser he saw a sheet of paper partly opened. Beside it lay a torn envelope. Dennison's heart lost a beat. The handwriting was his father's!

VII

JANE had gone to meet his father. How to secrete this note without being observed by either the manager or the Chinaman? An accident came to his aid. Someone in the corridor banged a door violently, and as the manager's head and Ling Foo's jerked about, Dennison stuffed the note into a pocket.

A trap! Dennison wasn't alarmed—he was only furious. Jane had walked into a trap. She had worn those accursed beads when his father had approached her by the bookstall that afternoon. The note had attacked her curiosity from a perfectly normal angle. Dennison had absorbed enough of the note's contents to understand how readily Jane had walked into the trap.

Very well. He would wait in the lobby until one; then if Jane had not returned he would lay the plans of a counter attack, and it would be a rough one. Of course no bodily harm would befall Jane, but she would probably be harried and bullied out of those beads. But would she? It was not unlikely that she would become a pretty handful, once she learned she had been tricked. If she balked him, how would the father act? The old boy was ruthless when he particularly wanted something.

If anything should happen to her—an event unlooked for, accidental, over which his father would have no control—this note would bring the old boy into a peck of

Continued on Page 42

"What in Heaven's Name Has Happened?" Asked Jane as She and Dennison Stood Alone in the Passage

FOUR FLIGHTS UP

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

XXIII

SLOW RIVER BROOK, N. Y., May 27, 19—

DEAR OLD MARJE: I got here all right, and found Uncle Jesse's place without any trouble. Uncle Jesse and Aunt Min acted as if they were glad I came, though they haven't seen me for over twenty years—since I was a little boy in fact. The old man says it's awful hard to get help on the farm, and he expects I'll turn to and lend a hand. I will too. I need some good outdoor work to harden me up. I've been fishing several times, and caught some trout, and I'm feeling better. But I didn't realize how soft I was. I've been neglecting myself physically. Why didn't you make me go to a gymnasium or take some kind of exercise to keep me in shape?

"Well, Marjie, I have got pretty well over the shock of the way Angela Boggs treated me. I've got so I don't give a hoot. Why worry about her and her taste in art? I know what's right. Of course I counted a lot on the success of those pictures. I saw my name in all the leading magazines, and you can imagine the prestige it would have meant to have it attached to those subjects. You and I know how good they are, and how much making them took out of my hide. But I don't seem to be nearly so sore about it as you'd think. In fact, I don't feel very keen about anything just now, except my Aunt Min's pies and cake and saleratus biscuits. The photographing business doesn't interest me one bit—in fact, it disgusts me. Some kind of reaction has set in, and I'd be almost glad if I never saw a camera again as long as I live. This farm life looks good to me—up at sunrise, hard work all day and an appetite like a horse. Then at night, instead of sitting round that stuffy studio smoking, I hit the hay about half past eight and sleep like a log until I have to get up again.

"Now the way I feel it really seems as if I ought to take a good long vacation. I've earned it. You'll agree with me, I'm sure. I think the thing for me to do is to stay here a month, maybe more, until I get my health back. And then I'll recover all my enthusiasm, and you'll see me come charging up those stairs three at a time.

"I'll be able to do great work—we'll turn out some stuff that will knock 'em cold, eh, Marje?

"But there's one other thing—quite important too. When I get back you and I better get married. Do you know, Marje, I owe an awful lot to you? I don't think I've ever shown my appreciation half enough. There aren't many girls that would stick by a fellow through thick and thin like you. It occurred to me you must think me a queer sort of duck, to let things run on the way I have and never say a word about getting married. I suppose your old gent may object, but we should worry. We'll see that he doesn't lose his meal ticket.

"I've got so used to you about the studio, discussing things with you and having you jaw me and hector me that I really think I should have a hard time getting along without you. You're mighty practical, Marje. You've got some bean! So I think, as I said, it's time you and I came to an understanding as to our future. You can get your trousseau together as soon as you like. And Marje, if you need to, don't hesitate to tap the old cash drawer for whatever is necessary.

"Say, I miss the big town worse than anything else. These birds up here would get awful light-struck if you showed them Broadway after sundown. There are rubes up here that if you saw them on the stage you'd say they were too much exaggerated.

She Merely Remarked in Chaste Eighth-Avenuese: "Now Ain't That Guy Got a Noive!"

"I'll write you again once in a while.

"Sincerely yours,

"BENJAMIN F. MERRIWEATHER.

"P. S. I suppose the business will be on the bum while I'm gone. It can't amount to much without my personal attention, but you can stall people off, and in the meanwhile get caught up on your retouching. Say, I happened to think: Why don't you close the shop for a fortnight and come up here? My country relations aren't much for style, but they're good as gold, and they'd sure be glad to have you. I expect you'd give them a big laugh with your city ways.

BEN."

Marjie Paul received this extraordinary communication about a week after her employer's departure. By that time she was up to her eyes in the job of redecorating the studio. Things were going fine, too, and Marjie was working her two brothers every night until they were showing signs of drooping under the strain.

"Aw, brace up, you big lazy things!" she said to them. "My goodness, you wouldn't let a little slim weakling like me beat you, I shouldn't think."

"You may be little and slim all right, but you ain't a bit weak. I've always heard skinny folks was tough."

"'Were,' Thad. How many times I got to tell you——"

"Well, were tough. Say, it's darn near midnight, and my arm's broke swingin' this bloomin' paintbrush. Have a heart, sis! Le's quit and go home."

Marjie was in daily conference with Mrs. Calverton. Mrs. Calverton simply loved Marjie. The magazine writer was a lonely woman who had seen days of real prosperity, and in those days she had done by way of recreation the work which now yielded her a fair living. A widow and childless, she found the uncouth but sagacious daughter of the West Side tenements not only interesting but fascinating.

Marjie confessed a gnawing ambition for the veneer of gentility. She was keenly, almost painfully, aware of her cultural shortcomings. She had seen how much Ben's smattering of school knowledge had rebudded under the sunshine of improved associations. Marjie had no such roots lying dormant in her mental soil. But the discerning Mrs. Calverton recognized in the girl possibilities that gave rose-garden promise. These possibilities stimulated in her a desire which became shortly a determination to help Marjie in every feasible way. It may have been luck that had drawn the two together. But one might wish that for every Marjie Paul there was somewhere a Caroline Calverton.

As she read Ben's letter Marjie sat down weakly on one of the studio chairs, which had been prudently covered with a cloth to protect it from spattered paint. What a letter! She read it a second time, slowly and critically. The wording was absolutely unequivocal. Ben Merriweather wanted her to marry him. What did he want her to do that for?

It is natural to expect a young lady, upon receiving through the United States mail her first proposal of marriage, to blush and perhaps simper a little, even if she's quite alone. Marjie blushed, but she didn't simper. Then she spoke a soliloquy into which she compressed all the emotions which the situation called for—a soliloquy of extraordinary brevity, yet equaling in eloquence the best thing of its kind ever penned by that practiced soliloquy writer, Mr. W. Shakspere. Hamlet required an elaborate costume, a make-up and a theater. He used a great variety of gestures and a system of breathing exercises to get that speech off his chest. Marjie Paul spoke her little piece quite simply, and without an audience. Doubtless it was a performance all the more convincing for that reason. She merely remarked in chaste Eighth-Avenuese:

"Now ain't that guy got a noive!"

From this it will be observed that if Mrs. Calverton had given Marjie's diction any special attention the pupil had lapsed, temporarily at least, into a vernacular which could furnish to perfection words adequate to the moments' emotion.

In fact, Marjie was mad. She read the letter a third time, and became still madder. She did not indulge in further soliloquy, but rose and with tense lips and knit brows went about the forenoon's business. This consisted in promoting vigorously the process of rehabilitation which was to make the old studio a fit setting for the genius of B. F. Merriweather, photographer.

A nice letter! A swell letter! Marjie guessed Ben's disappointment in the failure of his Boggs pictures had addled his brains. But no, you couldn't addle anything that didn't exist!

A fine proposition, that was. Mr. Benjamin F. Merriweather, the distinguished photographer, condescended to offer her a job for life She could go on and on and on, a vicarious backbone for a spineless genius. As things were now, she didn't have to stick round unless she wanted to. She worked hard, it was true. This task of making a presentable place out of a dirty old garret was no small undertaking, but it was voluntary. Marjie couldn't imagine herself doing such a thing under compulsion.

She traced back over her experience as Ben's assistant, and her obsession grew that she'd been made an easy mark. She had thought she was building up Merriweather's morale of her own free will she seemed to discover that she had been imposed upon. Here she was, even now, slaving to create something tangible out of the thinnest possible materials, something to support Ben's prestige as a coming artist photographer; something to help put over the bunk, as she told herself. Scenery for Ben's act, paint and canvas to carry the illusion of æsthetic though impecunious talent. Aw, rats!

That night she sat down and wrote Ben a letter, which—had he ever received it—would have peeled off his thick mental epidermis in strips. In the morning she tore it up, because on rereading she decided it was altogether too savage—though she did feel like sending it, let the consequences be what they might. The second night she wrote another, which likewise she destroyed, because it was too mild. She compromised by indefinitely postponing her reply. Let him wonder.

Meanwhile with Mrs. Calverton's help and encouragement Marjie completed the work at the studio. Then she went to see Mr. Budd, of the Bond & Bent agency. As a result of this conference Marjie succeeded in locating a young fellow of somewhat limited experience, but capable of the simpler kind of professional photography. This enabled her to keep up with the routine work of the studio.

She collected a lot of small outstanding accounts which the easy-going Ben had allowed to accumulate, an amount quite respectable when rolled in a snug cylinder, confined by a stout rubber band and concealed in an always accessible but reasonably safe portion of Marjie's costume. She got along nicely with the young photographer, who told Budd he hadn't felt like goin' to work for a Jane, but this one sure treated him all right; in fact, she knew a helluver lot about photography that he never knew before, and learned him something pretty near every day. Consequently Merriweather's neighborhood reputation for portrait work suffered no impairment, and Mrs. Calverton postponed bringing any of her exclusive friends until Mr. Merriweather should regain his health.

Sometimes Marjie got out that letter of Ben's and read it over. It served as a whip to sting her into renewed determination. There were plenty of phrases in the letter that made Marjie's lip curl contemptuously as she read. "Stay here a month, maybe more, until I get my health back." Anybody'd think he'd been through a prostrating illness! "You and I better get married." Is that so? Seemed as if she had something to say about that. "So used to you about the studio." Maybe he'd become attached to her in time, as anyone does to a stray cat. "I really think I should have a hard time getting along without you." Oh, really! Well, he'd better believe he would, and he was going to have a darned good chance to see too. She had a cabinet photo of herself buying her trousseau out of Ben Merriweather's cash drawer. The idea! Very kind of him. What did he take her for?

And then the invitation to visit his relatives! That took some nerve! If his precious Aunt Min wanted her, why didn't she say so? Hicks! Ben was right about that. And if she did go she'd hand them a laugh! A laugh! That was rich! Those jays laughing at her on account of her city ways! Well, she hoped she was enough of a lady not to put on any airs. They were probably getting many a giggle out of Ben and his damfool attempts to show the hayseeds how things were done in New York. Asking for olives and mayonnaise and oyster patties no doubt, and caffay à la demitasse. That would be just like him—as big a rube as the others, and not knowing it!

Business was good at the studio. Marjie noted this with grim satisfaction. The novel rearrangement excited a lot of comment and served the purpose of a first-rate advertisement. Each day was well taken up with appointments. The green photographer had to have a still greener assistant. He worked overtime, and so did Marjie.

One evening when Marjie had come back to the studio after supper to try to catch up with her retouching she received her second proposal. It came from the green photographer. He led up to the critical portion of his remarks by complimenting Marjie on her efficiency, on her skill as a retoucher, on her ability as an executive. Then he popped the question, pointing out that they could team up profitably and make a success out of their own studio instead of working their heads off for someone else.

The young man never did figure out just what there was about his frank statement of a perfectly honorable proposition to cause his instant and angry dismissal. But he got it so quick it made his head swim. He made up his mind that women were queer, and decided, at least temporarily, to make his bachelorhood permanent. If that was the way girls acted when you asked them civilly to marry you he preferred to stay single. But Marjie went home in a froth of rage. She was sick of being so darned proficient that she precipitated an epidemic of offers from thrifty souls who saw in her a business asset too good to let slip.

Next day, which was considerably more than a month from the time of Ben's departure for the rural districts, she got another letter from him. He had waited patiently, he said, for an answer to his first epistle. Now he was beginning to get anxious. Anyhow, the country wasn't what it had been at first. It was pretty dull when you were used to the city. He was feeling a whole lot better now. He thought his nerves were straightened out and he'd better think about returning to the job. He had promised his uncle to help build a new henhouse, and felt he ought to see the thing through, but after that he was done with country life for a while. Meanwhile wouldn't Marjie please write him how things were going, and if her preparations for the wedding were nearly complete, because he didn't want to wait more than a few days after his return.

Marjie wrote.

Uncle Jesse suddenly changed his plans about the henhouse. He guessed he'd wait until fall. Ben packed up and left without further delay. He was in fact crazy to see New York, the studio and Marjie Paul.

Ben was tremendously fond of Marjie, and his prolonged absence had served to enhance this feeling, which he had not previously taken the trouble to analyze. It was just as he said—he had got used to having her about. The thought of marriage had scarcely occurred to him until he found himself where he wasn't seeing Marjie. Then he missed her achingly.

Marjie was wrong in blaming Ben—wrong in her interpretation of his letter. She was tired and keyed up, and the flat matter-of-factness of it constituted an emotional anticlimax. Ben meant nothing but kindness, affection, real solicitude. He meant to bestow praise and compliment, to express through written approval a genuine sentiment. Marjie, usually so astute, failed to read between the lines the fact that Ben was embarrassed, and so driven to an extreme of commonplace in his love-making. She had been right in regarding him as a big kid; he had

(Continued on Page 100)

A Callow But Brisk Operator Was in the Act of Photographing a Fat Baby Sitting in a Tin Bathtub

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2, 1920

Too Much Conversation

MOST of us talk too much. We have even invented the talking machine to multiply our output endlessly and to spell us when we get too hoarse to speak above a whisper. Now we are clamoring for free speech, though we have all the speech there is, both loose and canned. We produce more newspapers, mere periodicals, more books, more phonograph records, more oratory, more Chautauquas, more words, both plain and fancy, light, heavy and trimmed with red passementerie, per capita than any other nation in the world. We are gradually transmuting all our natural resources, from our spruce forests to Woodrow Wilson, into adjectives and pronouns.

Before their larynxes are fully developed and their vocabularies matured, boys have a quaint and direct way of telling a precociously talkative fellow to "put up or shut up." It is a good time right now for their elders to take stock with a view to finding out how much of our conversation is *ersatz*.

Never were the futility of talk and the footlessness of the average voter more clearly demonstrated than by the course of events before and since the presidential nominations. Talk was mobilized on the conventions in amounts to overjoy a kaiser of conversational cannon fodder. Big Berthas of oratory, hurling the largest and most destructive words in the dictionary, were trained on the professional politicians. Behind this barrage of conversation, written, spoken and sputtered, were a majority of the voters, all dressed up and all split up, ready and willing to reform the world verbally, but too busy talking to take a hand in the doings in their own precinct. While they milled round, the politicians, like good soldiers, dug in, and engaged first one faction and then another, until nothing was left on the field except torn and bloody fragments of the eight parts of speech.

The conversationalists are re-forming, however, for another sanguinary fray with words and music. Our mail is filled with letters pointing out what ails us politically and prescribing the infallible remedy. Everything from forcible feeding to forcible voting is advocated. These theories are all just as sound as perpetual motion. They are all more or less attractive, because, like most modern economic theorizing, they are based on the perennially popular "something for nothing" premise.

The only thing that ails our politics is our political laziness. Voters have the hookworm. The recipe for becoming a good citizen, which is the first step toward good government, is the same as that for becoming a good plumber or a good merchant—learning the job and then staying on it. Get into your organization, Republican or Democratic. A third party is simply another form of political laziness. Join a political club or form one. The coarser and more corrupt your local politics, the more need for you and your friends to take a hand in it. Plunge right into our "dirty politics" and clean it up or acknowledge that you are a quitter and shut up. Conversation is not counted at the polls.

Whether you do or do not like the present nominations is beside the point now. The next Administration and Congress will be guided by the organized voting strength of the party that wins. Right now the men who want the business of our Government modernized and reorganized, our system of taxation revised and our politics reformed are in the majority, but the majority of them are not in politics. So long as that is the case, so long as they take it out in conversation, our working politicians will contemptuously class them as flannel-mouths, and properly so. Burning words butter no politics.

Woman has always had the reputation of being the gabby sex. There is no gainsaying the fact that there are times and occasions when she is exceedingly conversational. But it begins to look as if she would, in politics at least, pass the buck to her more oratorical partner. If the women continue as they are beginning, they will soon know more than their husbands, not only about the wheels of politics but about what makes the wheels go round and round and run over the jay-walking man reformer.

Woman has always been clever at using whatever happened to be handy to accomplish the purpose that engaged her attention at the moment. Where a man pulls a six-gun or calls out the reserves to rout the villain, she foils him with a hatpin. Where he calls in a plumber and his helper with a wagonload of tools, she reaches up into her back hair and performs prodigies of plumbing with a blond hairpin. Already she is bending the current-events club and the sewing circle to political uses. To her direct mind the why and wherefore and the mechanism of voting are the most important of current events. She opines that she will find the heathen in politics needing her attention, if not her ministrations. She is more absorbed now in the complexities of the machine than the obscurities of Browning. Having cheered herself hoarse at one national convention without result, she is already planning to go out of the cheering business. At the next convention she intends to sit in the back room where the nominating is done.

If you will listen to the new voter's conversation, you will discover that she not only wants to know but that she wants to do. The hand that wields the defensive hatpin may not shoot at the rear tires of the machine that tries to run her down, but it is capable of throwing tacks in the road. Men have been telling the politicians to "be good and you'll be happy." Women will tell them to "be good or you'll be sorry." And she will use the handiest weapon. She is a practiced wielder of the hairbrush and the ruler, and she knows the tender spots. If the politician will consult the cards he will find that a dark woman is coming into his life.

Many men besides the slacker voter are due to cash in their conversation right now, but more particularly the Pinks. They have been making such sweet, such alluring music on the wind instruments—the tuba, the saxophone, the oboe and the piccolo—that they have charmed the dickey birds out of the trees, including some lady ones. Unless the Pink movement is all talk—talk for talk's sake, or rather for advertising's sake—the time is ripe for a practical demonstration of its theories, not at the expense of those who do not believe in them but at the expense of the Pinks themselves.

This suggestion will strike them as another capitalistic plot; but why should they not try it? The Pinks have plenty of money behind them, most of it inherited and invested in conservative forms of capitalistic wealth, some of it put up by their fair friends. Partly through their propaganda and that of their franker allies, the Reds, but more largely through other causes, the control of many great industrial enterprises can be bought in the open market far below their true value. Let them buy up some of these properties and put their theories into practical operation in them. The whole country will welcome the experiment of a Pink steel mill or a Magenta railroad. There are plenty of workmen who, in conversation, profess to believe in their stuff. They should be willing to go along with the Pinks.

It is really time for the Pinks to "put up or shut up." Large-scale stealing, or as it is more politely phrased, confiscation, can't be put over on Americans. It isn't done and it won't be done in this country. In Russia, where it was done, it has proved poor policy for everyone, from the looters to the looted. It bores our intelligentzia stiff to pull the copy book on them, but all signs still point to honesty's still being the best policy.

The Pinks can find the money, they have the money, largely inherited from capitalistic relatives under those quaint and antiquated statutes that safeguard even a Pink in the possession of his property; but will they put it up and prove up? They will not. They will regard this as a crude and impractical suggestion, for by a curious inversion they see the practical as visionary and the visionary as practical. The truth is that they are incurable conversationalists and that the pretty pink light that plays over their intellectual features is only a spotlight.

California can show a dozen splendid examples of successful coöperation that have brought prosperity and happiness to whole counties, but the motive behind them is individual profit and the directing intelligence in every instance is a practical American business man. The ranchmen in these associations really believed in the coöperative idea and backed it up with their last dollar. Men who believe in an idea are always ready to back it up with their money. If the preachers of the socialistic-communistic movement are unwilling to put their money into it, as the California believers in coöperation put theirs, it is bogus. Socialism and Communism, though the practical difference between the two is more imaginary than real, can be tried out more easily and quite as successfully—if there is any success in it—on a thousand or two people as on a hundred million. But Americans properly insist on the Pinks themselves being the dog and trying it out with their own money and lives.

Conversation has its time and its uses, but it must clear the way for action. The roar is simply a noise unless it is followed by the spring. Nine times out of ten the lion in the way that roars so horrendously is only a movie lion, looking for someone to take his picture.

Crises and More Crises

THERE are many people, otherwise wholly normal, who see life as just one crisis after another. They may sell goods or plow or print a newspaper to pay expenses, but their real business in life is to view with alarm. They begin the day with the conviction that civilization will smash before nightfall, and their last drowsy thought is an uneasy reflection that the world will go to the dogs while they sleep.

When one who walks through the fields at night disturbs a covey of birds they fly in every direction, preferring the unknown terrors of the dark to this menace that is upon them. Guided by chance alone, they find other shelter no less secure than the first of their choosing, but no doubt they cower with dread until the approach of day brings them the assurance of safety.

So the clash of nations shook men from a comfortable mental rut and sent their minds fluttering afield. So, also, they cower with dread of the unknown and people the night with unseen dangers.

The world has not changed. Man's greatest menace remains—himself.

Our fears, our hysteria and our much talk of an impending crisis are the result of reading. One who would learn must read, but the printed page seldom reveals more than one-half of the truth.

The newspapers of large circulation are printed in great cities. These have the big-town viewpoint. To a certain extent their horizon is fixed by the sky line of office buildings. A newspaper fills columns with the record of

happenings in its own city, and other columns with the record of happenings in other cities. There is little mention of rural communities, for news is the unusual, and there is seldom anything unusual afoot in rural communities. One might with some justice charge that the publishing business is unwittingly conducted of, by and for city people.

The city man, reading always of the things that have happened in his own or a neighboring city, learns to think of America as a metropolis His mind does not reach beyond paved streets. If he should be told that fire from heaven would destroy every first-class city in America, he would visualize the destruction of the whole of America.

The man in the country enjoys the sources of information that are provided for the city man. He reads the same dailies and the same monthlies and the same books. But whereas these publications inform the city man concerning the activities of his own kind, they bring to the man in the country news from another world. He reads and marvels in an impersonal sort of way, as one reads history or a tale of shipwreck in the southern seas. There is the story of a riot. Perhaps it occurred in Chicago or Vienna or New York or Budapest. What matter? At any rate it occurred in a great city where strife and uproar are perennial. He will read of it to-night before going to his rest, but in the morning he will look out over the same dew-laden fields sparkling in the sun and forget that men in cities have problems of their own.

One reads in a city publication that Bolshevism is a menace to America. What then is America? Bolshevism is a menace to industrial centers, and industrial centers are cities. Do cities constitute America? The terrible alien may have his fingers at America's throat, but the rural citizen can't see it that way. His knowledge and experience of aliens is limited. There is a Greek who sells fruit on the corner and another who conducts a restaurant; there is a quaint little man from China who has a laundry on a side street; there is a German or Austrian or something like that who mends watches; and there are a few Italians who work on the railroad and live in the whitewashed section houses at the edge of town.

The metropolitan press, intent on metropolitan affairs, worries about a vague something it calls social unrest. People in rural communities are unable to share its anxiety. In the country each man stands on his own feet. There is no organization of one group to wrest concessions from another. If there is but one plumber in town he does not strike for higher wages. He merely increases his charge. And there is no talk of capitalism where every man is Dick or Harry. One who remarks casually that the country is going to the dogs doesn't mean what he says. He means that the city is going to the dogs. The country is going about its business soberly and quietly as usual.

If any great evil befall an American city all Americans will sorrow. Rural America is yet America. But rural America cannot believe that even the capture of New York or Seattle or New Orleans by an invading army would mean the downfall of this republic and the end of government by the people. There is a great deal of America that isn't within a stone's throw of paved streets.

If Bolshevism or any other hateful ism would destroy America it must cover a great deal of territory inhabited by people who do not begin and end their day's labor to please the roar of a factory whistle.

Rural people do not quickly accept the fads of a metropolis, nor do they shudder when a metropolis has a nightmare. They are the still water, running deep, and they are the might of the nation. What matters one little crisis, more or less? The hills are everlasting.

Malpractice

STATESMEN, philosophers and economists disagree concerning the relative importance of the state and the individual citizen. One will contend that the state is everything and must be preserved at whatever sacrifice of happiness, prosperity and life; another that the individual is the center of the universe and the state but a creation of his fancy designed to minister to his happiness and security.

In America the individual is commonly held to be of greater importance than the state.

One who would get a living by the practice of surgery or medicine must demonstrate to the satisfaction of the state that he has skill and knowledge of the art. The state protects the private citizen from ignorance. Moreover, if one who has passed an examination and procured a license to practice medicine proves to be more ignorant than his examiners suspected and administers poison or sews up a victim with his kit of tools on the inside, he is guilty of malpractice and will be handled by the state. To the lay mind this precaution and this procedure seem just and reasonable. One who is afflicted does not wish to offer himself as a test tube for chemical reactions, nor as an experiment station for the edification of one who wishes to whittle

Nothing, however, is required of one who would serve the state. If one has successively failed to get a decent living as merchant, mechanic or lawyer, and knows nothing of science, art, history, literature or mathematics, yet he may offer as a candidate for high office. If by silence or the use of platitudes he is able to conceal the poverty of his knowledge, or by appeals to prejudice and to an ignorance more vast than his own is able to trick the unwary and thus win to place and power, the state may become his plaything. He may burden the people with taxes, afflict them with vicious laws and rob them of peace and tranquillity, and yet be guilty of no punishable offense. Among servants of the state there is no malpractice.

An ignorant physician may send one to the cemetery ahead of schedule. An ignorant maker of laws may cause the death of thousands, bring shame to the whole people and burden a generation with taxes.

Why do we thus carefully shield ourselves from the folly of one who would give us a pill to wreck our internal mechanism, and at the same time provide no test or punishment whatever for those whose folly may wreck the machinery of the state?

"Yes, But Just How are You Going to Fix It Up?"

STEPSONS OF LIGHT

"Curious!" Said Charlie "Some of That Bunch Might Have Stood Up to a Gun Well Enough. But They Can't See Bullets"

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XI

CHARLIE SEE was little known in the county seat. It was not his county, to begin with, and his orbit met Hillsboro's only at the intersection of their planes. Hillsboro was a mining town, first, last and at all intervening periods. Hillsboro's "seaport," Lake Valley, was the cowman's town; skyward terminus of the High Line, twig from a branch railroad which was itself a feeder for an inconsiderable spur. The great tides of traffic surged far to north and south. This was a remote and sheltered backwater, and Hillsboro lay yet twelve miles inland from Lake Valley. Here, if anywhere, you found peace and quiet; Hillsboro was as far from the tumult and hurly-burly as a corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

Along the winding way, where lights of business glowed warm and mellow, feverish knots and clusters of men made a low-voiced buzzing; a buzzing which at See's approach either ceased or grew suddenly clear to discussion of crossroads trivialities.

From one of these confidential knots, standing before the Gans Hotel, a unit detached itself and strolled down the street.

"Howdy, Mr. See," said the unit as Charlie overtook it. "Which way now?"

"Oh, just going round to the hardware store to get a collar button."

"You don't know me," said the sauntering unit. "My name is Maginnis."

"I withdraw the collar button," said Charlie. He slowed his step and shot a glance at the grizzled face beside him. Who's Who in Cowland has a well-thumbed page for Spinal Maginnis. "What's your will?"

"You arrested young Dines?"

"In a way, yes. I was with the bunch."

"It is told of you by camp fires," said Maginnis, "that you'll do to take along. Will you come?"

"With you, yes. Spill it."

"For me. To do what I can't do for myself. You arrested Johnny Dines, or helped; so you can go where I'm not wanted. Notice anything back yonder?" He jerked his head toward the main street.

"Well, I'm not walking in my sleep this bright beautiful evening. Whispering fools, you mean?"

"Exactly. Some knaves, too. But fools are worse always, and more dangerous. This town is all fussed up and hectic about the Forbes killing. Ugly rumors—Dines did this, Dines did that, Dines is a red hellion. I don't like the way things shape up. There's a lot of offscourings and riffraff here—and someone is putting up free whisky. It's known that I was a friend of this boy's father, and it is suspected that I may be interested in his father's son. But you—can't you find out —— Oh, hell, you know what I want!"

"Sure I do. You're afraid of a mob, with a scoundrel back of it. Excuse me for wasting words. You're afraid of a mob. I'm your man. Free whisky is where I live. Me for the gilded haunts of sin. Any particular haunt you have in mind?"

"Sure I have. No need to go to The Bank. Joe is a pretty decent old scout. You skip Joe's place and drop in at The Mermaid. Where they love money most is where trouble starts."

"Where will I report to you?"

"You know Perrault's house?"

"With trees all round and a little vineyard? Just below the jail? Yes."

"You'll find me there, and a couple more old residenters. Hop along, now."

The Mermaid saloon squatted in a low, dark corner of Hillsboro—even if the words were used in the most literal sense.

Waywardly careless, Hillsboro checkered with alternate homes and mines the undulations of a dozen low hills; an amphitheater girdled by high mountain walls, with a central arena for commercial gladiators. Stamp mills hung along the scarred hillsides, stamp mills exhibiting every known variety of size and battery. In quite the Athenian manner, courthouse, church and school crowned each a hill of its own, and doubtless proved what has been so often and so well said of our civilization. At any rate the courthouse cost more than the school—about as much more as it was used less; and the church steeple was such as to attract comment from any god. The school was less imposing.

This was a high, rainy country. The frontier of the pines lay just behind and just above the town, on the first upward slopes. The desert levels were far below. Shade trees, then, can grow in Hillsboro; do grow there by Nature and by artifice, making a joyous riot of visible song—in the residential section. Industrial Hillsboro, however, held—or was held?—to the flintier hills, bleak and bare and brown, where the big smelter overhung and dominated the north. The steep narrow valley of the Percha divided Hillsboro rather equally between the good and the goats.

There was also the inevitable Mexican quarter—here, as ever, Chihuahua. But if Hillsboro could claim no originality of naming she could boast of something unique in map making. The Mexican suburb ran directly through the heart of the town. Then the Mexican town was the old town? A good guess, but not the right one. The effective cause was that the lordly white man scorned to garden—cowmen and miners holding an equally foolish tradition on this head; while the humble *paisano* has gardened since Scipio and Hasdrubal; would garden in hell. So the narrow bottom lands of the creek were given over to truck patches and brown gardeners; tiny empires between loop and loop of twisting water; black loam, pay dirt. It is curious to consider that this pay dirt will be fruitful still, these homes will still be homes, a thousand years after the last yellow dross has been sifted from the hills.

So much for the town proper. A small outlying fringe lay below the broad white wagon road twisting away between the hills in long curves or terraced zigzags to the railhead. Here a flat black level of glassy obsidian shouldered across the valley and forced the little river to an unexpected whirling plunge where the dark box of the Percha led wandering through the eastern barrier of hills; and on that black cheerless level huddled the wide, low length of The Mermaid, paintless, forbidding, shunning and shunned. Most odd to contemplate; this glassy barren, nonproducing, uncultivated and unmined, waste and sterile, was yet a better money-maker than the best placer or the richest loam land of all Hillsboro. Tellurian papers please copy.

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

"What beans shall I buy?"

For millions of housewives the answer to that question is: "Campbell's." They know the value of the Campbell's label—its promise of good food. They know that a great national reputation can only be built on quality. So they buy Campbell's every time. Carefully selected beans—slow-cooked, digestible, and delightfully appetizing with their famous tomato sauce.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

The Mermaid boasted no Jonson, and differed in other respects from The Mermaid of Broad Street. Nor might it be reproached with any insidious allure, though one of the seven deadly arts had been invoked. Facing the bar, a startled sea maid turned her head, ever about to plunge to the safety of green seas. The result was not convincing; she did not look startled enough to dive. But perhaps he had a model. Legend says the canvas was painted to liquidate a liquor bill, which would explain much; it is hard paying for a dead horse. It had once been signed, but some kindly hand had scraped the name away. In moments of irritation Hillsboro spoke of The Mermaid as "The Dive."

"Johnny Dines—yah! Thought he could pull that stuff and get away with it," said Jody Weir loudly. "Fine bluff, but it got called. Bankin' on the cowmen to stick with him and get him out of it."

The Mermaid bar was crowded. It was a dingy place and a dingy crew. The barkeeper had need for all his craft and swiftness to give service. The barkeeper was also the owner—a tall man with a white bloodless face, whiter for black brows like scars. The gambling hall behind was lit up but deserted. The crowd was in too ugly a mood for gambling. They had been drinking bad liquor, much too much for most of them

They were headed by Weir, Caney and Hales, seconded by any chance buyer, and followed up by the Merman, who served a round on the house with unwonted frequency.

Jody pounded on the bar.

"Yes, that's his little scheme—intimidation. He's countin' on the cowboys to scare Hillsboro out—him playin' plumb innocent of course—knowin' nothin', victim of circumstances. Sure! 'Turn this poor persecuted boy loose!' they'll say. 'You got nothin' on him.' Oh, them bold bad men!"

"That don't sound reasonable, Jody," objected Shaky Akins. "Forbes was a cowman. You're a cowman yourself."

"Yes—but I saw. These fellers'll hear, and then they'll shoot off their mouths on general principles, not knowing straight up about it; then they'll stick to what they first said, out of plumb pig-headedness. One thing I'm glad of: I sure hope Cole Ralston likes the way his new man turned out."

"Dines and Charlie See favor each other a heap. Not in looks so much," said Shaky, "but in their ways. I used to know Charlie See right well, over on the Pecos. He was shortstop on the Roswell nine. He couldn't hit, and he couldn't field, and he couldn't run bases—but oh, people, how that man could play ball!"

"Nonsense. They're not a bit alike. You think so, just because they're both little."

"I don't either. I think so because they're both—oh my!"

"I don't like this man See, either," said Caney. "I don't like a hair of his head. Too blame smart. Somebody's going to break him in two before he's much older."

"Now listen!" said Shaky Akins, without heat. "When you go to break Charlie See you'll find he is a right flexible citizen—any man, any time, anywhere."

"Well," said Hales, "all this talking is dry work. Come up, boys. This one is on me."

"What will it be, gentlemen?" inquired the suave Merman. "One Scotch. Yes. Three straights. A highball. Three rums. One gin sling. Make it two? Right. Next? Whisky straight. And the same. What's yours, Mr. Akins?"

"Another blond bland blend," said Shaky.

"But you haven't answered my question, Jody. Why should cowmen see this killing any different from anyone else? Just clannishness, you think?"

Then the Little Man Went to the Door and Called Out Scornfully: "Come On, You Cowards! He's Gone!"

"Because cowmen can read sign," said Charlie See. He stood in the front door: he stepped inside.

The startled room turned to the door. There were nudges and whispers. Talking ceased. There had been a dozen noisy conversations besides the one recorded.

"Reading tracks is harder to learn than Greek, and more interesting," said Charlie. "Cattlemen have always had to read sign, and they've always had to read it right—ever since they was six years old. What you begin learning at six years old is the only thing you ever learn good. So cowmen don't just look and talk. They see and think."

He moved easily across the room in a vast silence. Caney's eyes met those of the Merman barkeeper. The Merman's bloodless and sinister face made no change, but he made a change in the order.

"Step up, Mr. See," said the Merman. "This one's on me. What will it be?"

"Beer," said Charlie. He nodded to the crowd. "Howdy, boys! Hello, Shaky—that you?"

He lined up beside Shaky; he noted sly sidelong glances and furtive faces reflected in the mirror behind the bar.

"Sure is. Play you a game of pool what?"

"All set?" demanded Caney from the other end of the bar. "Drink her down, fellers! Here's to the gallows tree!"

"Looks like a good season for fruit," said Charlie. A miner laughed.

Shaky drained his glass. "Come on, pool shark." He hooked his arm in Charlie's and they went back to the big hall. Part of the crowd drifted after them.

There was only one pool table, just beyond the door. Down one side were ranged tables for monte, faro, senate and stud. On the other side the bar extended beyond the partition and took up twenty feet of the hall, opposite the pool table. On the end of the bar were ranged generous platters of free lunch—shrimps, pretzels, strips of toasted bread, sausages, mustard, pickles, olives, crackers and cheese. Behind it was a large quick-lunch oil stove, darkened now. Beyond that was a vast oak refrigerator with a high ornamental top reaching almost to the ceiling. Next in order was a crap table and another for seven-and-a-half. A big heater, unused now, shared the central space with the pool table. Between these last two was a small table littered with papers and magazines. Two or three men sat there, reading.

"Pretty quiet tonight?" said Charlie, nodding his chin at the sheeted games.

"Yes. Halfway between pay days. Don't pay to start up," said Shaky carelessly. "At that, it is quieter than usual tonight."

They played golf pool.

"It is not true that everyone who plays golf pool goes goopy," remarked Charlie at the end of the first game. "All crazy men play golf pool, of course. But that is not quite the same thing, I hope. Beware of hasty deductions—as the bank examiner told the cashier. Let's play rotation."

Jody Weir stuck his head through the doorway. "Hey, you! I'm buying. Come have a drink!"

Most of the loungers rose and went forward to the bar. The men at the reading table did not move; possibly they did not hear. One was an Australian, a simple-faced giant, fathoms deep in a Sydney paper; his lips moved as he read, his eye glistened.

"Let's go up to the hotel," said Akins. "This table is no good. They got a jim dandy up there. New one."

"Oh, this is all right," said Charlie. "I'll break. Say, Shaky, you've seen my new ranch. What'll you give me for it, lock, stock and barrel, lease, cattle and cat, just as she lays, everything except the saddle stock? I'm thinking some about drifting."

"That's a good idea—a fine idea," said Shaky. He caught Charlie's eye, and pointed his brows significantly toward the barroom. "Where to?"

"Away. Old Mex, I guess. Gimme a bid."

Shaky considered while he chalked his cue. Then he shook his head.

"No. Nice place—but I wouldn't ever be satisfied there. . . . Mescaleros held up a wagon train there in '79 where your pasture is now, halfway between your well and Mason's Ranch. Killed thirteen men and one woman. I was a kid then, living at Fort Selden. Some fool took me out with the burial party, and I saw all those mutilated bodies. I never got over it. That's why I'm Shaky Akins."

"Why, I thought ——" began See uncomfortably.

"No. 'Twasn't chills. I'm giving it to you straight. I hesitated about telling you. I've never told anyone but there's a reason for telling you -now—to-night. I lost my nerve. I'm not a man. See, I've dreamed of those people ten thousand times. It's hell!"

Weir's head appeared at the door again; his face was red and hot.

"You, See! Ain't you comin' out to drink?"

"Why, no. We're playing pool."

"Well, I must say, you're not a bit ——"

"I know I'm not a bit," said See placidly. "That's no news. I've been told before that I'm not a bit. You run on, now. We're playing pool."

The face withdrew. There was a hush in the boisterous mirth without. Then it rose in redoubled volume.

"Come up to the hotel with me," urged Shaky, moistening his lips. "I got a date with a man there at ten. We can play pool there while I'm waiting."

"Oh, I'll stay here, I guess. I want to read the papers."

"You headstrong little fool," whispered Akins. "Their hearts is bad—can't you see? Come along!" Aloud he said: "If you get that ball it makes you pool."

The door from the barroom opened and two men appeared. One, a heavy man with a bullet head much too small for him, went to the free lunch; the other, a dwarfish creature with a twisted sullen face, walked to the Australian and shook him by the shoulder.

"Come on, Sanders. Say good night to the library. You're a married man and you don't want to be in this." His voice had been contemptuously kind so far; but now he snarled hatred. "Hell will be popping here pretty quick, and some smart Aleck is going to get what's coming to him. Oh, bring your precious pyper, if you want to. Sim won't mind. Come along—Larrikin!"

The big man followed obediently.

"Part of that is good," observed Shaky Akins. "The part where he said good night. I'm saying it."

He made for the back door. The other man at the reading table rose and followed him.

"Good night, Shaky. Drop me a post hole sometime," said Charlie.

The bullet-head man, now eating toast and shrimps, regarded See with a malicious sneer. See rummaged through the papers, selected a copy of The Black Range, and seated himself sidewise on the end of the billiard table; then laying the paper down he reached for the triangle and pyramided the pool balls.

The swinging door crashed inward before a vicious kick. Caney stalked in. His pitted face was black with rage. Weir followed. As the door swung to there was a glimpse of savage eager faces crowded beyond.

Caney glared across the billiard table.

"We're not good enough for you to drink with, I reckon," he croaked.

Charlie laid aside the triangle. Spitefully the free-lunch man laughed. "Aren't you?" said Charlie indifferently.

Caney raised his voice. "And I hear you been saying I was a gallows bird?"

Charlie See adjusted a ball at the corner of the triangle. Then he gave to Caney a slow and speculative glance.

"Now that I take a good look at you—it seems probable, don't it?"

"What do you mean?" roared Caney.

"Business!"

No man's eye could have said which hand moved first. But See was the quicker. As Caney's gun flashed, a pool ball struck him over the heart, he dropped like a log, his bullet went wide. A green ball glanced from Jody's gun arm as it rose; the cartridge exploded harmlessly as the gun dropped; Weir staggered back, howling. He struck the swinging door simultaneously with the free-lunch man; and in that same second a battering-ram mob crashed against it from the other side. Weir was knocked sprawling; the door sagged from a broken hinge. See crouched

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behind the heavy table and pitched. Two things happened. Bullets plowed the green cloth of the table and ricocheted from the smooth slate; bushels of billiard balls streamed through the open door and thudded on quivering flesh. Flesh did not like that. It squeaked and turned and fled, tramping the fallen, screaming. Billiard balls crashed sickeningly on defenseless backs. In cold fact, Charlie See threw six balls; at that close range flesh could have sworn to sixty. Charlie felt rather than saw a bloodless face rise behind the bar; he ducked as a bullet grooved the rail; his own gun roared, a heavy mirror splintered behind the bar; the Merman had also ducked. Charlie threw two shots through the partition. At the front, woodwork groaned and shattered as a six-foot mob passed through a four-foot door. Charlie had a glimpse of the crouching Merman, the last man through. For encouragement another shot, purposely high, crashed through the transom; the Merman escaped in a shower of glass.

"How's that, umpire?" said Charlie See.

The business had been transacted in ten seconds. If one man can cover a hundred yards in ten seconds how many yards can forty men make in the same time?

"Curious!" said Charlie, "Some of that bunch might have stood up to a gun well enough. But they can't see bullets. And once they turned tail—good night!"

He slipped along the rail to the other end of the table, his gun poised and ready. Caney sprawled on the floor in a huddle. His mouth was open, gasping, his eyes rolled back so that only the whites were visible, his livid face twitched horribly. See swooped down on Caney's gun and made swift inspection of the cylinder; he did the like by Weir's, and then tiptoed to the partition door, first thrusting his own gun into his waistband. The barroom was empty; only the diving Mermaid smiled invitation to him. See turned and raced for the back door. Even as he turned a gust of wind puffed through the open front door and the wrecked middle door; the lamps flared; the back door slammed with a crash.

With the sound of that slamming door, a swift new thought came to See. He checked, halted, turned back. He took one look at the unconscious Caney. Then he swept a generous portion of free lunch into his hat and tossed it over the crowning woodwork of the ten-foot refrigerator, with the level motion of a mason tossing bricks to his mate. Caney's revolver followed, then Weir's and his own. He darted behind the bar and confiscated a half-filled bottle of wine, the appetizing name of which had won his approving notice earlier in the evening. He stepped on a chair beside the refrigerator, leaped up, caught the oaken edge of it, swung up with a supple twist of his strong young body, and dropped to the top of the refrigerator, safe hidden by the two-foot parapet of ornamental woodwork.

A little later two men sprang together through the front door: a sloe-eyed Mexican and the dwarfish friend of the Australian giant. They leaped aside to left and right, guns ready; they looked into the gambling hall; they flanked the bar, one at each end, and searched behind it.

Then the little man went to the door and called out scornfully:

"Come in, you cowards! He's gone!"

The Lynchers Crowded Back, They Huddled Against the Walls in the Darkness Beyond That Cone of Dazzling Light

Shadowy forms grew out of the starlight, with whistlings, answered from afar; more shadows came.

"Is Caney dead?" inquired a voice.

"I don't know and I don't care!" answered the little man truculently. "I had no time to look at Caney, not knowing when that devil would hop me. See for yourself."

The crowd struggled in—but not all of them. Weir came in groaning, his face distorted with pain as he fondled his crippled arm. The Merman examined Caney. "Dead, nothing," he reported. "Knocked out. He won't breathe easy again for a week. Bring some whisky and a pail of water. Isn't this fine? I don't think! Billiard table ruined—plate-glass mirror shot to pieces—half a dozen men crippled, and that damned little hell hound got off scot-free!"

"You mention your men last, I notice," sneered the little man. "Art Price has got three of his back ribs caved in, and Lanning needs a full set of teeth—to say nothing of them run over by the stampede. Jiminy, but you're a fine bunch!"

They poured water on Caney's head, and they poured whisky down Caney's throat; he gasped, spluttered, opened his eyes, and sat up, assisted by Hales and the Merman.

"Here—four of you chaps carry Caney to the doc," ordered the Merman. "Take that door—break off the other hinge. Tell doc a windlass got away from him and the handle struck him in the breast. Tell him that he stopped the ore bucket from smashing the men at the bottom—sob stuff. Coach Caney up before you go in. He's not so bad—he's coming to. Fresh air will do him good, likely. Drag it, now."

"Say, Travis, I didn't see you doin' so much," muttered one of the gangsters as Caney was carried away, deathly sick. He eyed the little man resentfully. "Seems to me like you talk pretty big."

The little man turned.

"What could I do? Swept up in a bunch of blatting bull calves like that, and me the size I am? By the jumping Jupiter, if I could have got the chance I would 'a' stayed for one fall if he had been the devil himself, pitchfork, horns and tail! As it was, I'm blame well thankful I wasn't stomped to death."

"All this proves what I was telling you," said Hales suavely. "If you chaps intend to stretch Johnny Dines, to-night's the only time. If one puncher can do this to you"—he surveyed the wrecked saloon with a malicious grin—"what do you expect when the John Cross warriors get here? It's now or never."

"Never, as far as I'm concerned," declared the bullet-headed man of the free lunch. "I'm outclassed. I've had e-nough! I'm done and I'm gone!"

"Never for me too. And I'm done with this pack of curs—done for all time," yelped the little man. "I'm beginning to get a faint idea of what I must look like to any man that's even half white. Little See is worth the whole boiling of us. For two cents I'd hunt him up and kiss his foot and be his Man Friday—if he'd have me. I begin to think Dines never killed Forbes at all. Forbes was shot in the back, and Shaky Akins says Dines is just such another as Charlie See. And Shaky would be a decent man himself if he didn't have to pack soapstones. I'll take his word for Dines. As sure as I'm a foot high I've a good mind to go down to the jail and throw in with Gwinne."

"You wouldn't squeal, Travis?" pleaded the Merman. "You was in this as deep as the rest of us, and you passed your word."

"Yes, I suppose I did," agreed the little man reluctantly. Then he burst into a sudden fury. "Damn my word, if that was all! Old Gwinne wouldn't have me—he wouldn't touch me with a ten-foot pole. I've kept my word to scum like you till no decent man will believe me under oath." He threw up his hands with a tragic gesture. "Oh, I've played the fool!" he cried. "I have been a common fool!"

He turned his back deliberately to that enraged crew of murderers and walked the length of the long hall to the back door. From his hiding place above the big refrigerator Charlie See raised his head to peer between the interstices and curlicues of the woodwork so he might look after this later prodigal. Charlie was really quite touched, and he warmed toward the prodigal all the more because that evildoer had wasted no regret on wickedness, but had gone straight to the root of the matter and reserved his remorse for the more serious offense. This was Charlie's own view in the matter of fools; and he was tolerant of all opinion

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Disposal of Waste

SEWAGE disposal is one of the problems that are closely related to the health and welfare of the average citizen concerning which we are but little informed. Particularly is this true of the city dweller, who gives but little thought to the means employed to carry away the wastes from his kitchen and bathroom. People living in small communities or on farms come into closer contact with this question of how best to get rid of waste organic matter than do the big-town folks, who walk on paved streets utterly unconscious of the rushing millions of gallons of heavily laden water that is carrying away the city's offal through the sewers below.

The problem is not new, as one will discover in reading the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, which provided the primitive people of that ancient day with definite and sensible regulations for the sanitary disposal of human waste. However, the science of sewage disposal as it is practiced in the United States to-day dates back only to 1890, when extensive experiments in this line were conducted at Lawrence, Massachusetts, by the state board of health.

During the thirty years that have passed since then greater progress has been made in the development of this work than occurred in all the previous centuries that elapsed since the writing of the Mosaic Laws.

The latest word on sewage disposal is now being written by the city of Milwaukee, which community, after years of extensive research, is planning to spend upward of six million dollars on the construction of what is expected to be the most complete plant in the world for treating this kind of waste.

Before I tell of the Milwaukee scheme let me establish a few fundamental facts to chart the development of sewage-disposal methods and show how vitally important and interesting this problem is, notwithstanding the extreme indifference we exhibit toward it.

The matter of sewage disposal resolves itself into the rather complex problem of speedily getting rid of all human waste at a minimum cost and with the least nuisance to the fewest people in the community. We know now that sewer gas, so long considered dangerous, is likely to be very offensive but seldom harmful. The principal menace attending the disposal of sewage lies in the bacteria with which such waste is teeming. The human body may well be referred to as a very efficient biological machine which takes in and burns food as fuel, later giving off a waste which consists partly of mineral matter and partly of incompletely oxidized fuel. Scientists estimate that there are on an average thirty-three million million bacteria a day in the feces of a normal adult. Most of these microscopic organisms are merely putrefactive parasites that are quite harmless. But if the individual is suffering from typhoid fever or any intestinal disease, such as dysentery, cholera or hookworm, the specific germ of the malady is likely to be present in large numbers.

Activated-Sludge Plant Being Built by the City of Milwaukee to Test Sewage-Treatment Processes

Careless disposal of animal waste from even one individual may be the cause of epidemics of great severity. The custom of depositing fecal matter on the ground is largely responsible for the ravages of hookworm disease in some parts of the South. Any arrangement that permits flies to reach deposits of human waste is extremely dangerous, for these insects may easily bear infection to places remote from the source of the disease. Some investigators attribute the higher mortality rate in certain rural communities, as compared with neighboring cities, to the inadequate waste-disposal facilities existing in the country districts. It is certain that something of this kind must be responsible for bringing about a condition whereby people living an outdoor life in the country have no better health than the dwellers who live in the crowded, smoky environment of some of our big towns.

In small towns and rural districts, where the installation of an elaborate sewerage system is out of the question, simple methods may be employed effectively to reduce the dangers. All polluted wells should be closed, and every bit of waste screened from flies. Campers, vacationists and outdoor laborers, all of whom in the past have been grave offenders in the matter of sewage disposal, should be warned of the dangers that may result from their carelessness, and should be educated to know the advantages of the dry-earth system of burying waste at a safe distance from any water supply. Many large camps now employ steam or chemicals for disinfection purposes, but, whatever method is used, scrupulous care must be exercised to insure cleanliness in handling all material and in disinfecting receptacles. In every small community where an adequate water supply is available, and yet the sewage is transported to a large cesspool, all wells near the cesspool should be abandoned. Though such a depository is far from being ideal, the arrangement can be rendered comparatively safe and inoffensive if the pool is properly supervised, screened and frequently emptied.

Even in Europe, where many of the communities have been densely populated for centuries, the modern sewerage system that is based on the water carriage of fecal matter began only about the middle of the last century. It was not until after 1815 that the public drains of London were allowed to receive excreta, and the city of Paris prohibited the use of its sewers for this purpose until 1880. Boston excluded fecal matter from its sewers until 1833, and Chicago until 1855. The water-carriage system for sewage was hailed as a boon, and in reality served the purpose admirably so far as the elimination of offensive odors arising from accumulations of filth was concerned. This plan also tended to reduce the spread of disease, but it brought grave problems, for in many cases the sewage was emptied into lakes and streams, polluting water supplies and starting typhoid epidemics. It was even found that sewage emptied into the ocean frequently infected shellfish, particularly oysters, causing those who later ate the oysters to contract typhoid.

All the available records showed conclusively that there is a direct relation between the proper and sanitary removal of sewage and the death rate of a community. The city of Munich, in Germany, prior to 1859, had a typhoid death rate of two hundred and forty-two a hundred thousand, which immediately fell to one hundred and sixty-six in the years following the installation of a municipal sewerage system. Many other cities showed similar decreases after sewerage systems had been put in.

Up until a comparatively recent date the sewage from many of our large cities was discharged into near-by watercourses, which streams were used as sources of drinking water for other communities lower down the river. It has been estimated that more than one billion five hundred million gallons of sewage are discharged daily into the Mississippi River at points above New Orleans. Due to dilution and self-purification, the Mississippi at New Orleans is no more polluted than it is at many points farther up the stream.

However, it has been found that there is a definite limit to self-purification of a river, as has been shown in many instances. One such case was that of the Thames below London, when the parliamentary committee rooms had to be disinfected to make their atmosphere bearable and the law courts were forced to suspend on account of the vile odor coming up from the river.

The disposal of sewage simply by dilution, and without treatment, is coming into great disfavor in most parts of the civilized world. The most carefully constructed and costly water-purification plant may be rendered wholly ineffective by the excessive addition of untreated sewage to the water supply. On the other hand, even when sewage is treated before being emptied into a stream, this does not mean that the town situated on the same river lower down need not take steps to purify carefully its supply of drinking water drawn from the river. Proper waste disposal calls for coöperative action on the part of adjacent communities. Of two towns located on the same river, the one situated the farther upstream should not be obliged to put in a costly sewage-treatment plant if the town

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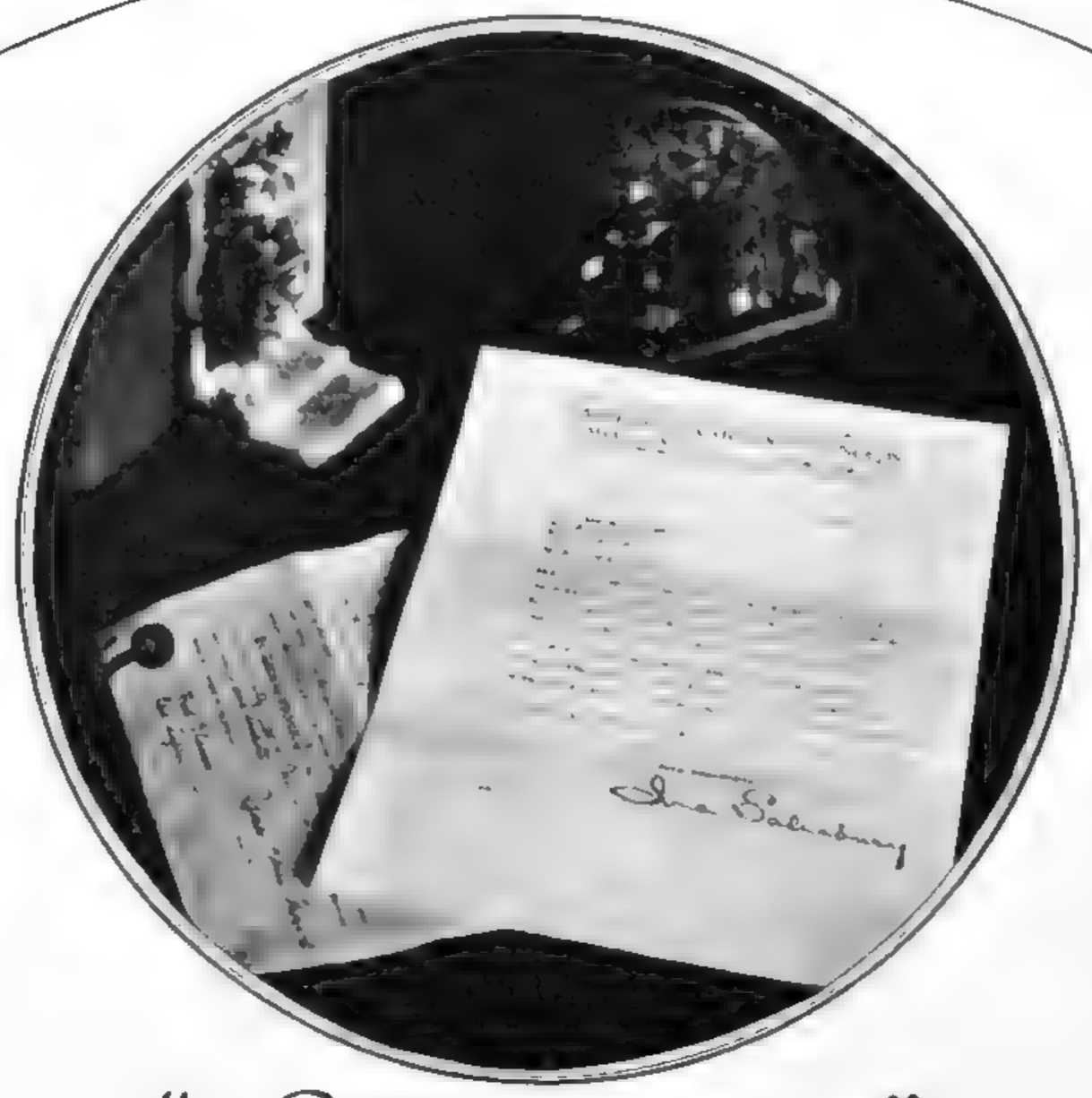

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lower down can easily and cheaply avail itself of some source of water supply other than that afforded by the river.

Simply as an indication of the extent of the problem in a populous district let me call attention to a recent report which states that the metropolitan district of Boston discharges one hundred and eighty-six million gallons of sewage, containing nineteen tons of nitrogen, each day, into Boston Harbor. This same investigator figures that only forty-five million of the inhabitants of the United States are now served by sewerage systems, and of this number less than one-tenth are served by sewerage systems connected with modern sewage-purification plants.

Over in Europe many cities, like Berlin and Paris, have made it a practice to operate extensive sewage farms. This method of disposal is termed broad irrigation, and consists of applying the raw sewage to land used for growing crops. Ditches and other channels are used to distribute the waste, the principal value of which is in the water rather than in the solid matter. The Berlin sewage farms cover twenty thousand acres, and from three thousand to fifteen thousand gallons are applied daily. One acre serves for the sewage of from one hundred to three hundred persons. The operating expenses are partly covered by the crops raised on these farms, but except in dry regions where irrigation is unusually profitable the return from the agricultural products does not pay the interest on the investment. The few sewage farms that have been established in the United States apparently have not met with sufficient success to stimulate wide imitation of this rather primitive and doubtful plan of waste disposal.

As the population of America increases and many districts become more and more congested, the necessity for some satisfactory method of treating raw sewage becomes more urgent. As already stated, the city of Milwaukee is just now setting the pace in the handling of this particular kind of problem. The Milwaukee water supply is taken from Lake Michigan through an intake located approximately four miles from the harbor entrance, through which nearly all the sewage of the city finds its way to the lake. It was found that when strong southeast winds were blowing this sewage would reach the intake in a few hours. Other winds carried the sewage north and south of the harbor entrance so that it would often reach the public bathing beaches used by the local population.

In order that such conditions might be remedied the city undertook to solve this problem five years ago, and after spending several hundred thousand dollars in research and experimentation the municipal engineers have only recently decided on a definite course of action that has attracted wide attention and comment from sanitary experts throughout the world. The investigations covered many methods of sewage treatment, such as sand filtration, contact beds, trickling filters, sedimentation and fine screening. Of these several schemes the investigations showed that sand filtration is the only one which, if properly designed and operated, would clarify and purify the sewage so that it could be discharged into a watercourse or lake without creating a nuisance. Trickling filters removed the organic impurities but left the water turbid. All the methods, however, produced a certain quantity of sludge, or solid matter, that was difficult to get rid of, though it contained ammonia, and some of it could be sold to farmers and truckers as fertilizer during growing seasons.

In order to overcome the deficiencies of the methods named, the Milwaukee engineers finally decided to apply what is now known as the "activated-sludge" plan to the treatment of their sewage. This consists of passing the waste matter through large aërating tanks, six hours being required for the operation. The bottoms of these tanks are composed of porous plates, through which compressed air is forced in sufficient quantity to keep the entire body of the sewage disturbed like boiling water. This air circulation accomplishes several results. It thoroughly mixes the sewage, breaks up the larger pieces, so that the microorganisms may be able to get at every particle, gives these organisms air, food and lodgment, under which conditions they are able to multiply at an enormous rate and accomplish an immense amount of work, which not only purifies but clarifies the sewage.

From these first tanks, where the waste matter is charged with air, it passes into a set of deeper tanks, where the sewage remains in a quiescent state for fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time all the solids settle to the bottom in the form of activated sludge—so called because it is alive with millions of these destroying organisms which persist in following their food. A small amount of this activated sludge is returned from the sedimentation tanks to the aëration tanks, so as to keep these latter receptacles primed with the proper number of the organisms. The remainder of the sludge is dried or dehydrated by pressing and drying until it contains no more than ten per cent of water. The compressed matter is then ground and passed through a sieve, so that it is fine enough to travel through a seeding machine and afterward be sold as fertilizer.

This new process that is being developed at Milwaukee appears to have many advantages over other methods of sewage treatment. The aim of sanitary scientists for years has been to perfect a process of treating human waste so that the resulting product will have a sufficient commercial value to offset largely the heavy expense incurred in handling and disposing of the sewage. This activated-sludge method enriches the waste to a degree far beyond that resulting from the operation of other plans—the ammonia content being more than double that previously obtained.

As to the possibility of deriving an income from the handling of a city's sewage, it is worth noting that the Milwaukee engineers anticipate they will be able to sell their dried sludge for about eighteen dollars a ton. One million gallons of ordinary city sewage will produce approximately one ton of this dried waste, and the Milwaukee plant is designed to treat something like one hundred and thirty million gallons of sewage each day. In other words, the engineers for this project not only propose to prevent the further pollution of Lake Michigan water but they plan to convert a community menace into a public blessing by reducing the danger of disease and making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. Furthermore, this newly developed process renders it possible for sanitary engineers to construct a satisfactory sewage-treating plant on one-fifth the space that was formerly required to handle the same volume of material. Milwaukee has spent more in solving this sewage problem than has ever been expended by any other municipality in developing a similar work of community betterment, and she is deserving of all the credit due the successful pioneer.

The fact is that, whether the individual citizen lives in an isolated house or dwells in a great city apartment, the question of proper sewage disposal is one that deserves special attention in this day of increasing congestion of population and greater economic interdependence. A farmer may live two hundred miles from the city, but his carelessness in the matter of sewage disposal may result in typhoid fatalities in the big town that consumes his milk.

Even if there were no disease dangers connected with the matter, attention should be given to proper treatment of sewage in order to satisfy the commonest instincts of decency. The sewage from small communities is frequently looked upon as a matter of little concern, whereas it is usually stronger and fresher and its rate of flow more variable than the waste from large communities. Water is generally more expensive or difficult to obtain for an isolated residence than for a house in a large city, the result being that the isolated household tends to use less water per person, though the organic waste for each individual is practically constant.

There is little doubt that coming years will usher in a sewage-treatment practice that will transform a nuisance into a source of public profit—an offensive waste into a valuable fertilizer. Hygienically the use of such material to increase the productivity of the soil is practically a safe plan of action; however, for reasons that are apparent and as an additional safeguard, this kind of fertilizer made largely from converted human waste should not be placed upon land that is to be put immediately into garden vegetables that are commonly eaten raw. The whole question of sewage disposal is closely linked to the problem of disease transmission. It is a work that can be made to pay dividends both in health and in money.

Industrial Danger Signals

DURING the war Japan showed a large balance of exports over imports and all the industries of the nation were unusually active. Hundreds of new enterprises were started and the capital of old companies was increased. Credits were overextended, speculation became rampant, the people engaged in unheard-of extravagances and prices reached record figures.

The leaders of Japanese finance warned the country, but heed was not given, the result being a financial and industrial collapse.

The business depression in Japan appears slow to abate. As an example of the slump in prices, raw silk, one of Japan's most important products, dropped from $16.70 a pound to $4.80 for the same unit quantity. A similar decline was experienced in the prices of practically all other important commodities. Hundreds of factories closed down and dozens of banks suspended temporarily.

Our conditions during and following the war were quite like those existing in Japan, and the thought has been current that perhaps the Japanese remedy for an unsound prosperity is the only way out.

An examination of conditions just now in the United States has made it plain to all that our chief difficulties are threefold: First and most important is our deficient transportation system; next is our currency inflation; and last the labor unrest, which has resulted in idleness and limited individual production.

We talk of the serious dangers that will rise from a coal famine and from a shortage of food, but we must not forget that these foreboding evils are effects rather than causes, and it is an elementary truth that when we remove the cause the effect will cease to operate.

We are trying to build enough houses throughout the country to provide homes for everyone, but a lack of transportation is materially postponing full relief for the housing shortage. The same complaint has been made by practically all our other industries, including that keystone business, the manufacture of steel. The summer closed with a greater accumulation of material in most mill and factory yards than was held earlier in the year.

When a concern is unable to ship the things it produces the only action left is to close down, and that is what has happened in many industries in different states.

The Government has been criticized for not purchasing a larger quantity of railroad equipment during the time the roads were under Federal control, but this was impossible, as has been pointed out by Mr. Hines in his statement that during 1918 the Railroad Administration ordered all the equipment for which materials could be furnished. During 1919 the future outlook for the roads and the Government's relation to them were so obscure that no foundation could be discovered on which to base a comprehensive equipment-purchasing program.

Late last year the attention of Congress was called to the pressing needs of the railroads for additional facilities, but legislation of a relief nature was not passed until February of this year, and only small progress has been made since then.

In order to take care of the country's needs, our transportation lines must spend not less than $1,000,000,000 a year for a considerable length of time. This necessary money will not be forthcoming unless something is done to assure the public that its investments in railroads will be profitable.

It does appear that whatever the railroad solution may be it must include some sort of plan for consolidating the operation of the various lines into a smaller number of units. High authorities hold the belief that we must have further legislative provisions which will either compel consolidation or offer such inducements to consolidation as will insure its taking place.

Unification of the nation's transportation will do more than anything else to reduce costs and promote public interests. There must be joint rates and through routes; the terminals of the country must be subjected to a common use; and freight cars should continue to be universally interchangeable from line to line. These and many other plans looking toward unification of the roads must be developed and practically applied.

Through its ownership of equipment-trust certificates and railroad notes and bonds, the United States Government is now holding approximately $1,000,000,000 worth of railroad securities. Owning upward of one-twelfth of the total value of all our railroads, it is certain that Uncle Sam will do everything possible to secure the safety and profit of his large investment.

Prior to the war an average railroad freight car cost about $1000 and produced a revenue of about $1250 each year. To-day similar cars cost $3000 and, notwithstanding all the rate advances, only earn about $1600 annually.

Money before the war could be borrowed by the roads at the rate of five and a half per cent, while the cost of maintenance of a single car for a year averaged about sixty dollars. At the present time the roads pay no less than seven and a half per cent for borrowed money with which to buy equipment, and the maintenance cost of a freight car is about $110 a year.

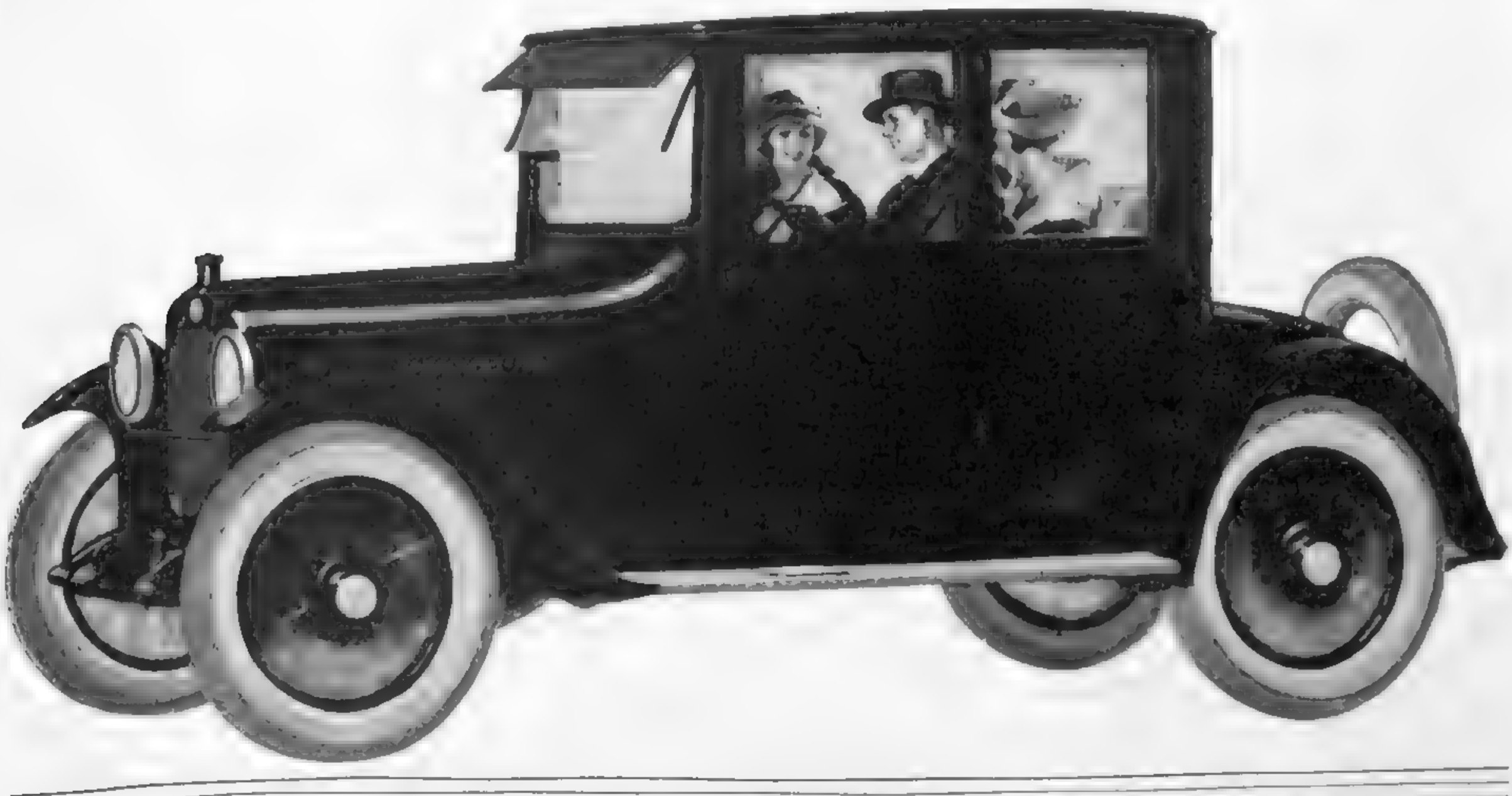
Not one person in ten realizes how enormous is the freight traffic of this country each and every day in the year. It is estimated that the country's railroads move, on an average, 1,000,000,000 tons of freight one mile each day. This means that from 18,000 to 20,000 pounds is moved one mile each day—at a cost of about nine cents—for each man, woman and child in the country. In other words, 2000 pounds, or a ton of freight, is now carried one mile for a cost of about one cent. The coal tonnage is approximately one-third of the total tonnage moved.

It is true that the capacity of freight cars during the last twenty years has increased from an average of thirty tons a car to forty-two tons, but in seventy-five per cent of the cases the car is moved when only partly loaded. On some lines the cars move empty from two-fifths to one-half of the time. This is particularly true in the case of box cars, coal cars and flat cars that carry bulky materials like grain, cotton, fuel and lumber to a large market or to a port for shipment abroad, and then have to return either empty or loaded with finished articles that are lighter and less bulky than the raw materials.

During the last four or five years the number of new cars constructed has not been equal to the number necessary normally to replace the cars worn out. The company owning a car formerly charged twenty-five cents a day for the use of the car. This charge was increased to fifty cents and has now gone up to ninety cents a day. However, a little figuring will show that this daily rental should be no less than a dollar and a half a day if the company is to pay interest, defray the cost of repairs and replace the cost of the car within a period of fifteen years, which is considered the average life of such equipment.

(Concluded on Page 61)

"Hupmobile"



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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Honor

WHEN one who chisels a bust denies honor to one who lays a brick he confesses ignorance and narrow vision. So a barnyard hen, poised on a fence to cackle her elation over the laying of an egg, might ridicule the plow horse turning furrows in an adjoining field.

"A mere plow horse," the hen will say; "while I—I have laid an egg."

If a prophet is without honor in his own country his countrymen are simpletons.

Each man's vision is narrowed by his vocation. Each thinks of achievement in terms of his own task. The banker gets money and ridicules his son who would write verse. The poet communes with the stars and feels contempt for one who devotes his life to getting money. One who thinks in Latin phrases feels superior to the carpenter who builds his house, and the carpenter chuckles because the professor cannot distinguish between a sleeper and a joist. We mortals are absurd creatures—each offering himself as a standard of excellence, each denying honor to the other lest himself seem less important.

As one gains wisdom and understanding he learns to honor all men and question his own worth. He learns that all craftsmen are equally worthy of praise, so their task be useful and well done.

If the excellent plumber is honored only by plumbers, the excellent writer only by writers, the excellent statesman only by statesmen, we are far from a brotherhood of man founded on the principle that all men are equal.

We cannot love one another until we respect one another, and we cannot respect one another until by getting knowledge we discover the worth of each other man's task. The fool thinks himself wise because he has not the wit to measure himself by other standard than his folly.

Liberty

LIBERTY is no more than the absence of a master. It is not a license to run amuck. It is not a negation of order. It is an admission that man is master of his own destiny and it imposes an obligation of self-control.

The proper man is captain of his own soul. He will rule from the bridge or there he will stand and fight and die, nor bow his head until the last breath quits his body.

Free men form a government and delegate authority to selected servants. The servants are not power in themselves, but a medium through which is expressed the power of the people. The corner policeman is not a master. He is a servant of the law and the law is the people who fashion and uphold it.

The citizen or the alien who demands greater liberty than is granted by the will of the whole people does not in fact desire liberty, but a special privilege. He would be above the law, with license to plunder.

The free man has a hand in the making of laws and will impose no restriction on his fellows that he is not willing to accept for himself. He is conscious of the fact that his rights end where his neighbor's begin and that liberty to worship God in his own fashion does not include license to burn the house of his neighbor who is unorthodox.

The liberty of a republic grants the right to be wrong but grants no right to do wrong.

Laws do not irritate him who would obey the laws. Only one who is an enemy of society counts society an enemy. Those who would live in peace, granting to others rights they would claim for themselves, content to earn their bread by honest labor, viewing without envy the greater earnings of those who have greater abilities—these deserve liberty and have it. Those who would have greater liberty even now have more than is good for them.

The Stomach

THE world has long believed that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. It is beginning to learn that this route is also the quickest way to his tomb. Discretion is the better part of eating. He who eats and runs away will live to eat some other day. The stomach is a good and faithful servant, but it can be stretched just so far.

The average consumer is possessed of a theory that what is sauce for the palate is sauce for the stomach. This theory is not sustained by the facts. The palate of an adult male person may and indeed will delight in the taste of plug cut, and the palate of a small boy encourages the consumption of green peaches. Yet the stomach shudders at the mention of these things, and when they are forced upon it it either sends them back or gives up in despair.

When the stomach is empty it sends in a requisition for raw material. If the requisition is honored and the material furnished is of standard grade the stomach resumes its labors in a cheerful frame of mind and all is well with the world. But if the material is shoddy or is chosen to please the eye and the palate without thought of its value as building material, the stomach becomes sullen and resorts to the practice of sabotage.

When an outraged stomach, burdened beyond its powers of endurance, lies down on the job and refuses to handle further orders the owner visits a specialist and there brings charges against this servant he has so sorely abused. The specialist takes measures to give temporary relief, but he cannot effect a cure while denied mandatory control of the patient's appetite. Drugs may relieve terminal congestion, but nothing less heroic than trepanning can get at the cause of the trouble and prevent its recurrence.

When one sits down to dine he should eat slowly and cheerfully until his stomach sighs in contentment and begins to purr. Then he should quit. Other courses, dry and liquid measure, may be set before him. His palate may nudge him and whisper that another little round won't do us any harm, and his greedy eyes may widen and glisten at the approach of another helping. No matter. These are treacherous friends with axes to grind. They seek only their own pleasure and profit, without thought of the suffering their ambition will inflict upon an innocent third party.

Deal gently and honorably with the stomach, heeding its every request and imposing no task beyond the reach of its abilities, and your days may be long in the land.

Sinews

ONE possessed of a very little imagination may believe that man crawls on the earth because he lacks faith to mount into the air. Man is greater than he thinks, and possesses powers of which he has no knowledge.

Here are four men, each broad of back and blessed with the torso of a giant. They have the task of carrying a piano from a truck into a house. Observe the swelling cords in their throats. See the blood mount to their faces as they strain. Each is conscious of doing his utmost.

Now let the house be attacked by fire. Neighbors rush in to save the household goods. And while other volunteers are tossing china from a second-story window, two small men glorified by a large excitement pick up the piano and carry it to safety.

Is there within these two small men a greater power than is possessed by the four who strained at the same task? Assuredly not. In calmer moments they could not lift the piano from the floor.

Man's thews have a tensile strength almost past belief. There is in the normal man power to lift a ton. But it is useless power until he learns to harness it to his will. Weakness is not in thigh or biceps, but in the mind that lacks faith in the power of thigh and biceps. What one can do under stress of excitement, rage or fear he can surpass in calmer moments if he can but learn to believe in himself.

And as man's body holds in leash a power of which he is never fully conscious, so his mind and will are capable of feats approaching the miraculous.

The child wonders what thing there is beyond the outer edge of space, and what existed before the beginning. In like manner men of science who search for causes and solutions come to a blank wall and give up in despair. A blank wall is but the end of faith.

Man in the image of his Creator is much nearer a god than he thinks. He will remain a worm while he thinks himself a worm.

Excitement does not lessen the weight of the piano. It but serves to quicken the will and release a little portion of the unsuspected power stored in sinews. Man's weakness is in truth his unbelief.

Diffidence

DIFFIDENCE in moderation is one of the virtues. One does not love the man who pounds on the table to attract the attention of the waiter or monopolizes the porter by sheer bullying. One can get ahead without walking on the necks of his fellows, and if in some instances a tin horn brings greater success than good manners, one is at liberty to question the worth of a success so dearly bought.

A loud mouth is not in itself proof of exceptional ability, and the self-assertion advised in mail-order lessons by efficiency experts makes one an ass more frequently than it makes him a captain of industry.

To say that diffidence in moderation is one of the virtues is but to paraphrase the ancient saying that moderation is the whole of virtue. One may be too diffident. I once knew a worthy man who courted a lady through ten years while she endeavored by every modest art to make his task light, and at length died a bachelor because he could not summon the courage to ask the fateful question.

Some men fail because when opportunity knocks they open the door and stand dumb, with shaking knees, doubting their own deserts and abilities, until opportunity in disgust passes on to the door of one who will boldly ask her in.

When I was a boy of fifteen years I was bashful, but felt very important. My home town seemed several sizes too small to accommodate the swelling of my head, and I determined to go away and set the world on fire. My father accompanied me to the train, gave me a strip of mileage that would transport me to the state line, remarked casually that he considered me a fool and gave me his blessing.

When I had crossed the state line and bought a breakfast I was without funds, yet I knew myself a craftsman of some merit and did not doubt my ability to find work that would provide food and a bed. I visited the shops in town and offered my services, which were unanimously and smilingly rejected, and as lunch time drew near and tantalizing odors reminded me that my purse was not the only empty thing on the premises, I quit the paved streets and set out along a dusty road to the next town. Spring was in the air and birds sang in the shrubbery; my feet were light, and fitting my belt buckle to the next hole served to quiet the clamoring of an appetite that had never before been neglected.

By midafternoon my new shoes had formed and broken blisters, and my heavy feet dragged in the dust more frequently than they lifted. Moreover there was a warning chill in the air and heavy clouds were tumbling on the horizon. Darkness came quickly, and with it rain that began with great scattered drops and settled at once to a downpour. Soon the dust became mud—the sticky, crawly gumbo of the Southwest—and each step added to the burden lifted by my tired feet.

I trudged on, for there seemed nothing else to do. Black midnight found me plodding still. I knew the hour by the crowing of roosters that filtered through the rain from distant ranches, and I envied the roosters their shelter. At times I stumbled and fell into ditches, for there was no single ray of light; yet the ditches were little wetter than the roadbed, for the world had become a shallow sea.

Nearer morning I saw a gleam of light from the window of a ranch house that sat near the road, and resolved to stop and ask for shelter. My feet, I thought, were almost past service, and my old-fashioned grip had become intolerably heavy.

I knocked at the door of the ranch house and waited. Through the window I saw a white-haired old woman reach for a kerosene lamp that sat on a table, and wondered what misfortune kept her awake in a chair. She opened the door without hesitation and peered at me over her glasses, the lamp held aloft to make inspection more complete. Her face was kind and seemed to promise the granting of any reasonable request.

"What is it, sonny?" she asked.

My plight should have answered her question. Rivers of water streamed from my hat and my sleeves. Every thread about me was saturated. I splashed when I moved. I yearned for a fire and a bed, or—failing in that—a place with the cattle in the barn. I would have been grateful for the privilege of crawling under the house and finding a spot where the dust was soft. And yet I heard my perverse tongue saying, "Please, may I have a drink of water?"

Having brought myself so far along a sorry road, it is only fair to add that I reached another town in time to greet the rising sun, walked myself dry from that town to another, and there found a job and the blessed privilege of sitting down in the presence of a square meal.

Knocks administered by kindly circumstance reduced the swelling of my head, but the diffidence of my boyhood has remained with me through the years. The waiter passes by my table to attend persons who came in after me, and the life-insurance agent will not accept "no" the first six times I say it.

Doubtless it is because of my own weakness that I so frequently observe a similar fault in my fellows. Most of us lose prizes that should be ours because we will not make ourselves conspicuous and let our wants be known. Bashful men are more numerous than braggarts.

I think that self-confidence should be taught in the schools and that children should be spanked when they will not speak the thoughts that are in their minds. The knowledge of one's ability to work miracles gets him nowhere unless he can muster the courage to tell the world about it.

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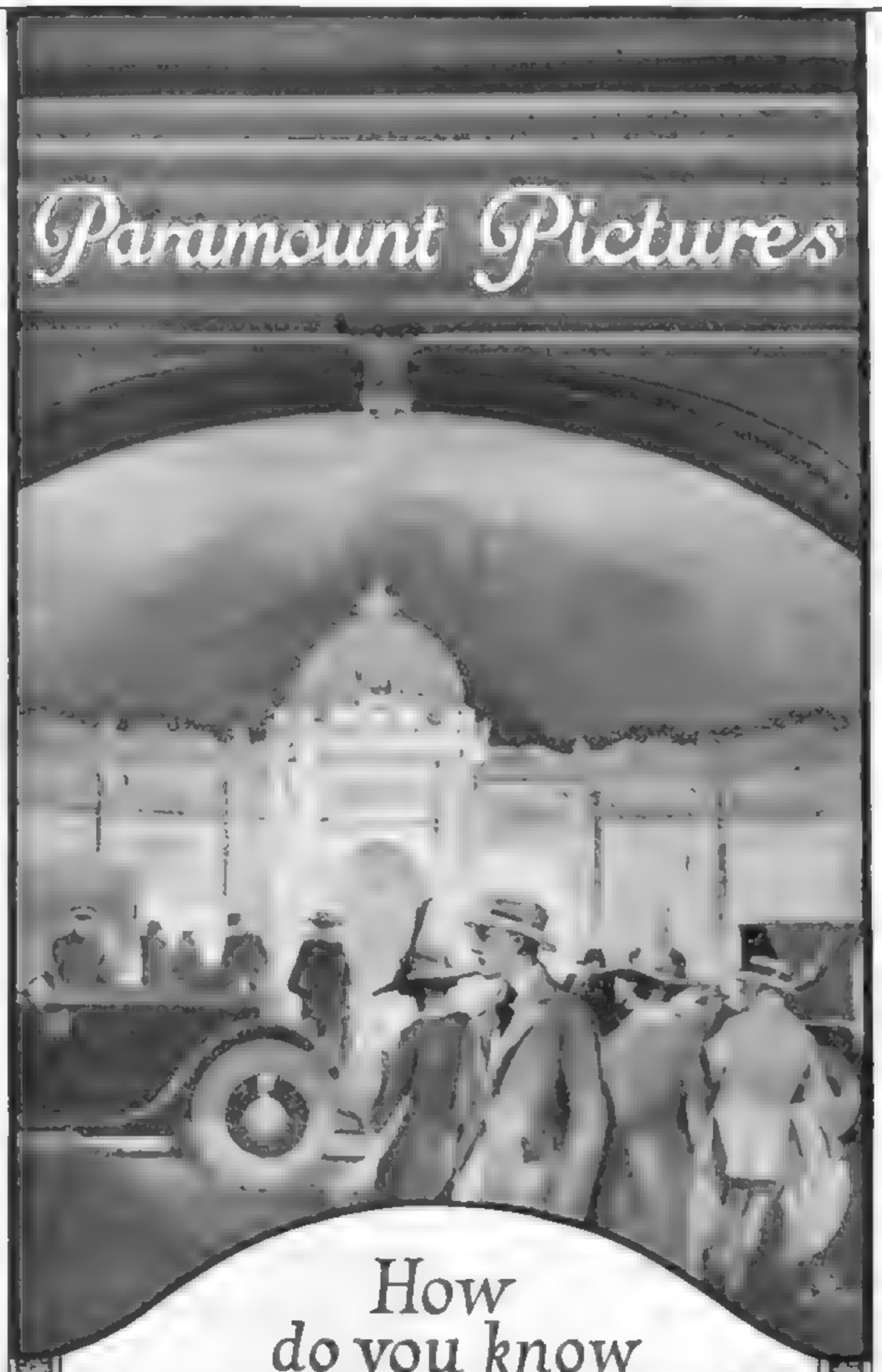

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

THE PAGAN MADONNA

(Continued from Page 25)

trouble; and Dennison was loyal enough not to wish this to happen. And yet it would be only just to make the father pay once for his high-handedness. That would be droll—to see his father in the dock, himself as a witness against him! Here was the germ of a tiptop drama.

But all this worry was doubtless being wasted upon mere supposition. Jane might turn over the beads without bargaining, provided the father had any legal right to them, which Dennison strongly doubted.

He approached Ling Foo and seized him roughly by the arm.

"What do you know about these glass beads?"

Ling Foo elevated a shoulder and let it fall.

"Nothing, except that the man who owns them demands that I recover them."

"And who is this man?"

"I don't know his name."

"That won't pass. You tell me who he is or I'll turn you over to the police."

"I am an honest man," replied Ling Foo with dignity. He appealed to the manager.

"I have known Ling Foo a long time, sir. He is perfectly honest."

Ling Foo nodded. He knew that this recommendation, honest as it was, would have weight with the American.

"But you have some appointment with this man. Where is that to be? I demand to know that."

Ling Foo saw his jade vanish along with his rainbow gold. His early suppositions had been correct.

Those were devil beads, and evil befell any who touched them.

Silently he cursed the soldier's ancestors half a thousand years back. If the white fool hadn't meddled in the parlor that afternoon!

"Come with me," he said finally.

The game was played out; the counters had gone back to the basket. He had no desire to come into contact with police officials. Only it was as bitter as the gall of chicken, and he purposed to lessen his own discomfort by making the lame man share it. Oriental humor.

Dennison and the hotel manager followed him curiously. At the end of the corridor Ling Foo stopped and knocked on a door. It was opened immediately.

"Ah! Oh!"

The inflections touched Dennison's sense of humor, and he smiled. A greeting with a snap-back of dismay.

"I'm not surprised," he said. "I had a suspicion I'd find you in this somewhere."

"Find me in what?" asked Cunningham, his poise recovered. He, too, began to smile. "Won't you come in?"

"What about these glass beads?"

"Glass beads? Oh, yes. But why?"

"I fancy you'd better come out into the clear, Cunningham," said Dennison grimly.

"You wish to know about those beads? Very well, I'll explain, because something has happened—I know not what. You all look so infernally serious. Those beads are a key to a code. The British Government is keenly anxious to recover this key. In the hands of certain Hindus those beads would constitute bad medicine."

Ling Foo spread his hands relievedly.

"That is the story. I was to receive five hundred gold for their recovery."

"A code key," said Dennison, musing.

He knew Cunningham was lying. Anthony Cleigh wasn't the man to run across half the world for a British code key. On the other hand, perhaps it would be wise to let the hotel manager and the Chinaman continue in the belief that the affair concerned a British code.

"If I did not know you tolerably well——"

"My dear captain, you don't know me at all," interrupted Cunningham. "Have you got the beads?"

"I have not. I doubt if you will ever lay eyes on them again."

Something flashed across the handsome face. Ling Foo alone recognized it. He had glimpsed it, this expression, outside his window the night before. He recalled the dark stain on the floor of his shop, and he also recollected a saying of Confucius relative to greed. He wished he was back in his shop, well out of this muddle. The jade could go, valuable as it was. With his hands tucked in his sleeves he waited.

Dennison turned upon the manager. He wanted to be alone with Cunningham.

"Go down and make inquiries, and take this Chinaman with you. I'll be with you shortly." As soon as the two were out of the way Dennison said: "Cunningham, the lady who wore those beads at dinner to-night has gone out alone, wearing them. If I find that you are anywhere back of this venture—if she does not return shortly—I will break you as I would a churchwarden pipe."

"A Gunman, Eh? All Right. Let's See if He'll Shoot," Said the Son, Walking Deliberately Toward Dodge

Cunningham appeared genuinely taken aback.

"She went out alone?"

"Yes."

"Have you notified the police?"

"Not yet. I'm giving her until one; then I shall start something."

"Something tells me," said Cunningham easily, "that Miss Norman is in no danger. But she would never have gone out if I had been in the lobby. If she has not returned by one call me. Any assistance I can give will be given gladly. Women ought never to be mixed up in affairs such as this one, on this side of the world. Tell your father that he ought to know by this time that he is no match for me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Innocent! You know very well what I mean. If you hadn't a suspicion of what has happened you would be roaring up and down the corridors with the police. You run true to the breed. It's a good one, I'll admit. But your father will regret this night's work."

"Perhaps. Here, read this."

Dennison extended the note. Cunningham, his brows bent, ran through the missive.

"*Miss Norman:* Will you do me the honor to meet me at the bridgehead at half past nine—practically at once? My son and I are not on friendly terms. Still I am his father, and I'd like to hear what he has been doing over here. I will have a limousine, and we can ride out on the Bubbling Well Road while we talk.

"ANTHONY CLEIGH."

"Didn't know," said Cunningham, returning the note, "that you two were at odds. But this is a devil of a mix-up, if it's what I think."

"What do you think?"

"That he's abducted her—carried her off to the yacht."

"He's no fool," was the son's defense.

"He isn't, eh? Lord love you, sonny, your father and I are the two biggest fools on all God's earth!"

The door closed sharply in Dennison's face and the key rasped in the lock.

For a space Dennison did not stir. Why should he wish to protect his father? Between his father and this handsome rogue there was small choice. The old boy made such rogues possible. But supposing Cleigh had wished really to quiz Jane? To find out something about these seven years, lean and hard, with stretches of idleness and stretches of furious labor, loneliness? Well, the father would learn that in all these seven years the son had never faltered from the high level he had set for his conduct. That was a stout staff to lean on—he had the right to look all men squarely in the eye.

He had been educated to inherit millions; he had not been educated to support himself by work in a world that specialized. He had in these seven years been a jeweler's clerk, an auctioneer in a salesroom; he had traveled from Baluchistan to Damascus with carpet caravans, but he had never forged ahead financially. Generally the end of a job had been the end of his resources. One fact the thought of which never failed to buck him up—he had never traded on his father's name.

Then had come the war. He had returned to America, trained, and they had assigned him to Russia. But that had not been without its reward—he had met Jane.

In a New York bank, to his credit, was the sum of twenty thousand dollars, at compound interest for seven years, ready to answer to the scratch of a pen, but he had sworn he would never touch a dollar of it. Never before had the thought of it risen so strongly to tempt him. His for the mere scratch of a pen!

In the lobby he found the manager pacing nervously, while Ling Foo sat patiently and inscrutably.

"Why do you wait?" inquired Dennison irritably.

"The lady has some jade of mine," returned Ling Foo placidly. "It was a grave mistake."

"What was?"

"That you interfered this afternoon. The lady would be in her room at this hour. The devil beads would not be casting a spell on us."

"Devil beads, eh?"

Ling Foo shrugged and ran his hands into his sleeves. Somewhere along the banks of the Whangpoo or the Yang-tse would be the body of an unknown, but Ling Foo's lips were locked quite as securely as the dead man's. Devil beads they were.

"When did the man upstairs leave the beads with you?"

"Last night."

"For what reason?".

"He will tell you. It is none of my affair now." And that was all Dennison could dig out of Ling Foo.

Jane Norman did not return at one o'clock; in fact she never returned to the Astor House. Dennison waited until three; then he went back to the Palace, and Ling Foo to his shop and oblivion.

Dennison decided that he did not want the police in the affair. In that event there would be a lot of publicity, followed by the kind of talk that stuck. He was confident that he could handle the affair alone. So he invented a white lie, and nobody questioned it because of his uniform. Miss Norman had found friends, and shortly she would send for her effects; but until that time she desired the consulate to take charge. Under the eyes of the relieved hotel manager and an indifferent clerk from the consulate the following morning Dennison packed Jane's belongings and conveyed them to the consulate, which was hard by. Next he proceeded to the water front and engaged a motor boat. At eleven o'clock he drew up alongside the Wanderer.

"Hey, there!" shouted a seaman. "Sheer off! Orders to receive no visitors!"

Dennison began to mount, ignoring the order. It was a confusing situation for the sailor. If he threw this officer into the yellow water—as certainly he would have thrown a civilian—Uncle Sam might jump on his back and ride him to clink. Against this was the old man, the very devil for obedience to his orders. If he pushed this lad over, the clink; if he let him by, the old man's boot. And while the worried seaman was reaching for water with one hand and wind with the other, as the saying goes, Dennison thrust him roughly aside, crossed the deck to the main companionway and thundered down into the salon.

VIII

CLEIGH sat before a card table; he was playing Chinese Canfield. He looked up, but he neither rose nor dropped the half-spent deck of cards he held in his hand. The bronzed face, the hard agate blue of the eyes that met his own, the utter absence of visible agitation, took the wind out of Dennison's sails and left him all a-shiver, like a sloop coming about on a fresh tack. He had made his entrance stormily enough, but now the hot words stuffed his throat to choking.

Cleigh was thirty years older than his son; he was a finished master of sentimental emotions; he could keep all his thoughts out of his countenance when he so willed But powerful as his will was, in this instance it failed to reach down into his heart; and that thumped against his ribs rather painfully. The boy!

Dennison, aware that he stood close to the ridiculous, broke the spell and advanced.

"I have come for Miss Norman," he said.

Cleigh scrutinized the cards and shifted one.

"I found your note to her. I've a launch. I don't know what the game is, but I'm going to take Miss Norman back with me if I have to break in every door on board!"

Cleigh stood up. As he did so Dodge, the Texan, appeared in the doorway to the dining salon. Dennison saw the blue barrel of a revolver.

"A gunman, eh? All right. Let's see if he'll shoot," said the son, walking deliberately toward Dodge.

"No, Dodge!" Cleigh called out as the Texan raised the revolver. "You may go."

Dodge, a good deal astonished, backed out. Once more father and son stared at each other.

"Better call it off," advised the son. "You can't hold Miss Norman—and I can make a serious charge. Bring her at once, or I'll go for her. And the Lord help the woodwork if I start!"

But even as he uttered the threat Dennison heard a sound behind. He turned, but not soon enough. In a second he was on the floor, three husky seamen mauling him. They had their hands full for a while, but in the end they conquered.

"What next, sir?" asked one of the sailors, breathing hard.

(Continued on Page 45)

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this — flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

Immaculate rugs are safe playgrounds for the children. Clean thoroughly to protect childhood's precious health. Beat out embedded dirt and germs. Sweep up all litter that clings. Suction away all loose grime. Do it frequently. Only The Hoover performs all these essentials of sanitary cleaning. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

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THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The eldest makers of electric cleaners
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Hearts in Harmony

Oh, there's a heap o' life and laughter—yes, and love—stored away inside that old piano.

What is more satisfying than the rollicking music you yourself play while your friends sing beside you?

An unusually good number of these happy, haunting melodies are being issued this season.

They are no sooner off the presses than they are on the counters at Kresge's. You are always sure to find all the best "hits" here first.

The numbers are all on open counters before you. They will be played over for you as many times as you wish.

Service, quick and courteous, is as much a feature of Kresge Stores as standard quality merchandise advantageously priced.

You get the best of attention because of Kresge's sincere desire to make shopping quick, easy and pleasant.

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S. S. KRESGE *Stores*

5¢-10¢-15¢ Red Front *25¢-50¢-$1.00 Green Front*

(Continued from Page 42)

"Tie him up and lock him in Cabin Two."

The first order was executed. After Dennison's arms and ankles were bound the men stood him up.

"Are you really my father?"

Cleigh returned to his cards and shuffled them for a new deal.

"Don't untie him. He might walk through the partition. He will have the freedom of the deck when we are out of the delta."

Dennison was thereupon carried to Cabin Two and deposited upon the stationary bed. He began to laugh. There was a sardonic note in this laughter, like that which greets you when you recount some incredible tale. His old cabin!

The men shook their heads, as if confronted by something so unusual that it wasn't worth while to speculate upon it. The old man's son! They went out, locking the door. By this time Dennison's laughter had reached the level of shouting, but only he knew how near it was to tears—wrathful, murderous, miserable tears! He fought his bonds terrifically for a moment, then relaxed.

For seven years he had been hugging the hope that when he and his father met blood would tell, and that their differences would vanish in a strong handclasp; and here he lay, trussed hand and foot, in his old cabin, not a crack in that granite lump his father called a heart!

A childish thought! Some day to take that twenty thousand with accrued interest, ride up to the door, step inside, dump the silver on that old red Samarkand, and depart—forever.

Where was she? This side of the passage or the other?

"Miss Norman?" he called.

"Yes?" came almost instantly from the cabin aft.

"This is Captain Dennison. I'm tied up and lying on the bed. Can you hear me distinctly?"

"Yes. Your father has made a prisoner of you? Of all the inhuman acts! You came in search of me?"

"Naturally. Have you those infernal beads?"

"No."

Dennison twisted about until he had his shoulders against the brass rail of the bed head.

"What happened?"

"It was a trick. It was not to talk about you—he wanted the beads, and that made me furious."

"Were you hurt in the struggle?"

"There wasn't any. I really don't know what possessed me. Perhaps I was a bit hypnotized. Perhaps I was curious. Perhaps I wanted—some excitement. On my word, I don't know just what happened. Anyhow, here I am—in a dinner gown, bound for Hong-Kong, so he says. He offered me ten thousand for the beads, and my freedom, if I would promise not to report his high-handedness; and I haven't uttered a sound."

"Heaven on earth, why didn't you accept his offer?"

A moment of silence.

"In the first place, I haven't the beads. In the second place, I want to make him all the trouble I possibly can. Now that he has me, he doesn't know what to do with me. Hoist by his own petard. Do you want the truth? Well, I'm not worried in the least. I feel as if I'd been invited to some splendiferous picnic."

"That's foolish," he remonstrated.

"Of course it is. But it's the sort of foolishness I've been aching for all my life. I knew something was going to happen. I broke my hand mirror night before last. Two times seven years' bad luck. Now he has me, I'll wager he's half frightened out of his wits. But what made you think of the yacht?"

"We forced the door of your room, and I found the note. Has he told you what makes those infernal beads so precious?"

"No. I can't figure that out."

"No more can I. Did he threaten you?"

"Yes. Would I enter the launch peacefully, or would he have to carry me? I didn't want my gown spoiled—it's the only decent one I have. I'm not afraid. It isn't as though he were a stranger. Being your father, he would never stoop to any indignity. But he'll find he has caught a tartar. I had an idea you'd find me."

"Well, I have. But you won't get to Hong-Kong. The minute he liberates me I'll sneak into the wireless room and bring the destroyers. I didn't notify the police from a bit of foolish sentiment. I didn't quite want you mixed up in the story. I had your things conveyed to the consulate."

"My story—which few men would believe. I've thought of that. Are you smoking?"

"Smoking, with my hands tied behind my back? Not so you'd notice it."

"I smell tobacco smoke—a good cigar too."

"Then someone is in the passage listening."

Silence. Anthony Cleigh eyed his perfecto rather ruefully and tiptoed back to the salon. Hoist by his own petard. He was beginning to wonder. Cleigh was a man who rarely regretted an act, but in the clear light of day he was beginning to have his doubts regarding this one. A mere feather on the wrong side of the scale, and the British destroyers would be atop of him like a flock of kites. Abduction! Cut down to bed rock, he had laid himself open to that. He ran his fingers through his cowlicks. But drat the woman, why had she accepted the situation so docilely? Since midnight not a sound out of her, not a wail, not a sob. Now he had her, he couldn't let her go. She was right there.

There was one man in the crew Cleigh had begun to dislike intensely, and he had been maneuvering ever since Honolulu to find a legitimate excuse to give the man his papers. Something about the fellow suggested covert insolence; he had the air of a beach comber who had unexpectedly fallen into a soft berth, and it had gone to his head. He had been standing watch at the ladder head, and against positive orders he had permitted a visitor to pass him. To Cleigh this was the handle he had been hunting for. He summoned the man.

"Get your duffel," said Cleigh.

"What's that, sir?"

"Get your stuff. You're through. You had positive orders, and you let a man by."

"But his uniform fussed me, sir. I didn't know just how to act."

"Get your stuff! Mr. Cleve will give you your pay. My orders are absolute. Off with you!"

The sailor sullenly obeyed. He found the first officer alone in the chart house.

"The boss has sent me for my pay, Mr. Cleve. I'm fired." Flint grinned amiably.

"Fired? Well, well," said Cleve, "that's certainly tough luck—all this way from home. I'll have to pay you in Federal Reserve bills. The old man has the gold."

"Federal Reserve it is. Forty-six dollars in Uncle Samuels."

The first officer solemnly counted out the sum and laid it on the palm of the discharged man.

"Tough world."

"Oh, I'm not worrying! I'll bet you this forty-six against ten that I've another job before midnight."

Mr. Cleve grinned.

"Always looking for sure-thing bets! Better hail that bumboat with the vegetables to row you into town. The old man'll dump you over by hand if he finds you here between now and sundown."

"I'll try the launch there. Tell the lad his fare ain't goin' back to Shanghai. Of course it makes it a bit inconvenient, packing and unpacking; but I guess I can live through it. But what about the woman?"

Cleve plucked at his chin.

"Messes up the show a bit. Pippin, though. I like 'em when they walk straight and look straight like this one. Notice her hair? You never tame that sort beyond parlor manners. But I don't like her on board here, or the young fellow either. Don't know him, but he's likely to bust the yacht wide open if he gets loose."

"Well, so long, Mary! Know what my first move'll be?"

"A bottle somewhere. But mind your step! Don't monkey with the stuff beyond normal. You know what I mean."

"Sure! Only a peg or two, after all this psalm-singing!"

"I know, Flint. But this game is no joke. You know what happened in town? Morrissy was near croaked."

Flint's face lost some of its gayety.

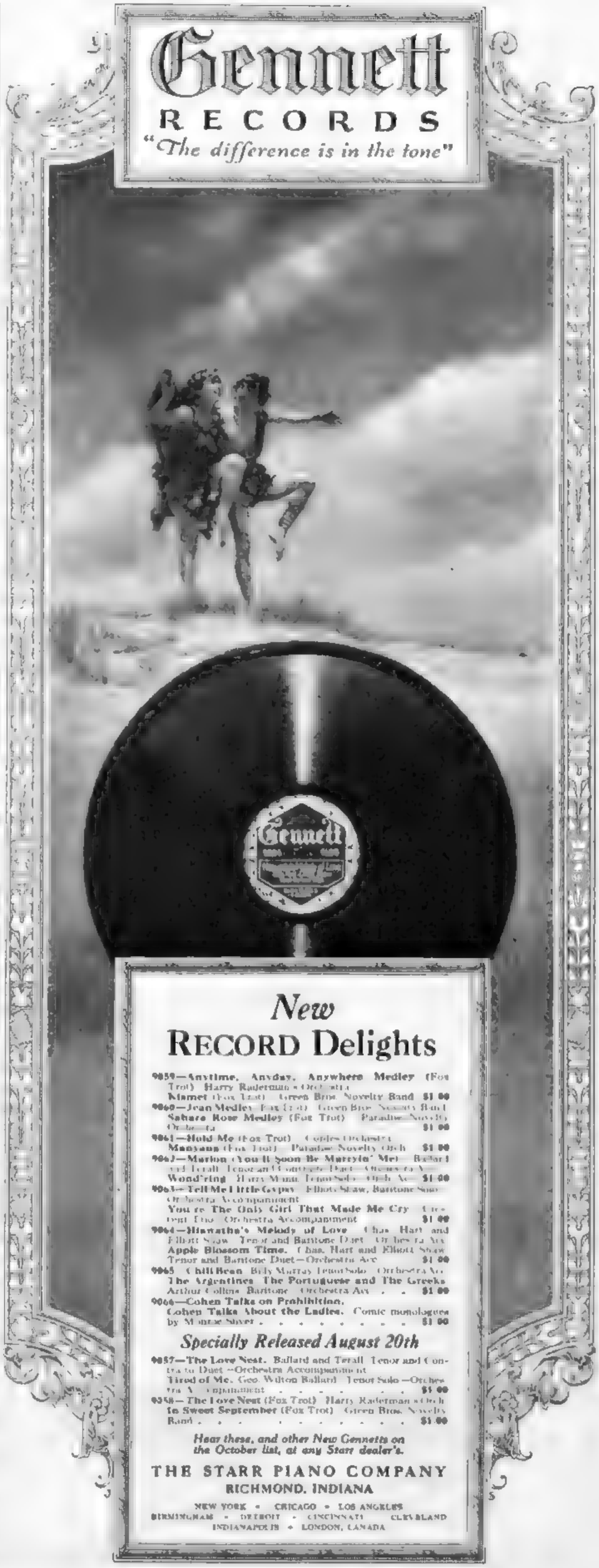
"Oh, I know how to handle the stuff! See you later."

Cleigh decided to see what the girl's temper was, so he entered the passage on the full soles of his shoes. He knocked on her door.

"Miss Norman?"

"Well?"

That was a good sign; she was ready to talk.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Hear these, and other New Gennetts on the October list, at any Starr dealer's.
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You Pay 60c

For water in each $1 spent for meat. Quaker Oats saves you 85%

Cost of water	
In Quaker Oats	7%
In round steak	60%
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Cost per serving	
Dish of Quaker Oats	1c
Serving of meat	8c
Serving of fish	8c
Lamb chop	12c
Two eggs	10c

Cost per 1000 calories	
Quaker Oats	6½c
Average meats	45c
Average fish	50c
Hen's eggs	70c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

Meats average about 60% water, plus considerable waste. The water and waste in hen's eggs are nearly 77%—in fresh fish 85%. In Quaker Oats the water and waste are less than 8%.

Thus Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories per pound, in the energy unit of food value. Round steak yields 890 and eggs 635.

12 people fed at cost of a chop

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. A single chop costs 12 cents.

Quaker Oats, compared with other necessary foods, saves some 85%. See the tables, based on prices at this writing.

Quaker Oats breakfasts, on this basis, mean a saving of $125 per year.

And the oat, remember, is the supreme food. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

It is the advised food for young folks and the vim-food for the older. To insure proper feeding, one meal a day should be oats.

Start the day on Quaker Oats—the matchless one-cent dish. Spend the saving on your costlier meals and you'll cut the cost of living.

Quaker Oats

All the little grains discarded

Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

This selection gives this dish a flavor you should get. It costs no extra price. It is so delightful that millions the world over send here for Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats
One cent per dish.

One Chop
Costs you 12 cents.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

"I have come to repeat that offer."

"Mr. Cleigh, I have nothing to say so long as the key is on the wrong side of the door."

Cleigh heard a chuckle from Cabin Two.

"Very well," he said. "Remember, I offered you liberty conditionally. If you suffer inconveniences after to-night you will have only yourself to thank."

"Have you calculated that some day you will have to let me go?"

"Yes, I have calculated on that."

"And that I shall go to the nearest authorities and report this action?"

"If you will think a moment," said Cleigh, his tone monotonously level, "you will dismiss that plan for two reasons: First, that no one will believe you; second, that no one will want to believe you. That's as near as I care to put it. Your imagination will grasp it."

"Instantly!" cried the girl hotly. "I knew you to be cold and hard, but I did not believe you were a scoundrel—having known your son!"

"I have no son."

"Oh, yes, you have!"

"I disowned him. He is absolutely nothing to me."

"I do not believe that," came back through the cabin door.

"Nevertheless it is the truth. The queer part is, I've tried to resurrect the father instinct, and can't. I've tried to go round the wall—over it. I might just as well try to climb the Upper Himalayas."

In Cabin Two the son stared at the white ceiling. It seemed to him that all his vitals had been wrenched out of him, leaving him hollow, empty. He knew his father's voice; it rang with truth.

"I offer you ten thousand."

"The key is still on the outside."

"I'm afraid to trust you."

"We understand each other perfectly," said Jane ironically.

The son smiled. The sense of emptiness vanished, and there came into his blood a warmth as sweet as it was strong. Jane Norman, angel of mercy. He heard his father speaking again:

"Since you will have it so, you will go to Hong-Kong."

"To Patagonia if you wish! You cannot scare me by threatening me with travel on a private yacht. I had the beads, it is true; but at this moment I haven't the slightest idea where they are; and if I had I should not tell you. I refuse to buy my liberty; you will have to give it to me without conditions."

"I'm sorry I haven't anything on board in the shape of women's clothes, but I'll send for your stuff if you wish."

"That is the single consideration you have shown me. My belongings are at the American consulate, and I should be glad to have them."

"You will find paper and ink in the escritoire. Write me an order and I promise to attend to the matter personally."

"And search through everything at your leisure!"

Cleigh blushed, and he heard his son chuckle again. He had certainly caught a tartar—possibly two. With a twisted smile he recalled the old yarn of the hunter who caught the bear by the tail. Willing to let go, and daring not!

"Still I agree," continued the girl. "I want my own familiar things—if I must take this forced voyage. But mark me, Mr. Cleigh, you will pay some day! I'm not the clinging kind, and I shall fight you tooth and nail from the first hour of my freedom. I'm not without friends."

"Never in this world!" came resonantly from Cabin Two.

Cleigh longed to get away. There was a rumbling and a threatening inside of him that needed space—Gargantuan laughter. Not the clinging kind, this girl! And the boy, walking straight at Dodge's villainous revolver! Why, he would need the whole crew behind him when he liberated these two! But he knew that the laughter striving for articulation was not the kind heard in Elysian fields!

■

"IF YOU will write the order I will execute it at once. The consulate closes early."

"I'll write it, but how will I get it to you? The door closes below the sill."

"When you are ready, call, and I will open the door a little."

"It would be better if you opened it full wide. This is China—I understand that. But we are both Americans, and there's a good sound law covering an act like this."

"But it does not reach as far as China. Besides I have an asset back in the States. It is my word. I have never broken it to any man or woman, and I expect I never shall. You have, or have had, what I consider my property. You have hedged the question; you haven't been frank."

The son listened intently.

"I bought that string of glass beads in good faith of a Chinaman—Ling Foo. I consider them mine—that is, if they are still in my possession. Between the hour I met you last night and the moment of Captain Dennison's entrance to my room considerable time had elapsed."

"Sufficient for a rogue like Cunningham to make good use of," supplemented the prisoner in Cabin Two. "There's a way of finding out the facts."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You used to carry a planchette that once belonged to the actress, Rachel. Why not give it a whirl? Everybody's doing it."

Cleigh eyed Cabin Four, then Cabin Two, and shook his head slightly, dubiously. He was not getting on well. To come into contact with a strong will was always acceptable; and a strong will in a woman was a novelty. All at once it struck him forcibly that he stood on the edge of boredom; that the lure which had brought him fully sixteen thousand miles was losing its bite. Was he growing old, drying up?

"Will you tell me what it is about these beads that makes you offer ten thousand for them? Glass anybody could see that. What makes them as valuable as pearls?"

"They are love beads," answered Cleigh mockingly. "They are far more potent than powdered pearls. You have worn them about your throat, Miss Norman, and the sequence is inevitable."

"Nonsense!" cried Jane.

Dennison added his mite to the confusion:

"I thought that scoundrel Cunningham was lying. He said the string was a code key belonging to the British intelligence office."

"Rot!" Cleigh exploded.

"So I thought."

"But hurry, Miss Norman. The sooner I have that written order on the consulate the sooner you'll have your belongings."

"Very well."

Five minutes later she announced that the order was completed, and Cleigh opened the door slightly.

"The key will be given you the moment we weigh anchor."

"I say," called the son, "you might drop into the Palace and get my truck too. I'm particular about my toothbrushes." A pause. "I'd like a drink too—if you've got the time."

Cleigh did not answer, but he presently entered Cabin Two, filled a glass with water, raised his son's head to a proper angle and gave him drink.

"Thanks. This business strikes me as the funniest thing I ever heard of! You would have done that for a dog."

Cleigh replaced the water carafe in the rack above the washbowl and went out, locking the door. In the salon he called for Dodge:

"I am going into town. I'll be back round five. Don't stir from this cabin."

"Yes, sir."

"You remember that fellow who was here night before last?"

"The good-looking chap that limped?"

"Yes."

"And I'm to crease him if he pokes his noodle down the stairs?"

"Exactly! No talk, no palaver! If he starts talking he'll talk you out of your boots. Shoot!"

"In the leg? All right."

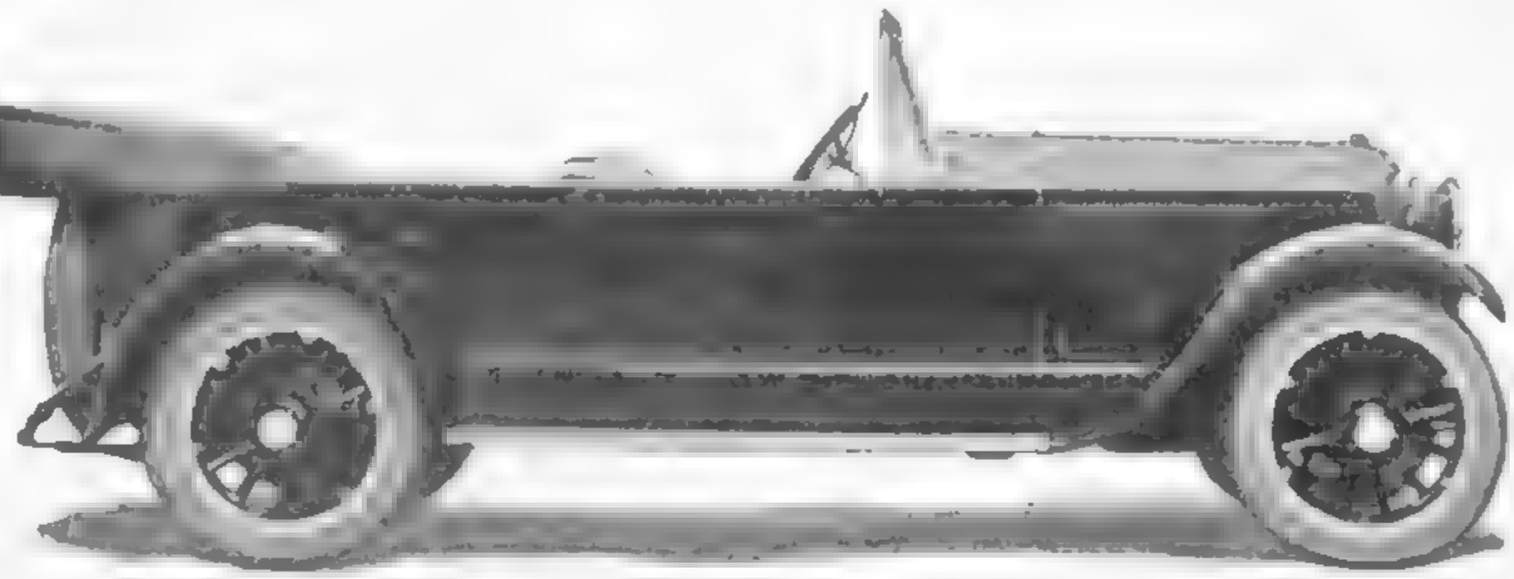
His employer having gone, Dodge sat in a corner from which he could see the companionway and all the passages. He lit a long black cigar, laid his formidable revolver on a knee and began his vigil. A queer job for an old cow-punch, for a fact.

To guard an old carpet that didn't have "welcome" on it anywhere—he couldn't get that, none whatever. But there was a hundred a week, the best grub pile in the world, and the old man's Havanas as often as he pleased. Pretty soft!

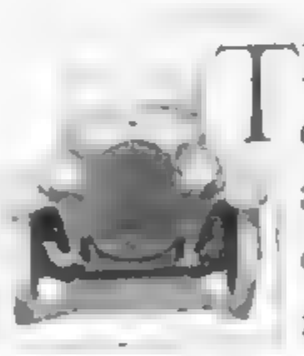
And he had learned a new trick—shooting target in a rolling sea. He had wasted a hundred rounds before getting the hang of it. Maybe these sailors hadn't gone popeyed when they saw him pumping lead into the bull's-eye six times running! Tin cans and raw potatoes on the water too.

(Continued on Page 49)

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA



Announcing a New PAIGE



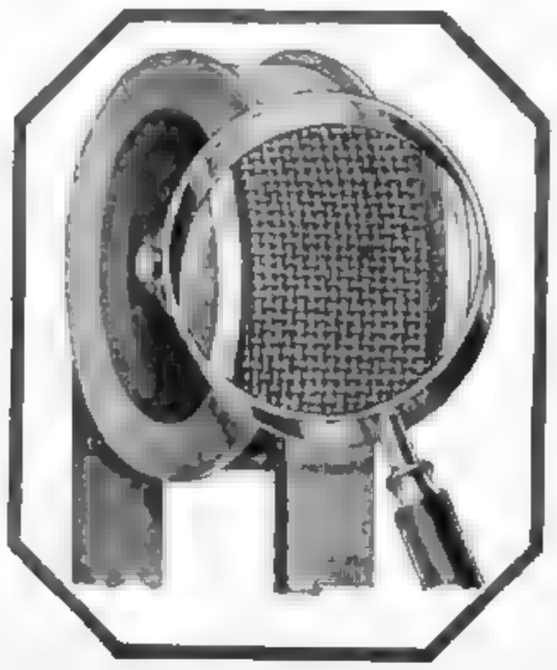
THROUGHOUT the country our dealers are now exhibiting a motor car that represents the supreme achievement of the Paige engineering and designing staff. This new model—the "Lakewood" 6-66—is destined, we believe, to create a new standard of automobile value and occupy an altogether unique position in motordom.

The Paige "Lakewood" is unique and distinctive because it is a car without a legitimate competitor. From every standpoint of luxurious motoring it is only comparable with the finest and most expensive motor carriages of this country and Europe. Yet—by virtue of its cost alone it is a member of the popular priced field.

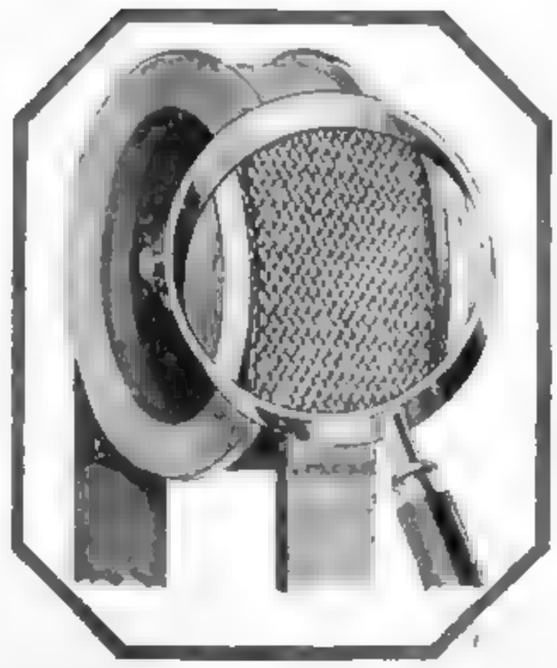
If these statements appear to be strong, please remember that you have yet to see the most beautiful body design that has ever been produced—a power plant that is capable of seventy-five miles per hour—and a chassis that expresses the last word in strictly modern engineering.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, Michigan

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks



The above is an illustration of the weave used in the ordinary fan belt; they run lengthwise and across.



This illustrates the bias weave of the Gates Vulco Cord Belt. It gives the belt elasticity It is a scientific patented construction enabling the belt to grip the pulley firmly at medium tension.

Your fan belt can cause untold damage to your motor

A rigid fan belt quickly creates a severe tension upon the pulleys. This may pull them out of alignment; cause premature wear upon the bearings; produce disturbing friction noises; furthermore, the belt may jump the pulley and soon wear out.

What you need is a fan belt flexible enough to absorb the shocks of constant service; one that does not need continual adjustment; one without too much tension.

The Gates Vulco Cord Belt embodies this principle because it is made with a bias weave; this gives it elasticity. All the strain is absorbed; the wear and tear upon pulley and bearings eased. This means dependable service and unusually long life in this kind of belt.

It is the bias weave (our exclusive patent) that has made the Gates Vulco Cord Belt the favorite among the motoring public. More than 6,000,000 were bought last year; dealers everywhere sell them.

We make Vulco Cord Belts, V-shape or flat, in standardized sizes for all cars. Your dealer has one to fit yours.

These belts are also used as standard equipment for small machinery like washing machines, etc.

Manufacturers who have belt troubles should write us; tell us your needs; we'll submit plans for specially designed belts.

It's quite a trick to keep a fan belt adjusted just right. It is so likely to be either too tight or too loose. You overcome this trouble with the Gates Vulco Cord Belt. It is made with a bias weave which gives it elasticity This enables the belt to grip the pulley firmly without undue tension. It does not require constant adjustment. The pulleys are protected from mis-alignment, the bearings from premature wear; the belt prevented from jumping the pulley.

GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLORADO

Makers of

Gates Tested Tubes — Gates Super Tread Tires

Gates Half Sole Tires

GATES VULCO CORD BELTS

Made by the makers of
GATES SUPER TREAD TIRES

(Continued from Page 46)

Something to brag about if he ever got back home.

He broke the gun and inspected the cylinder. There wasn't as much grease on the cartridges as he would have liked.

"Miss Norman?" called Dennison.

"What is it?"

"Are you comfortable?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I'm only furious with rage, that's all. You are still tied?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I really don't understand your father."

"I have never understood him. Yet he was very kind to me when I was little. I don't suppose there is anything in heaven or on earth that he's afraid of."

"He is afraid of me."

"Do you believe that?"

"I know it. He would give anything to be rid of me. But go on."

"With what?"

"Your past."

"Well, I'm something like him physically. We are both so strong that we generally burst through rather than take the trouble to go round. I'm honestly sorry for him. Not a human being to love or be loved by. He never had a dog. I don't recollect my mother; she died when I was three; and that death had something to do with the iron in his soul. Our old butler used to tell me that father cursed horribly, I mean blasphemously, when they took the mother out of the house. There are some men like that, who love terribly away and beyond the average human ability. After the mother died he plunged into the money game. He was always making it, piling it up ruthlessly but honestly. Then that craving petered out, and he took a hand in the collecting game. What will come next I don't know. As a boy I was always afraid of him. He was kind to me, but in the abstract. I was like an extra on the grocer's bill. He put me into the hands of a tutor—a lovable old dreamer—and paid no more attention to me. He never put his arms round me and told me fairy stories."

"Poor little boy! No fairy stories!"

"Nary a one until I began to have playmates."

"Do the ropes hurt?"

"They might if I were alone."

"What do you make of the beads?"

"Only that they have some strange value, or father wouldn't be after them. Love beads! Doesn't sound half so plausible as Cunningham's version."

"That handsome man who limped?"

"Yes."

"A real adventurer—the sort one reads about!"

"And the queer thing about him, he keeps his word, too, for all his business is a shady one. I don't suppose there is a painting or a jewel or a book of the priceless sort that he doesn't know about, where it is and if it can be got at. Some of his deals are aboveboard, but many of them aren't. I'll wager these beads have a story of loot."

"What he steals doesn't hurt the poor."

"So long as the tigers fight among themselves and leave the goats alone, it doesn't stir you. Is that it?"

"Possibly."

"And besides, he's a handsome beggar, if there ever was one."

"He has the face of an angel!"

"And the soul of a vandal!" with a touch of irritability.

"Now you aren't fair. A vandal destroys things; this man only transfers——"

"For a handsome monetary consideration——"

"Only transfers a picture from one gallery to another."

"Well, we've seen the last of him for a while anyhow."

"I wonder."

"Will you answer me a question?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you know where those beads are?"

"A little while gone I smelt tobacco smoke," she answered dryly.

"I see. We'll talk of something else then. Have you ever been in love?"

"Have you?"

"Violently—so I believed."

"But you got over it?"

"Absolutely! And you?"

"Oh, I haven't had the time. I've been too busy earning bread and butter. What was she like?"

"A beautiful mirage—the lie in the desert, you might say. Has it ever occurred to you that the mirage is the one lie Nature utters?"

"I hadn't thought. She deceived you?"

"Yes."

A short duration of silence.

"Doesn't hurt to talk about her?"

"Lord, no! Because I wasn't given fairy stories when I was little. I took them seriously when I was twenty-three."

"Puppy love."

"It went a little deeper than that."

"But you don't hate women?"

"No. I never hated the woman who deceived me. I was terribly sorry for her."

"For having her so nice a husband, with a lot of money."

He greeted this with laughter.

"It is written," she observed, "that we must play the fool sometime or other."

"Have you ever played it?"

"Not yet, but you never can tell."

"Jane, you're a brick!"

"Jane!" she repeated. "Well, I don't suppose there's any harm in your calling me that, with partitions in between."

"They used to call me Denny."

"And you want me to call you that?"

"Will you?"

"I'll think it over—Denny!"

They laughed. Both recognized the basic fact in this running patter. Each was trying to buck up the other. Jane was honestly worried. She could not say what it was that worried her, but there was a strong leaven in her of old-wives' prescience. It wasn't due to this high-handed adventure of Cleigh, Senior; it was something leaning down darkly from the future that worried her. That hand mirror!

"Better not talk any more," she advised. "You'll be getting thirsty."

"I'm already that."

"You're a brave man, captain," she said, her tone altering from gaiety to [illegible]. "Don't worry about me. I've always been able to take care of myself, though I've never been confronted with this kind of a situation before. Frankly I don't like it. But I suspect that your father will have more respect for us if we laugh at him. Has he a sense of humor?"

"My word for it, he has! What could be more humorous than tying me up in this fashion and putting me in the cabin that used to be mine? Ten thousand for a string of glass beads! I say, Jane!"

"What?"

"When he comes back tell him you might consider twenty thousand, just to get an idea what the thing is worth."

"I'll promise that."

"All right. Then I'll try to snooze a bit. Getting stuffy lying on my back."

"The brute! If I could only help you!"

"You have—you are—you will!"

He turned on his side, his face toward the door. His arms and legs began to sting with the sensation known as sleep. He was glad his father had overheard the initial conversation. A wave of terror ran over him at the thought of being set ashore while Jane went on. Still he could have sent a British water terrier in hot pursuit.

Jane sat down and took inventory. She knew but little about antiques—rugs and furniture—but she was full of inherent love of the beautiful. The little secretary upon which she had written the order on the consulate was an exquisite lowboy of old mahogany, of dull finish. On the floor were camel saddle-boys, Persian in pattern. On the panel over the lowboy was a small painting, a foot broad and a foot and a half long. It was old—she could tell that much. It was a portrait, tender and quaint. She would have gasped had she known that it was worth a cover of solid gold. It was a Holbein, The Younger, for which Cleigh some years gone had paid Cunningham sixteen thousand dollars. Where and how Cunningham had acquired it was not open history.

An hour passed. By and by she rose and tiptoed to the partition. She held her ear against the panel, and as she heard nothing she concluded that Denny—why not?—was asleep. Next she gazed out of the port. It was growing dark outside, overcast. It would rain again probably. A drab sky, a drab shore. She saw a boat filled with those luscious vegetables which wrote typhus for any white person who ate them. A barge went by piled high with paddy bags—rice in the husk—with Chinamen at the forward and stern sweeps. She wondered if these poor yellow people had ever known what it was to play?

Suddenly she fell back, shocked beyond measure. From the direction of the saloon—a pistol shot! This was followed by the tramp of hurrying feet. Voices, now sharp, now rumbling—this grew nearer.

The Road to Happiness

IN YOUR CHILDHOOD DAYS you found happiness in chasing golden butterflies. But it didn't last.

And then came those youthful days of air-castle dreams; visions of happiness that brought vanishing hope as the years tripped by.

But with the bursting of those dream-bubbles came new visions of happiness; the substantial, enduring kind centered about the home.

That is the true happiness; but its full enjoyment can only be realized by bringing the spirit of music into your home; the magic force which in a twinkling transforms the humdrum home into one of fascinating joy.

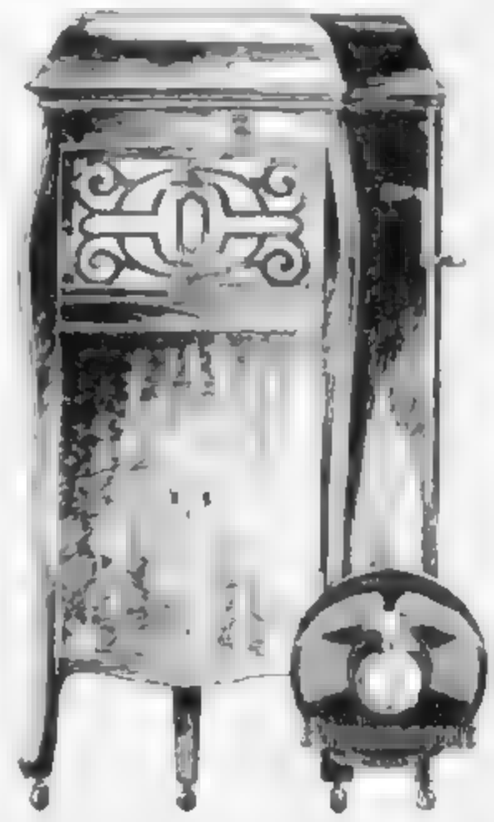
Give your family all the rich benefits of music. Provide for your friends the kind of entertainment always welcomed—that of good music. Bring to your home the music of all ages, with a Paramount Phonograph!

Paramount
Phonographs & Records

Rare refinement of tone distinguishes the Paramount. Each tone unit has been scientifically constructed and all three have been properly co-ordinated. All the original and beautiful qualities of each production are maintained in a way that gives real meaning to the name *Paramount*.

Paramount cabinets, too, are unusual—the product of skilled, old-time cabinet makers, many of whom have spent more than a score of years with the great Paramount Organization.

Ask the Paramount dealer near you to demonstrate the Paramount with Paramount Records, recorded in our own specially equipped laboratories. Special construction of the Paramount Reproducer enables you to play all makes of records perfectly



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FACTORIES ALSO IN SHEBOYGAN AND GRAFTON
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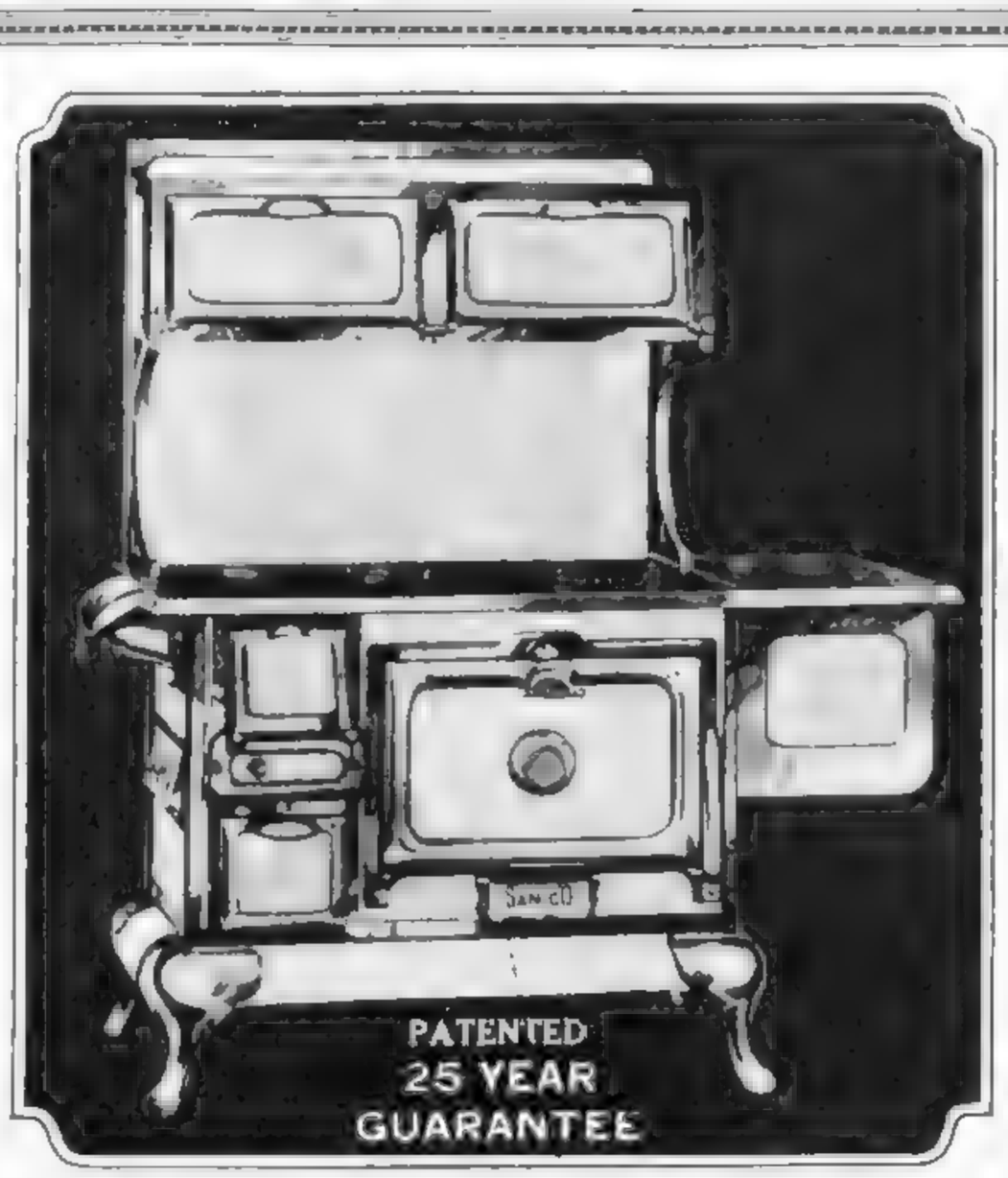

SANICO

The RUST-PROOF PORCELAIN RANGE

A double distinction belongs to the SANICO Porcelain Range. It is not only a most beautiful range but most practical as well.

SNOW White, Azure Blue or rich dark Blue stippled with a beautiful falling snow effect—trimmed with brilliantly polished heavy nickel. *As Easy To Clean As A China Dish!*

Rust-Proof, Elastic, unbreakable Six-Metal SANICO Porcelain inside and out—ovens and flues included—fused to sheets of ARMCO 99 84/100% pure iron. Full size, roomy oven and top. A perfect baker and quick cooker, economical of fuel.

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The trade mark SANICO means to you and to all of your friends that you are the owner of what the public recognizes and accepts as being the

SANICO Combination Range—Two complete Ranges in one.

Highest Class Porcelain Range In The World

Made to burn coal and wood or coal, wood, natural and artificial gas.

Write for catalog and a sample of this wonderful porcelain. Heat it red-hot and drop into water; that will not injure it. See how far it will bend before the porcelain chips off. In most towns there's a SANICO dealer who can serve you. If your dealer's stock has not arrived we will see that you are supplied.

AMERICAN RANGE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

MINNEAPOLIS 509 Marquette Ave. | CHICAGO 1319 S. Michigan Ave. | EAST ST. LOUIS 200 State Street

A struggle of some dimensions was going on in the passage. The racket reached her door, but did not pause there. She sank into the chair, a-tremble.

Dennison struggled to a sitting posture.

"Jane?"

"Yes!"

"Are you all right?"

"Yes. What has happened?"

"A bit of mutiny, I take it; but it seems to be over."

"But the shot!"

"I heard no cry of pain, only a lot of scuffling and some high words. Don't worry."

"I won't. Can't you break a piece of glass and saw your way out?"

"Lord love you, that's movie stuff! If I had a razor, I couldn't manage it without hacking off my hands. You are worried!"

"I'm a woman, Denny. I'm not afraid of your father; but if there is mutiny, with all these treasures on board—and over here ——"

"All right. I'll make a real effort."

She could hear him stumbling about. She heard the crash of the water carafe on the floor. Several minutes dragged by.

"Can't be done!" said Dennison. "Can't make the broken glass stay put. Can't reach my ankles either, or I could get my feet free. There's a double latch on your door. See to it! Lord!"

"What is it?"

"Nothing. Just hunting round for some cuss words. Put the chair up against the door knob and sit tight for a while."

The hours dragged by in stifling silence.

Meanwhile Cleigh, having attended to errands, lunched, had gone to the American consulate and presented the order. His name and reputation cleared away the official red tape. He explained that all the fuss of the night before had been without cause. Miss Norman had come aboard the yacht, and now decided to go to Hong-Kong with the family. This suggested the presence of other women on board. In the end, Jane's worldly goods were consigned to Cleigh, who signed the receipt and made off for the launch.

It was growing dark. On the way down the river Cleigh made no attempt to search for the beads.

The salon lights snapped up as the launch drew alongside. Once below, Cleigh dumped Jane's possessions into the nearest chair and turned to give Dodge an order—only to find the accustomed corner vacant!

"Dodge!" he shouted. He ran to the passage. "Dodge, where the devil are you?"

"Did you call, sir?"

Cleigh spun about. In the doorway to the dining salon stood Cunningham, on his amazingly handsome face an expression of anxious solicitude!

x

CLEIGH was not only a big and powerful man—he was also courageous, but the absence of Dodge and the presence of Cunningham offered such sinister omen that temporarily he was bereft of his natural wit and initiative.

"Where's Dodge?" he asked stupidly.

"Dodge is resting quietly," answered Cunningham gravely. "He'll be on his feet in a day or two."

That seemed to wake up Cleigh a bit. He drew his automatic.

"Face to the wall, or I'll send a bullet into you!"

Cunningham shook his head.

"Did you examine the clip this morning? When you carry weapons like that for protection never put it in your pocket without a look-see. Dodge wouldn't have made your mistake. Shoot! Try it on the floor, or up through the lights—or at me if you'd like that better. The clip is empty."

Mechanically Cleigh took aim and bore against the trigger. There was no explosion. A depressing sense of unreality rolled over the Wanderer's owner.

"So you went into town for her luggage? Did you find the beads?"

Cleigh made a negative sign. It was less an answer to Cunningham than an acknowledgment that he could not understand why the bullet clip should be empty.

"It was an easy risk," explained Cunningham. "You carried the gun, but I doubt you ever looked it over. Having loaded it once upon a time, you believed that was sufficient, eh? Know what I think? The girl has hidden the beads in her hair. Did you search her?"

Again Cleigh shook his head, as much over the situation as over the question.

"What, you ran all this risk and hadn't the nerve to search her? Well, that's rich! Unless you've read her from my book. She would probably have scratched out your eyes. There's an Amazon locked up in that graceful body. I'd like to see her head against a bit of clear blue sky—a touch of Henner blues and reds. What a whale of a joke! Abduct a young woman, risk prison, and then afraid to lay hands on her! You poor old piker!" Cunningham laughed.

"Cunningham ——"

"All right, I'll be merciful. To make a long story short, it means that for the present I am in command of this yacht. I warned you. Will you be sensible, or shall I have to lock you up like your two-gun man from Texas?"

"Piracy!" cried Cleigh, coming out of his maze.

"Maritime law calls it that, but it isn't really. No pannikins of rum, no fifteen men on a dead man's chest. Parlor stuff, you might call it. The whole affair—the parlor side of it—depends upon whether you purpose to act philosophically under stress or kick up a hullabaloo. In the latter event you may reasonably expect some rough stuff. Truth is, I'm only borrowing the yacht as far as latitude ten degrees and longitude one hundred and ten degrees, off Catwick Island. You carry a boson's whistle at the end of your watch chain. Blow it!" was the challenge.

"You bid me blow it?"

"Only to convince you how absolutely helpless you are," said Cunningham amiably. "Yesterday this day's madness did prepare, as our old friend Omar used to say. Vedder did great work on that, didn't he? Toot the whistle, for shortly we shall weigh anchor."

Like a man in a dream, Cleigh got out his whistle. The first blast was feeble and windy. Cunningham grinned.

"Blow it, man, blow it!"

Cleigh set the whistle between his lips and blew a blast that must have been heard half a mile away.

"That's something like! Now we'll have results!"

Above, on deck, came the scuffle of hurrying feet, and immediately—as if they had been prepared against this moment three-fourths of the crew came tumbling down the companionway.

"Seize this man!" shouted Cleigh thunderously as he indicated Cunningham.

The men, however, fell into line and came to attention. Most of them were grinning.

"Do you hear me? Brown, Jessup, McCarthy—seize this man!"

No one stirred. Cleigh then lost his head. With a growl he sprang toward Cunningham. Half the crew jumped instantly into the gap between, and they were no longer grinning. Cunningham pushed aside the human wall and faced the Wanderer's owner.

"Do you begin to understand?"

"No! But whatever your game is, it will prove bad business for you in the end. And you men too. The world has grown mighty small, and you'll find it hard to hide unless you kill me and have done with it!"

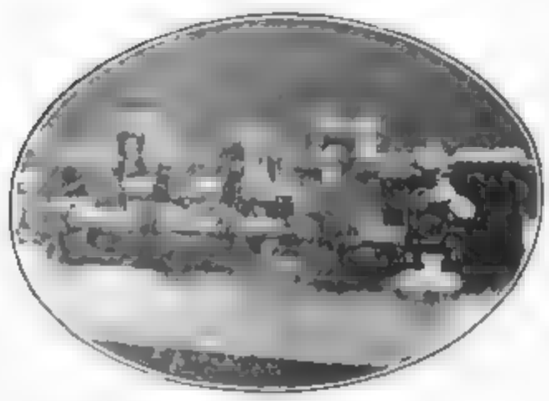
"Tut, tut! Wouldn't harm a hair of your head. The world is small, as you say, but just at this moment infernally busy mopping up. What, bother about a little dinkum dinkus like this, with Russia mad, Germany ugly, France grumbling at England, Italy shaking her fist at Greece, and labor making a monkey of itself? Nay! I'll shift the puzzle so you can read it. When the yacht was released from auxiliary duties she was without a crew. The old crew, that of peacetimes, was gone utterly, with the exception of four. You had the yacht keelhauled, gave her another daub of war paint and set about to find a crew. And I had one especially picked for you! Ordinarily you've a tolerably keen eye. Didn't it strike you odd to land a crew who talked more or less grammatically, who were clean bodily, who weren't boozers?"

Cleigh, fully alive now, coldly ran his inspecting glance over the men. He had never before given their faces any particular attention. Besides, this was the first time he had seen so many of them at once. During boat drill they had been divided into four squads. Young faces, lean and hard some of them, but reckless rather than bad. All of them at this moment appeared to be enjoying some huge joke.

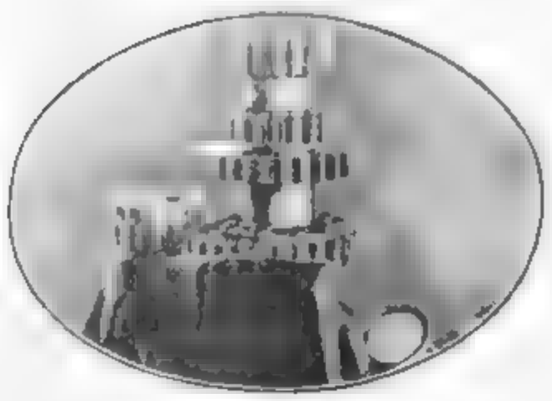
"I can only repeat," said Cleigh, "that you are all playing with dynamite."

(Continued on Page 53)

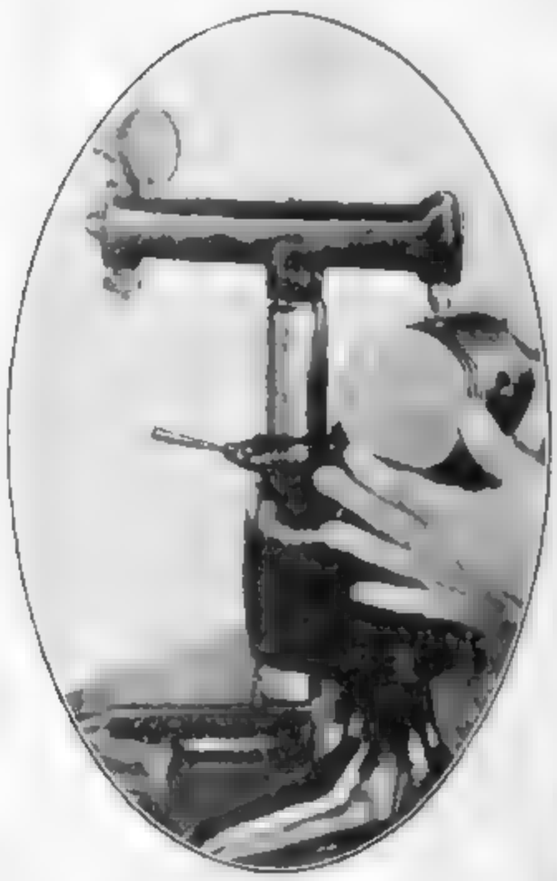
How Lincoln Cars are Leland-built



Crankshafts are held to one-thousandth accuracy in truth of bearings, fly-wheel flange and gear-end fit.



After assembling, the constant mesh transmission gear is held to one-thousandth accuracy in concentricity, by rolling test with a master gear.



By the Amplifyer, which registers the one ten-thousandth of an inch, every piston is tested for diameter and concentricity to one-thousandth accuracy.

Since the making of motor cars began and passing time saw the advents of new creations, it is doubtful whether there has ever been an achievement of which so much has been expected as of the Leland-built Lincoln car.

Quite naturally should this be true, because—as has been so aptly said this car has practically the entire automotive industry as its legitimate ancestry; and because—as also has been aptly said—if former achievements are to be surpassed, it is only logical to look to a Leland organization to surpass them; again, because the Lincoln car is produced by men now equipped to turn vast experience to best account, by men devoting their every effort and their every talent to making a car such as has never been made before; in fact, to making a car such as motordom perhaps has never expected to enjoy.

To accomplish this, we have what is deemed advanced design, re-enforced by unusual precision in the making of the parts.

This is only logical to expect of men who, the world over, are recognized as pioneers of advanced ideas and as foremost exponents of precision methods.

As a symbol of fineness, "hairsbreadth" is the term most frequently applied, yet "hairsbreadth" in a Leland-built Lincoln car symbolizes merely one of the coarser measurements.

Take a hair from your head (the average is about 2½ thousandths of an inch in thickness) and if you could split that hair into ten strands of uniform dimensions, just one of those strands would give a fair conception of the closeness to a mean standard prescribed in more than 300 operations.

In the Leland-built Lincoln car there are more than 5,000 operations in which the deviation from a mean standard is not permitted to exceed the one one-thousandth of an inch; more than 1,200 in which it is not permitted to exceed a half of one-thousandth, and more than 300 in which it is not permitted to exceed a quarter of one-thousandth.

The illustrations herewith represent mere examples of the literally thousands upon thousands of devices, tools and gauges employed to insure these Leland standards of precision.

If the entire contents of this publication were devoted to a description of the seeming limitless number of fine and close mechanical operations, the story even then would not half be told. If you were personally to inspect and have them all explained, it would require months to do so.

But precision for mere precision's sake alone means little. It is only when that precision lends itself to some practical benefit that it becomes a virtue.

To cite an extreme example: it would be absurd to prescribe that a running-board or a fender be held within a hundredth of an inch limit; yet a limit so liberal in thousands of essentially accurate parts would be fatal.

Precision mis-applied is unwarranted and wasteful, and lends itself to no advantage.

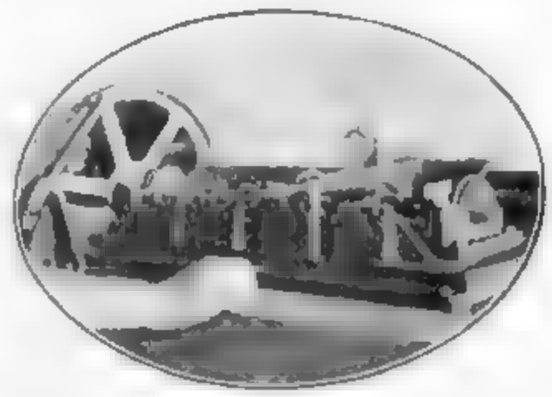
Precision un-applied means harshness, vibration, rapid wear, disintegration and expensive maintenance.

Precision skilfully and scientifically applied comes only from knowing where and knowing how to apply it.

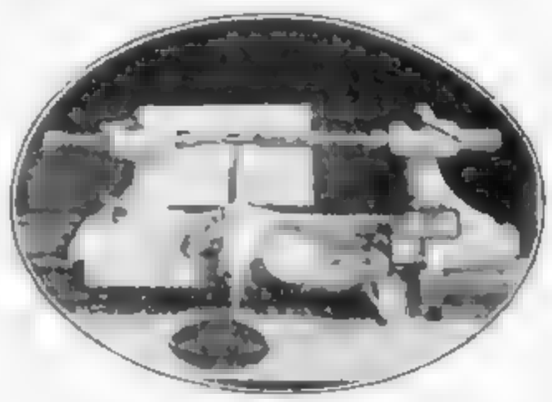
Then, and then only, can it express itself in greater smoothness, in greater power, in greater comfort, in longer life, and in minimum maintenance.

Then, and then only, can it make for the supreme delights and for the consummate satisfaction in motor car possession.

This, briefly, is how Lincoln cars are Leland-built.

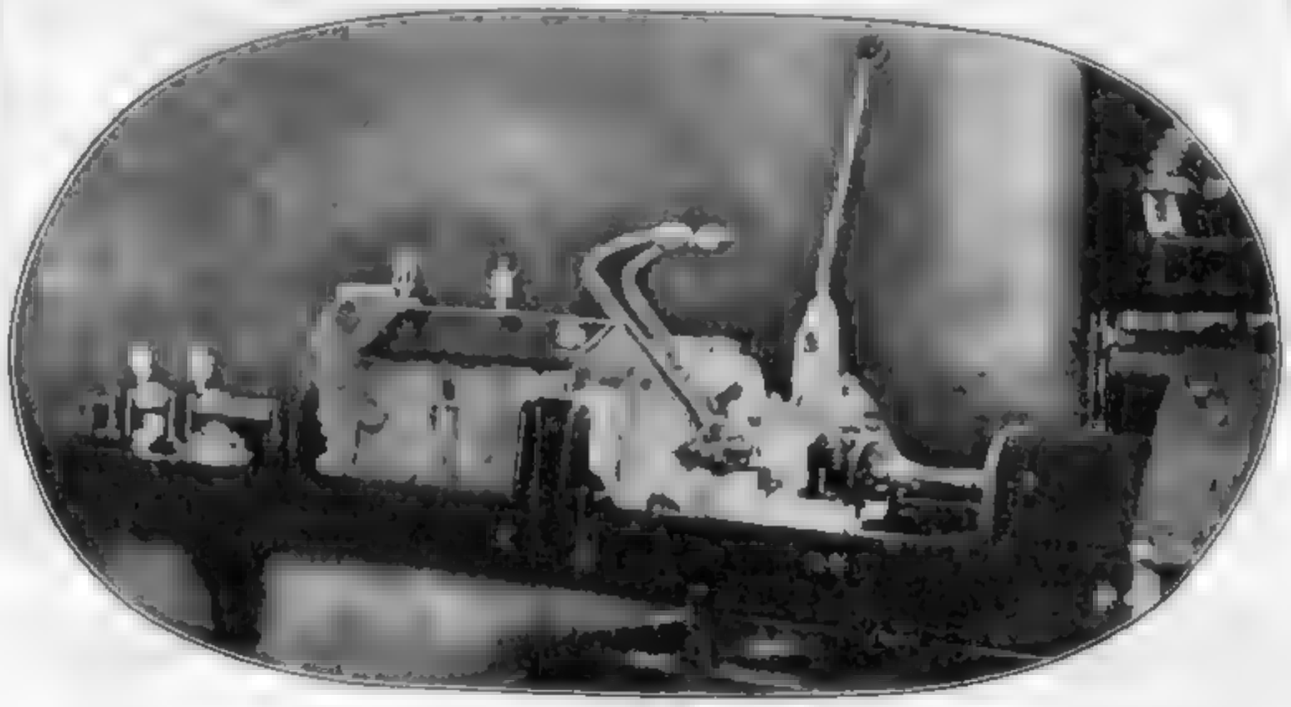


Cams are held to one-half degree accuracy in contour to insure correct valve timing.



Testing accuracy of lead on plug thread gauge, held to limit of two ten-thousandths in one inch of travel.

By the Comparator, which registers to the one twenty-thousandth of an inch, this plug thread gauge is held to three ten-thousandths accuracy in pitch diameter.



In the "Silence Room" transmissions are mounted under practically the same conditions as when in the car and proven for quietness at various speeds.

LINCOLN MOTOR CO.

DETROIT MICH.

Mo-lyb-den-um Steel

The American Super-Steel

and

YOUR GASOLINE BILLS

Gasoline is high. It may go higher.
The public demand is greater economy.
Economy, in a motor car, is measured by the extent to which *useless weight* is eliminated.

Whether little or big, a motor car is a *product of steel.*

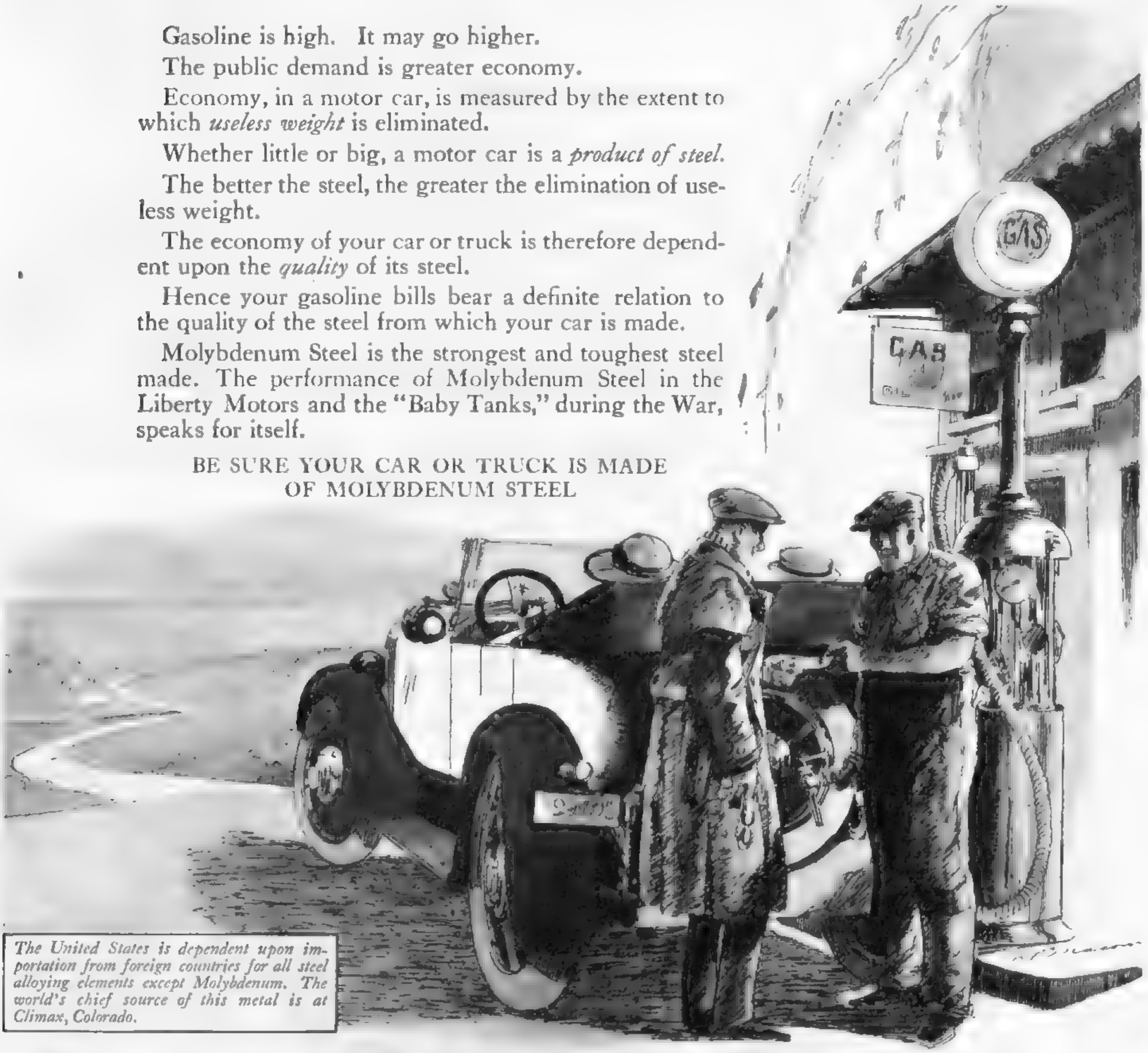
The better the steel, the greater the elimination of useless weight.

The economy of your car or truck is therefore dependent upon the *quality* of its steel.

Hence your gasoline bills bear a definite relation to the quality of the steel from which your car is made.

Molybdenum Steel is the strongest and toughest steel made. The performance of Molybdenum Steel in the Liberty Motors and the "Baby Tanks," during the War, speaks for itself.

BE SURE YOUR CAR OR TRUCK IS MADE
OF MOLYBDENUM STEEL



The United States is dependent upon importation from foreign countries for all steel alloying elements except Molybdenum. The world's chief source of this metal is at Climax, Colorado.

Climax Molybdenum Co. *associated with* **The American Metal Co., Ltd.**

61 Broadway —— New York

Climax Molybdenum Company is the largest producer of Molybdenum in the World

(Continued from Page 50)

"Perhaps. Most of these boys fought in the war; they played the game; but when they returned nobody had any use for them. I caught them on the rebound, when they were a bit desperate. We formed a company—but of that more anon. Will you be my guest, or will you be my prisoner?"

The velvet fell away from Cunningham's voice.

"Have I any choice? I'll accept the condition because I must. But I've warned you. I suppose I'd better ask at once what the ransom is."

"Ransom? Not a copper cent! You can make Singapore in two days from the Catwick."

"And for helping me into Singapore I'm to agree not to hand such men as you leave me over to the British authorities?"

"All wrong! The men who will help you into Singapore or take you to Manila will be as innocent as newborn babes. Wouldn't believe it, would you, but I'm one of those efficiency sharks. Nothing left to chance; all cut and dried; pluperfect. Cleigh, I never break my word. I honestly intended turning over those beads to you, but Morrissy muddled the play."

"Next door to murder."

"Near enough, but he'll pull out."

"Are you going to take Miss Norman along?"

"What, set her ashore to sick the British Navy on us? I'm sorry. I don't want her on board; but that was your play, not mine. You tried to double-cross me. But you need have no alarm. I will kill the man who touches her. You understand that, boys?"

The crew signified that the order was understood, though one of them—the returned Flint—smiled cynically. If Cunningham noted the smile he made no verbal comment upon it.

"Weigh anchor then! Look alive! The sooner we nose down to the delta the sooner we'll have the proper sea room."

The crew scurried off, and almost at once came familiar sounds—the rattle of the anchor chain on the windlass in the forepeak, the creaking of pulley blocks as the launch came aboard, the thud of feet hither and yon as portables were stowed or lashed to the deck-house rail. For several minutes Cleigh and Cunningham remained speechless and motionless.

"You get all the angles?" asked Cunningham finally.

"Some of them," admitted Cleigh.

"At any rate enough to make you accept a bad situation with good grace?"

"You're a foolhardy man, Cunningham. Do you expect me to lie down when this play is over? I solemnly swear to you that I'll spend the rest of my days hunting you down."

"And I solemnly swear that you shan't catch me. I'm through with the old game of playing the genie in the bottle for predatory millionaires. Henceforth I'm on my own. I'm romantic—yes, sir—I'm romantic from heel to cowlick; and now I'm going to give rein to this stifled longing."

"You will come to a halter round your neck. I have always paid your price on the nail, Cunningham."

"You had to. Hang it, passions are the very devil, aren't they? Sooner or later one jumps upon your back and rides you like the Old Man of the Sea."

Cleigh heard the rumble of steam.

"Objects of art!" went on Cunningham. "It eats into your vitals to hear that some rival has picked up a Correggio or an ancient Kirman or a bit of Persian plaque. You talk of halters. Lord lumme, how obliquely you look at facts! Take that royal Persian there—the second-best animal rug on earth—is there no murder behind the woof and warp of it? What? Talk sense, Cleigh, talk sense! You cable me: Get such and such. I get it. What the devil do you care how it was got, so long as it eventually becomes yours? It's a case of the devil biting his own tail—pot calling kettle black."

"How much do you want?"

"No, Cleigh, it's the romantic idea."

"I will give you fifty thousand for the rug."

"I'm sorry. No use now of telling you the plot; you wouldn't believe me, as the song goes. Dinner at seven. Will you dine in the salon with me, or will you dine in the solemn grandeur of your own cabin, in company with Da Vinci, Teniers and that Carlo Dolci the Italian Government has been hunting high and low for?"

"I will risk the salon."

"To keep an eye on me as long as possible. That's fair enough. You heard what I said to those boys. Well, every mother's son of 'em will toe the mark. There will be no change at all in the routine. Simply we lay a new course that will carry us outside and round Formosa, down to the South Sea and across to the Catwick. I'll give you one clear idea. A million and immunity would not stir me, Cleigh."

"What's the game—if it's beyond ransom?"

Cunningham laughed boyishly.

"It's big, and you'll laugh too when I tell you."

"On which side of the mouth?"

"That's up to you."

"Is it the rug?"

"Oh, that of course! I warned you that I'd come for the rug. It took two years out of my young life to get that for you, and it has always haunted me. I just told you about passions, didn't I? Once on your back, they ride you like the devil—downhill."

"A crook."

"There you go again—pot calling kettle black! If you want to moralize, where's the line between the thief and the receiver? Fie on you! Dare you hang that Da Vinci, that Dolci, that Holbein in your gallery home? No! Stolen goods. What a passion! You sail across the seas alone, alone because you can't satisfy your passion and have knowing companions on board. When the yacht goes out of commission you store the loot, and tremble when you hear a fire alarm. All right. Dinner at seven. I'll go and liberate your son and the lady."

"Cunningham, I will kill you out of hand the very first chance."

"Old dear, I'll add a fact for your comfort. There will be guns on board, but half an hour gone all the ammunition was dumped into the Whangpoo. So you won't have anything but your boson's whistle. You're a bigger man than I am physically, and I've a slue foot, a withered leg; but I've all the barroom tricks you ever heard of. So don't make any mistakes in that direction. You are free to come and go as you please; but the moment you start any rough house, into your cabin you go, and you'll stay there until we raise the Catwick. You haven't a leg to stand on."

Cunningham lurched out of the salon and into the passage. He opened the door to Cabin Two and turned on the light. Dennison blinked stupidly. Cunningham liberated him and stood back.

"Dinner at seven."

"What the devil are you doing on board?" asked Dennison thickly.

"Well, here's gratitude for you! But in order that there will be no misunderstanding, I've turned to piracy for a change. Great sport! I've chartered the yacht for a short cruise." His banter turned into cold, precise tones. Cunningham went on: "No nonsense, captain! I put this crew on board away back in New York. Those beads, though having a merit of their own, were the lure to bring your father to these parts. Your presence and Miss Norman's are accidents for which I am genuinely sorry. But frankly, I dare not turn you loose. That's the milk in the coconut. I grant you the same privileges as I grant your father, which he has philosophically agreed to accept. Your word of honor to take it sensibly, and the freedom of the yacht is yours. Otherwise I'll lock you up in a place not half so comfortable as this."

"Piracy!"

"Yes, sir. These are strangely troubled days. We've slumped morally. Humanity has been on the big kill, with the result that the tablets of Moses have been busted up something fierce. And here we are again, all kotowing to the Golden Calf! All I need is your word—the word of a Cleigh."

"I give it." Dennison gave his word so that he might be free to protect the girl in the adjoining cabin. "But conditionally."

"Well?"

"That the young lady shall at all times be treated with the utmost respect. You will have to kill me otherwise."

"These Cleighs! All right. That happens to be my own order to the crew. Any man who breaks it will pay heavily."

"What's the game?" asked Dennison, rubbing his wrists tenderly while he balanced unsteadily upon his aching legs.

"Later! I'll let Miss Norman out. That's so—her things are in the salon. I'll get them, but I'll unlock her door first."

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The minute you lay eyes on an Arnold Glove Grip Shoe, you'll be struck with its perfect style and perfect lines. And when you put your foot into it, you'll be astonished at its perfect ease, its solid comfort—without breaking in.

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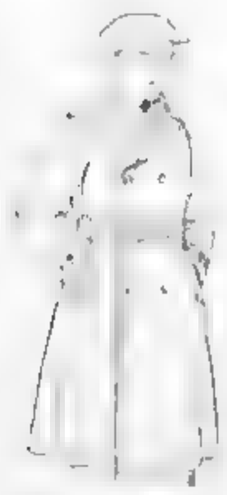
BOSTWICK has made the flannel shirt a style factor.

Choice fabrics, coat cut or army style, collar set to give "trim" appearance, tailored shoulders, matched buttons and careful sewing have been utilized to make the flannel shirt a *fit* garment for everyday wear—if it's a Bostwick.

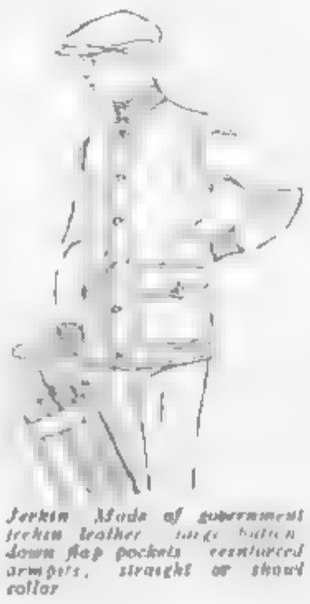
As a shirt for golf and all outdoor sports, these qualities are particularly valuable.



French coat Bemson are of made woven in 1 suede leather cuffing fur collar in tailed plaid back full belt

Bostwick dealers are making new customers with Bostwick flannel shirts, because of their style value—typical of the whole Warmwear line.

Active men turn eagerly to Bostwick Warmwear coats and jerkins—garments that "make friends with winter" and give outdoor protection in *all* seasons. And they are always garments of authentic style; choice fabrics, leather or fleece; correct lengths and fitted backs. Yet the prices are medium.



Jerkin Made of government jerkin leather large button down flap pockets reinforced armpits, straight or shawl collar

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Know Bostwick by this label

BOSTWICK WARMWEAR MINNEAPOLIS

"What in heaven's name has happened?" asked Jane as she and Dennison stood alone in the passage.

"The Lord knows!" gloomily. "But that scoundrel Cunningham has planted a crew of his own on board, and we are all prisoners."

"Cunningham?"

"The chap with the limp."

"With the handsome face? But this is piracy!"

"About the size of it."

"Oh, I knew something was going to happen! But a pirate! Surely it must be a joke?"

So it was—probably the most colossal joke that ever flowered in the mind of a man. The devil must have shouted and the gods must have held their sides, for it took either a devil or a god to understand the joke.

XI

THAT first dinner would always remain vivid and clear-cut in Jane Norman's mind. It was fantastic. To begin with, there was that picturesque stone image at the head of the table—Cleigh—who appeared utterly oblivious of his surroundings, who ate with apparent relish, and who ignored both men, his son and his captor. Once or twice Jane caught his glance—a blue eye, sharp-pupiled, agate-hard. But what was it she saw—a twinkle or a sparkle? The breadth of his shoulders! He must be very powerful, like the son. Why, the two of them could have pulverized this pretty fellow opposite!

Father and son! For seven years they had not met. Their indifference seemed so inhuman! Still she fancied that the son dared not make any approach, however much he may have longed to. A woman! They had quarreled over a woman! Something reached down from the invisible and pinched her heart.

All this while Cunningham had been talking—banter. The blade would flash toward the father, or whirl upon the son, or it would come toward her by the handle. She could not get away from the initial idea—that his eyes were like fire opals.

"Miss Norman, you have very beautiful hair."

"You think so?"

"It looks like Judith's. You remember, Cleigh, the one that hangs in the Pitti Galleria in Florence—Allori's?"

Cleigh reached for a piece of bread, which he broke and buttered.

Cunningham turned to Jane again.

"Will you do me the favor of taking out the hairpins and loosing it?"

"No!" said Dennison.

"Why not?" said Jane, smiling bravely enough, though there ran over her spine a chill.

It wasn't Cunningham's request—it was Dennison's refusal. That syllable, though spoken moderately, was the essence of battle, murder and sudden death. If they should clash it would mean that Denny—how easy it was to call him that!—Denny would be locked up and she would be all alone. For the father seemed as aloof and remote as the pole.

"You shall not do it!" declared Dennison. "Cunningham, if you force her I will break every bone in your body here and now!"

Cleigh selected an olive and began munching it.

"Nonsense!" cried Jane. "It's all awry anyhow." And she began to extract the hairpins. Presently she shook her head, and the ruddy mass of hair fell and rippled across and down her shoulders.

"Well?" she said, looking whimsically into Cunningham's eyes. "It wasn't there, was it?"

This tickled Cunningham.

"You're a woman in a million! You read my thought perfectly. I like ready wit in a woman. I had to find out. You see, I had promised those beads to Cleigh, and when I humanly can I keep my promises. Sit down, captain!" For Dennison had risen to his feet. "Sit down! Don't start anything you can't finish." To Jane there was in the tone a quality which made her compare it with the elder Cleigh's eyes—agate-hard. "You are younger and stronger, and no doubt you could break me. But the moment my hand is withdrawn from this business—the moment I am off the board—I could not vouch for the crew. They are more or less decent chaps, or they were before this damned war stood humanity on its head. We wear the same clothes, use the same phrases; but we've been thrust back a thousand years. And Miss Norman is a woman. You understand?"

Dennison sat down.

"You'd better kill me somewhere along this voyage."

"I may have to. Who knows? There's no real demarcation between comedy and tragedy; it's the angle of vision. It's rough medicine, this; but your father has agreed to take it sensibly, because he knows me tolerably well. Still it will not do him any good to plan bribery. Buy the crew, Cleigh, if you believe you can. You'll waste your time. I do not pretend to hold them by loyalty. I hold them by fear. Act sensibly, all of you, and this will be a happy family. For after all, it's a joke, a whale of a joke. And some day you'll smile over it—even you, Cleigh."

Cleigh pressed the steward's button.

"The jam and the cheese, Togo," he said to the Jap.

"Yess, sair!"

A hysterical laugh welled into Jane's throat, but she did not permit it to escape her lips. She began to build up her hair clumsily, because her hands trembled.

Adventure! She thrilled! She had read somewhere that after seven thousand years of tortuous windings human beings had formed about themselves a thin shell which they called civilization. And always someone was breaking through and retracing those seven thousand years. Here was an example in Cunningham. Only a single step was necessary. It took seven thousand years to build your shell, and only a minute to destroy it. There was something fascinating in the thought. A reckless spirit pervaded Jane, a longing to burst through this shell of hers and ride the thunderbolt. Monotony—that had been her portion, and only her dreams had kept her from withering. From the house to the hospital and back home again, days, weeks, years. She had begun to hate white; her soul thirsted for color, movement, thrill. The call that had been walled in, suppressed, broke through. Piracy on high seas, and Jane Norman in the cast!

She was not in the least afraid of the whimsical rogue opposite. He was more like an uninvited dinner guest. Perhaps this lack of fear had its origin in the oily smoothness by which the yacht had changed hands. Beyond the subjugation of Dodge, there had not been a ripple of commotion. It was too early to touch the undercurrents. All this lulled and deceived her. Piracy? Where were the cutlasses, the fierce mustaches, the red bandannas, the rattle of dice and the drunken songs?—the piracy of tradition? If she had any fear at all it was for the man at her left—Denny—who might run amuck on her account and spoil everything. All her life she would hear the father's voice—"The jam and the cheese, Togo." What men, all three of them!

Cunningham laid his napkin on the table and stood up.

"Absolute personal liberty, if you will accept the situation sensibly."

Dennison glowered at him, but Jane reached out and touched the soldier's sleeve.

"Please!"

"For your sake, then. But it's tough medicine for me to swallow."

"To be sure it is," agreed the rogue. "Look upon me as a supercargo for the next ten days. You'll see me only at lunch and dinner. I've a lot of work to do in the chart house. By the way, the wireless man is mine, Cleigh, so don't waste any time on him. Hope you're a good sailor, Miss Norman, for we are heading into rough weather, and we haven't much beam."

"I love the sea!"

"Hang it, you and I shan't have any trouble! Good night."

Cunningham limped to the door, where he turned and eyed the elder Cleigh, who was stirring his coffee thoughtfully. Suddenly the rogue burst into a gale of laughter, and they could hear recurrent bursts as he wended his way to the companion.

When this sound died away Cleigh turned his glance levelly upon Jane. The stone-like mask dissolved into something that was pathetically human.

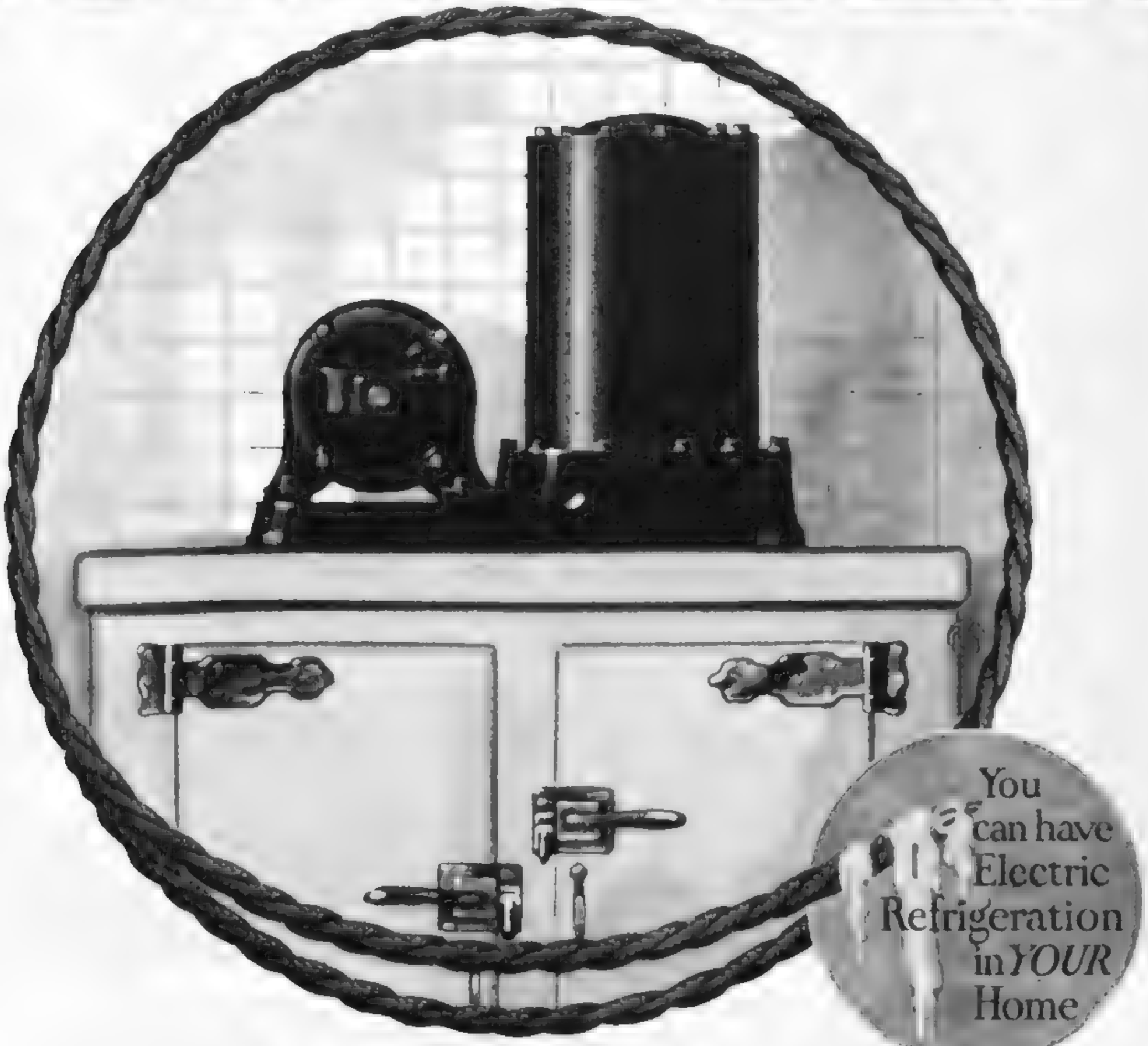
"Miss Norman," he said, "I don't know what we are heading into, but if we ever get clear I will make any reparation you may demand."

"Any kind of a reparation?"—an eager note in her voice.

Dennison stared at her, puzzled, but almost instantly he was conscious of the

(Continued on Page 57)

TOLEDO ELECTRIC COLDMAKER



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NATIONAL MOTOR CAR & VEHICLE CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS

National

20th

SUCCESSFUL YEAR

(Continued from Page 54)

warmth of shame in his cheeks. This girl wasn't that sort—to ask for money as a balm for the indignity offered her. What was she after?

"Any kind of reparation," repeated Cleigh.

"I'll remember that—if we get through. And somehow I believe we shall."

"You trust that scoundrel?" asked Cleigh astonishedly.

"Inexplicably—yes."

"Because he happens to be handsome?"- with frank irony.

"No." But she looked at the son as she spoke. "He said he never broke his word No man can be a very great villain who can say that. Did he ever break his word to you?"

"Except in this instance."

"The beads?"

"I am quite confident he knows where they are."

"Are they so precious? What makes them precious?"

"I have told you—they are love beads."

"That's rank nonsense! I'm no child!"

"Isn't love rank nonsense?" Cleigh countered. He was something of a banterer nimself.

"Have you never loved anybody?" she shot back at him.

A shadow passed over the man's face, clearing the ironic expression.

"Perhaps I loved not wisely but too well."

"Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't mean ——"

"You are young; all about you is sunshine; I myself have gone down among the shadows. Cunningham may keep his word; but there is always the possibility of his not being able to keep it. He has become an outlaw; he is in maritime law a pirate. The crew are aware of it; prison stares them in the face, and that may make them reckless. If you weren't on board I shouldn't care. But you are young, vital, attractive, of the type that appeals to strong men. In the dry stores there are many cases of liquor and wine. The men may break into the stuff before we reach the Catwick. That will take ten or twelve days if Cunningham lays a course outside Formosa. What's his game? I don't know. Probably he will maroon us on the Catwick, an island I know nothing about, except that it is nearer to Saigon than to Singapore. So then in the daytime stay where I am or where Captain Dennison is Good night." .

Dennison balanced his spoon on the rim of the coffee cup—not a particularly easy job.

"Whatever shall I do with the jade?" Jane asked irrelevantly.

"What?"

"The jade necklace. That poor Chinaman!"

"Ling Foo? I wish I had broken his infernal yellow neck! But for him, neither of us would be here. But he is right," Dennison added, with a jerk of his head toward the door. "You must always be with one or the other of us—preferably me." He smiled.

"Will you promise me one thing?"

"Denny."

"Will you promise me one thing, Denny?"

"And that is not to attempt to mix it with the scoundrel?"

"Yes."

"I promise—so long as he keeps his. But if he touches you- well, God help him!"

"And me! Oh, I don't mean him. It is you that I am afraid of. You're so terribly strong—and -and so heady. I can never forget how you went into that mob of quarreling troopers. But you were an officer there; your uniform doesn't count here. If only you and your father stood together!"

"We do so far as you are concerned. Never doubt that. Otherwise, though, it's hopeless. What are you going to demand of him—supposing we come through safely?"

"That's my secret. Let's go on deck."

"It's raining hard, and there'll be a good deal of pitching shortly. Better turn in. You've been through enough to send the average woman into hysterics."

"It won't be possible to sleep."

"I grant that, but I'd rather you would go at once to your cabin."

"I wonder if you will understand. I'm not really afraid. I know I ought to be, but I'm not. All my life has been a series of humdrum—and here is adventure, stupendous adventure!" She rose abruptly, holding out her arms dramatically toward space. "All my life I have lived in a shell, and chance has cracked it. If only you knew how wonderfully free I feel at this moment! I want to go on deck, to feel the wind and the rain in my face!"

"Go to bed," he said prosaically.

Though never had she appeared so poignantly desirable. He wanted to seize her in his arms, smother her with kisses, bury his face in her hair. And swiftly upon this desire came the thought that if she appealed to him so strongly, might she not appeal quite as strongly to the rogue? He laid the spoon on the rim of the cup again and teetered it.

"Go to bed," he repeated.

"An order?"

"An order. I'll go along with you to the cabin. Come!" He got up.

"Can you tell me you're not excited?"

"I am honestly terrified. I'd give ten years of my life if you were safely out of this. For seven long years I have been knocking about this world, and among other things I have learned that plans like Cunningham's never get through per order. I don't know what the game is, but it's bound to fail. So I'm going to ask you, in God's name, not to let any romantical ideas get into your head. This is bad business for all of us."

There was something in his voice, aside from the genuine seriousness, that subdued her.

"I'll go to bed. Shall we have breakfast together?"

"Better that way."

To reach the port passage they had to come out into the main salon. Cleigh was in his corner reading.

"Good night," she called. All her bitterness toward him was gone. "And don't worry about me."

"Good night," replied Cleigh over the top of the book. "Be sure of your door. If you hear any untoward sounds in the night call to the captain, whose cabin adjoins yours."

When she and Dennison arrived at the door of her cabin she turned impulsively and gave him both her hands. He held them lightly, because his emotions were at full tide, and he did not care to have her sense it in any pressure. Her confidence in him now was absolute, and he must guard himself constantly. Poor fool! Why hadn't he told her that last night on the British transport? What had held him back?

The uncertain future he had let that rise up between. And now he could not tell her. If she did not care, if her regard did not go beyond comradeship, the knowledge would only distress her.

The yacht was beginning to roll now, for they were making the East China Sea. The yacht rolled suddenly to starboard, and Jane fell against him. He caught her, instantly turned her right about and gently but firmly forced her into the cabin.

"Good night. Remember! Rap on the partition if you hear anything you don't like."

"I promise."

After she had locked and latched the door she set about the business of emptying her kit bags. She hung the evening gown she had worn all day in the locker, laid her toilet articles on the dresser and set the brass hand warmer on the lowboy. Then she let down her hair and began to brush it She swung a thick strand of it over her shoulder and ran her hand down under it. The woman in Phra the Phœnician, Allori's Judith—and she had always hated the color of it! She once more applied the brush, balancing herself nicely to meet the ever-increasing roll.

Nevertheless she did feel free, freer than she had felt in all her life before. A stupendous adventure! After the braids were completed she flung them down her back, turned off the light and peered out of the rain-blurred port. She could see nothing except an occasional flash of angry foam as it raced past. She slipped into bed, but her eyes remained open for a long time.

Dennison wondered if there would be a slicker in his old locker. He opened the door. He found an oilskin and a yellow sou'wester on the hooks. He took them down and put them on, and stole out carefully, a hand extended each side to minimize the roll. He navigated the passage and came out into the salon.

Cleigh was still immersed in his book. He looked up quickly, but recognizing the

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intruder, dropped his gaze instantly. Dennison crossed the salon to the companionway and staggered up the steps. Had his father ever really been afraid of anything? He could not remember ever having seen the old boy in the grip of fear. What a devil of a world it was!

Dennison was an able seaman. He had been brought up on the sea—seven years on the first Wanderer and five on the second. He had, in company with his father, ridden the seven seas. But he had no trade; he hadn't the money instinct; he would have to stumble upon fortune; he knew no way of making it. And this knowledge stirred his rancor anew—the father hadn't played fair with the son.

He gripped the deck-house rail to steady himself, for the wind and rain caught him head-on.

Then he worked his way slowly along to the bridge. Twice a comber broke on the quarter and dropped a ton of water, which sloshed about the deck, drenching his feet. He climbed the ladder, rather amused at the recurrence of an old thought—that climbing ship ladders in dirty weather was a good deal like climbing in nightmares; one weighed thousands of pounds and had feet of lead.

Presently he peered into the chart room, which was dark except for the small hooded bulbs over the navigating instruments. He could see the chin and jaws of the wheelman and the beard of old Captain Newton. From time to time a wheel spoke came into the light.

On the chart table lay a pocket lamp, facing sternward, the light pouring upon what looked to be a map; and over it were bent three faces, one of which was Cunningham's. A forefinger was tracing this map.

Dennison opened the door and stepped inside.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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MATTERS OF OPINION

The Day of Small Investors

BANKERS have estimated that if American business and industry are to be adequately financed and the wheels of commerce are to be kept turning, the amount of new money that must be poured into the investment hopper each year for an indefinite period is not much under ten billion dollars.

Staggering as this figure is without resorting to comparisons, its immensity may be more clearly realized when it is pointed out that before the war the entire investable surplus of the country was only about two billions a year, and the amount of new securities issued during the five-year period from 1909 to 1913, inclusive, was well under nine billions. From 1920 to 1924, inclusive, the nation's needs, on this basis, would be more than five times what they were for the five years ending in 1918, mounting to the almost unthinkable sum of fifty billion dollars. This estimate is perhaps so high as to be scarcely credible; but even if it is reduced by one-half it still represents a stupendous amount.

Financial magazines, discussing the country's tremendous demand for new capital, draw attention to the fact that up to the time of the first Liberty Loan campaign practically all the security selling in this country had been upon an intensive rather than upon an extensive basis. It is well known that up to 1917 there were not more than 350,000 habitual bond buyers in the country; yet upon this one-third of one per cent of the population virtually all the heavy sales-artillery of our great houses of issue was concentrated. New issues were effectually floated by this method; but the duplication of effort was so great that there is a classical case on record in which one investor received calls from no fewer than thirty-five bright young bond salesmen, all of whom came to offer him the same security.

Bankers who were active in selling Liberty Bonds incline to the belief that the distributing machinery they found so useful and effective will in some measure have to be duplicated if they are to find a market for the hosts of new issues that will have to be placed during the next few years. In other words, they are planning to devote more of their attention to that ninety-nine and two-thirds per cent of the population which has not yet acquired the bond-buying habit. In pursuance of this policy it is quite likely that efforts will be made to have at least one bank or trust company in every community large enough to support any sort of financial institution establish a department for selling bonds over the counter. This plan is very similar to the French system, under which even the smallest rural banks keep on hand securities in denominations of one hundred francs and upward and make it possible for the farmer or the country cobbler to buy a gilt-edged baby bond with as much ease and convenience as he can purchase a cake of soap.

Financial writers are fond of pointing out the duty of the banking fraternity to fill every requisition for capital, whether local or national, and they hint that by the establishment of bond departments country bankers can not only fulfill their obligations to the community at large but can incidentally make a very good thing out of it. There is no doubt of the reality of these duties; but one would like to see a little more stress put upon the banker's obligation to his depositors, for they, presumably, are the prospective customers of his bond department, and it is to a large extent their money with which he does business.

If the average banker were a free agent he would no doubt select very high-grade securities for his retail trade; but unfortunately investment bankers are not always free to pick and choose as they would like. They must take the fat with the lean, the bone with the gristle. Great bond houses that participate in large underwritings watch their customers very closely and those who refuse allotments of slow-moving and rather undesirable securities are often denied an opportunity to subscribe to those issues that are so obviously good that they are sure to go to a premium.

Retail security selling has infinite possibilities, but they will not be realized to the full until investment bankers devise some means of standardizing their wares and of distributing them under conditions that will safeguard the interests of the smallest and the most unsophisticated investor.

Flattery

MEN labor to get wealth, and having gained more than they can use they labor still for the joy of getting. So men labor to win praise, and having received the measure earned they find their appetites unsated still. A man of sense knows the measure of his worth to society; yet if he stumbles upon a gold mine he will contrive to convince himself that good fortune came in recognition of his superior virtue. He knows, also, the measure of praise he has earned; yet when flatterers shower him with compliments he will be persuaded of the reasonableness of their high opinion. Wealth and flattery are habit-forming narcotics, and the appetite for them is increased as it is fed.

One who has the wit to do good work has the wit to appreciate its merit. He can accept a just portion of praise without injury to his character, for a just portion of praise is no more than an echo of his own opinion. But unearned praise is an insult and a snare to trap man's wits.

One who gives you greater praise than you deserve is saying to himself: "I perceive that this person, who has a little ability, is nevertheless a simpleton. I shall stuff him with compliments until his poor brain is addled, and then I shall be his master. He will begin to think himself a genius, and will credit me with unusual wisdom because I am able to appreciate his greatness. And when his ego is sufficiently bloated to lift his feet off the ground I shall use him as a convenient tool."

Flattery is always an insult, for it assumes that the one to whom it is addressed is either an ass or an idiot.

No man of sense can stand flat-footed and absorb flattery without a twinge of nausea. If he is alone with the flatterer he may employ such means as may be necessary to choke off the flood and thus save his self-respect. But if there is a third person present, or a number of persons, so that he feels constrained to endure the ordeal lest he violate a popular conception of good manners, he will suffer torment and find grace to conceal his hurt. A mechanical smile, equally painful to himself and to those who behold it, will twist his face into unnatural lines; he will redden with shame for himself and the folly of mortals; his soul will writhe, and his fingers will itch to get at the throat of his tormentor.

While one who does good work retains the sense to measure its worth and recognize its imperfections, he will hew a path for further progress and find in the excellence of to-day's work encouragement and inspiration for better work to-morrow. But when he can listen to flattery and neither feel like an ass nor itch to indulge in homicide he has reached the end of his journey. To-morrow's work, inspired by vanity rather than ambition, will contain less of merit than to-day's, and each to-morrow will lead the way to the scrap pile at the foot of the hill where flattery's victims are wrecked. The great have been brought to the gutter by flattery.

Persons of little ability who yet have great ambitions have insatiable appetites for flattery and are seldom injured by it. They could not in any case mount above their present level, and the flattery that drugs the wit of abler men and persuades them to rest on their laurels serves only to content these with an inevitable mediocrity. One who cannot climb a mountain is made happy when persuaded that the hill on which he stands is the highest point in the world.

One who can accept the praise he has earned, and yet in his secret heart disparage the good work of to-day because it is so far short of the excellence he would attain, is annoyed by the flatterer as the musician is annoyed when the ignorant applaud during a long and impressive rest.

The mediocre love flattery. A love for flattery is sufficient proof of their mediocrity. It is a confession that they have finished their little trick and are now ready to be patted on the head. But one who is possessed of unusual ability feels a compelling urge to make to-morrow's work more worthy than to-day's, and resents the interference of those who would persuade him to be content with the thing he has done.

Food

CIVILIZATION is not wholly a matter of labor-saving devices and art. Culture does not lessen one's capacity for food. The proof of a civilization is in its ability to make square meals universal.

America has boasted of her ability to feed the world. It was a good boast in its day, but if the present trend continues through another decade America will go shopping abroad to get her rations. The overall movement from farm to factory is not a fad of a day.

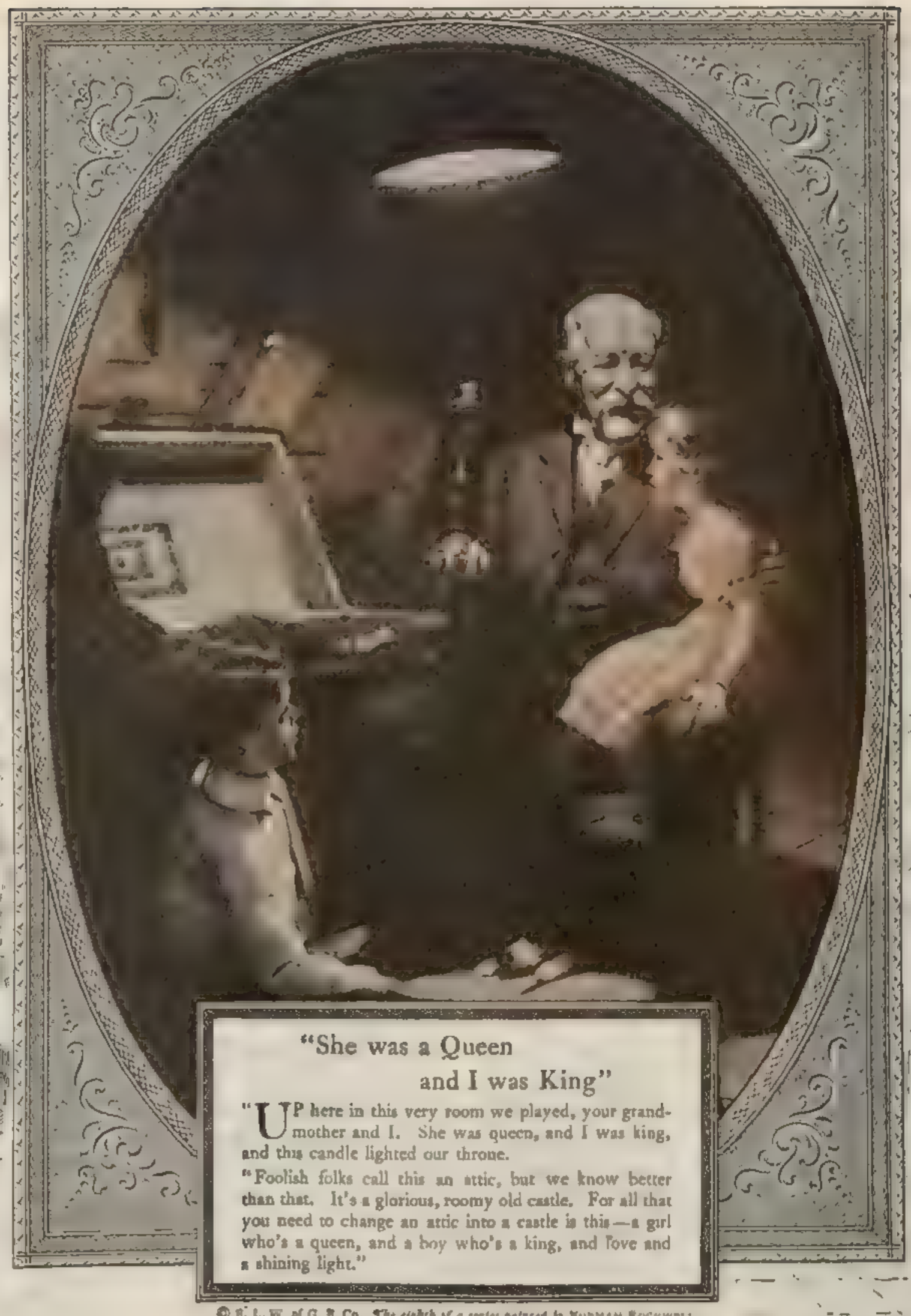
There is much propaganda designed to entice men from paved streets to plowed furrows, and all of it dwells upon the freedom and health and peace one may find in the country. It may touch the hearts of city men who are conscious of being slaves or city men who are broken in body and fed up on strife, but it does not appeal to the hale and hearty city man who is bent upon getting a fortune in the shortest possible time.

The fact that city men cannot be drawn away from the crowds and the fact that farmers are quitting their plows to make the crowds larger may be accepted as proof that the city offers an inducement the country cannot match.

It isn't the glare of lights or the shows or the shop windows. The inducement is a place in the shade and a chance to get money without sweat. Where a profit is easily obtained, there men gather in herds.

If one could earn one dollar an hour behind a plow there would be more plow hands than implements. Fresh air and sunshine will not be irresistible until they offer dividends that can be exchanged for limousines.

Argument, pleading and doleful prophecies will not attract men from an easy job to a harder one that pays less money. Money talks. There will be farm hands in abundance when a bean fetches a nickel and eggs are sold by the carat.



"She was a Queen and I was King"

"UP here in this very room we played, your grandmother and I. She was queen, and I was king, and this candle lighted our throne.

"Foolish folks call this an attic, but we know better than that. It's a glorious, roomy old castle. For all that you need to change an attic into a castle is this—a girl who's a queen, and a boy who's a king, and love and a shining light."

© E. L. W. of G. E. Co. *The eighth of a series painted by* NORMAN ROCKWELL *for the Edison Lamp Work*

ARE there wasted areas in your home—a dingy attic and a cellar that is gloomy and dark? A cellar can be transformed into a wonderful work-room for your boy with the light of MAZDA Lamps; and the attic can be for your boys and girls a castle of cheer and delight.

The name Edison MAZDA on a lamp is your guarantee that the lamp is the best that Science has developed. And when MAZDA Service, centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, makes possible a better lamp, it too will be marked Edison MAZDA.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

PRIOR to 1900 the reciprocating steam engine was Industry's chief prime-mover. Suddenly came the high speed steam engine, the Turbine and Oil and Diesel Engines. New and imperative demands were placed upon lubrication.

THE NEW MECHANICAL WORLD

The special needs which led to the creation of Gargoyle D.T.E.Oils

WITH the incoming rush of radically different types of industrial machinery which took place in the late '90's, it was apparent that no existing lubricants could adequately meet the new problems which arose.

The steam turbine had just emerged from the laboratory where it had been little more than a mechanical toy.

The use of electric power was suddenly multiplied.

Oil and Diesel Engines entered as real factors in the world's power production.

A marked trend toward higher speeds was evident in many classes of machinery.

Due to its unique position as world leader in scientific lubrication, the Vacuum Oil Company was naturally closely in touch with these developments. After considerable study and practical demonstration it was evident that the need was great for a class of oils having the following characteristics:

1—The ability to separate quickly from water and other impurities.

2—The ability to filter readily.

3—Quick absorption of bearing heat.

4—Freedom from corroding properties.

5—The ability to give continuous service, without breaking down, thus requiring a minimum amount of new oil.

6—The ability to lubricate under the high temperature condition of air compressors and Oil and Diesel Engines.

7—The ability to reduce carbon formation to a minimum.

With these characteristics in mind, the Vacuum Oil Company, after careful analysis and experiment, produced Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils. The success of these oils was immediate and outstanding.

Today the majority of steam turbines are lubricated with Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils. Today the standing of Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils in their field can be compared only to the supremacy of Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600 W in the field of steam cylinder lubrication.

If you have never used Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils you have not experienced the reliability of service and freedom from interruptions which these oils bring. And the use of Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils is a recognized factor among operators in keeping down bills for repairs and renewals.

You will find it worth while to send for a copy of our Book—"Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils." In writing for the Book please address our nearest Branch.

GARGOYLE BEARING OILS

THE following oils are prescribed by our Board of Engineers for the correct lubrication of all types of bearings.

Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils

The correct oils for circulation and splashsystems;forTurbines,Diesel, Gas and Reciprocating Steam Engines. These oils separate readily from moisture and other impurities which accumulate in these systems. Recommended for *both cylinders* and *bearings* of *Diesel* and *Gas Engines.*

Gargoyle D T E Oil Extra Heavy
Gargoyle D T E Oil Heavy
Gargoyle D T E Oil Heavy Medium
Gargoyle D. T. E Oil Light

Gargoyle Etna Oils

Heavy bodied oils, manufactured for the lubrication of machinery bearings in general:

Gargoyle Etna Oil Extra Heavy
Gargoyle Etna Oil Heavy
Gargoyle Etna Oil Heavy Medium
Gargoyle Etna Oil Medium
Gargoyle Etna Oil Light

Gargoyle Vacuoline Oils

Medium bodied oils for the lubrication of bearings of light high speed engines, machines and shafting:

Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil Extra A
Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil Extra B
Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil B
Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil C

Gargoyle Velocite Oils

Light bodied oils for the lubrication of textile machines:

Gargoyle Velocite Oil Bleached
Gargoyle Velocite Oil A
Gargoyle Velocite Oil B
Gargoyle Velocite Oil C
Gargoyle Velocite Oil D
Gargoyle Velocite Oil E

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.* NEW YORK, U.S.A.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: New York Pittsburgh Minneapolis Des Moines Boston Detroit Indianapolis Philadelphia Chicago Kansas City, Kan.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

There is no doubt that a great opportunity is afforded railroad managements in perfecting plans to expedite the movement of cars more promptly and at the same time increase the average load each car carries. Such action would be equivalent to adding many new cars to the present total in use. However, no degree of working efficiency that can be exercised will relieve the need of adding largely and promptly to the country's present supply of rolling stock and motive power.

One large association of those owning railroad securities proposes that Congress permit the organization of a corporation to deal with questions involving the joint use of railroad facilities, diversion of equipment from one railroad to another, the purchase of emergency equipment to be leased to the railroads in times of serious congestion and to deal with the joint use of terminals and other things which could best be done by a Federal corporation operating without profit and governed by trustees composed of practical railroad officials, financial men and representatives of the present Interstate Commerce Commission.

It is claimed that such a corporation, in coöperation with the Interstate Commerce Commission, could make better use in the public interest of the fund to be created from excess earnings than any other agency. The individual railroad would require, under such conditions, only the equipment necessary to its normal necessities, relying on the corporation to supply equipment by lease in emergencies and in times of congestion. This plan would provide an effective agency, nonpolitical in character and free from political influences.

A discussion of the transportation problem could be extended over pages, but it is my purpose only to touch sufficient high spots to impress the importance of the problem and the necessity of each and every American making the question a matter of his own personal business. If anyone is carrying the idea that adequate transportation is only of local or limited importance to a few people, the events of the coming winter will effectually dispel the illusion.

The other day I lunched with the president of a large coal corporation, and he was a pessimist; said we would have serious trouble before the winter was over. Yesterday, in conversation with another coal authority of no less importance, I was told that the dangers in the situation were greatly exaggerated. Summed up, certain facts stand forth: There is no lack of capacity on the part of the coal-mining industry to produce sufficient fuel to more than satisfy the country's needs; any scarcity of coal, therefore, will be the result of too few cars.

A number of investigations have shown that there is an excess in mine capacity of no less than 200,000,000 tons annually, and if the mines could be made to work with any reasonable degree of regularity there is an excess labor force of at least 150,000 men.

George Otis Smith, director of the United States Geological Survey, says: "We hear talk of the social cost of universal military training. The cost of the man days of enforced idleness in bituminous mining during an ordinary year is as great as that which would be involved in giving the year's class of all the young men of the country three months' military training."

The bituminous-coal consumption for the present coal year, which will end March 31, 1921, will not likely exceed 550,000,000 tons and may be no more than 500,000,000 tons. This means that our mines must produce a little better than 10,000,000 tons a week in order to supply the demand. Production up to the end of June was nearly 40,000,000 tons ahead of the same months in 1919, but was considerably less than the bituminous output of similar periods in 1918 and 1917, during which years the mines of the country were working under the urgencies of war.

It is a fact, therefore, that the fuel outlook at the present writing is encouraging. The trouble lies in the probability of a falling off in production, due to car shortage, in the fall and early winter months, when the railroads are devoting a large part of their time and equipment to moving the nation's agricultural products.

As early as July the railroad officials of Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas were confronted with the problem of transporting to market more than 100,000,000 bushels of wheat of this year's harvest in addition to many millions of bushels of last year's crop which was still awaiting cars. This is but an indication of what must happen in many parts of the country this fall, when the railroads will have to determine whether they will move coal or food.

For many years experts have known and the people of the country have been told that the remedy for all our fuel troubles is coal storage. The fault in not solving this basic problem lies partly with the public, through its short memory and lack of interest, and largely with the Government, the railroads and the producers of coal. Instead of working the mines at full blast during the cold months of the year, when transportation is difficult, the peak of production should come during the spring and summer months, when the railroads are not heavily engaged in moving agricultural products and when weather conditions are most favorable for railroad haulage. Storage can never be made a success until the consumer of coal is presented with a proposition making it attractive for him to provide storage space and invest his money in the purchase of supplies for future use.

In November and December, when the maximum demand for coal occurs, the mines work at about seventy-five to eighty per cent capacity, which is their best performance of the year. In April and May, when conditions are best for mining and hauling, the demand is least and the collieries only work at from fifty to sixty per cent capacity. This means a hardship on the miners through irregular employment and causes them to demand a rate of wages that will enable them to live even though employed on a part-time basis. The mine operator obviously suffers from this seasonal fluctuation and must charge a higher price for his coal, and the railroad companies that haul the product of the mines suffer seriously because they must invest in sufficient coal-carrying equipment to transport the maximum output of the collieries in November, when they have more business of other kinds offered them than they can handle, and then have this equipment lie idle during the slack summer season.

Too many people expect to lower the cost of our necessities without remedying the physical faults that are largely responsible for the high prices. Every consumer of coal pays the bill for the idleness of miners and mines. The overhead charges in a mine working at a hundred per cent capacity are very little more than when the same plant works at fifty per cent capacity. The smaller the number of tons produced the larger the share of the fixed overhead expenses which must be borne by each ton.

The cost of coal will easily vary from fifty to seventy-five cents a ton from month to month, according to the number of hours the mines are idle.

Everyone is hollering about the high cost of coal, and it is no wonder, for in certain industries, such as the operation of trolley lines and subways, the fuel bill is only exceeded by the charges for wages of employees. There are several splendid reasons why coal prices are high, but there isn't a single good excuse. Even squirrels know enough to prepare during the summer months for the bleak days of winter.

In the matter of food the situation is likewise confused. Thousands of acres of fertile land in all states remained idle this year, due to the farmers' inability either to procure help or pay the wages asked. If conditions are going to compel the farmer to cut down on his manual labor permanently, the maintenance of production will depend upon the greater use of mechanical devices to supplant men and the adoption of methods of intensive cultivation and fertilization which will result in a very much larger output an acre.

Just as economies in the operation of the railroads will help to tide us over a serious time of reconstruction, so must the nation commence to stop the leaks and practice economy in food handling and consumption. As to the food problem, the solution rests with the consumer as much as it does with the producer, and perhaps more.

A report showed recently that there is an estimated loss of $25,000 a week through the breakage of eggs shipped to New York alone. What this breakage amounts to throughout the whole country can well be imagined. Some authorities attribute this breakage epidemic to carelessness in switching railroad cars by new employees. Railroad men reply that the trouble is due to improper packing. Whoever is to blame, the waste is too great to permit its continuance. Several large produce merchants in Eastern cities report that the loss from breakage, not counting the cost of labor and material in repacking, now amounts to forty per cent of the total freight charges on all egg shipments. Here is another case where the consumer must pay for the negligence of others.

The inspectors of the Bureau of Food and Drugs in the country's largest city condemned as unfit for human food approximately 15,536,793 pounds of foodstuffs during the year 1919. These condemnations represent only such food as is actually inspected and do not include all foods wasted owing to decomposition.

More than seventy-five per cent of the food condemned was seized at the point of entry, piers, markets and railroad terminals, which at least prevented the food from getting into the hands of unscrupulous dealers. Though more than a dozen causes are given for this alarming waste, most of them could be eliminated. If we assume that the value of the food condemned was twenty cents a pound, the total loss would be $3,107,358.

Efforts are being made in some of the large cities on the Atlantic Seaboard to cause the establishment of modern piers by the different municipalities, suitably equipped for the protection of perishable goods, especially fruits, against freezing in the winter and spoiling in the summer. The remedy proposed suggests the operation of piers provided with heating apparatus for the protection of cargoes against cold weather. All steamships carrying perishable food cargoes would be permitted to unload their food products at one of these protected piers.

In order to show how necessary is fruit in the maintenance of our present dietary, I need only say that since 1840 the population of the United States has increased five times, while the consumption of fruit has increased twenty times. In this evolution of our food habits meat has been largely eliminated from the breakfast menu in most homes, and there is little doubt that this reduction of excessive meat eating has relieved the kidneys and intestines of many people from an unnecessary burden and actually contributed to their physical endurance.

No food waste is more deplorable than that of meat. Though we need more sheep and cattle in this country than are now available, it is no less desirable that we better utilize the herds and flocks already on hand.

The government surveys show that more than 4,000,000 cattle and sheep on American ranges died of starvation and disease last winter. This means a loss in meat of more than 1,500,000,000 pounds, or enough to provide nearly fourteen pounds for every man, woman and child in the nation.

Most of this waste is preventable, but even in this day of enlightened conservation I understand that but three states out of a total of twenty-five that lead in stock raising have adopted an effective plan designed to conserve their supply of food animals. It is not beyond hope that the present abnormal prices of meat will create a demand on the part of the public for Federal action looking to the elimination of these frightful animal losses.

Now at the height of the summer season, with growing crops all about us and ideal conditions for efficient transportation, we are feeling the pinch of a food, fuel and raw-material scarcity. In some places the production of steel has been slowed up and in hundreds of localities the construction of buildings and the operation of plants are being carried on with the greatest irregularity. If this is true now, what are we to face this winter?

Since the war ended we have been devoting our time ineffectually to trying to cure things instead of trying to prevent them. It will take years to build the cars we need, so the immediate remedy is the exercise of far greater efficiency in using our present equipment. The public always pays in full for managerial incompetency. Every car that remains idle, travels empty or is loaded light costs the country dollars. Every coal mine that closes down or operates spasmodically puts up the price of coal, and every steer that is permitted to starve and die on a Western range advances the cost of meat.

The people who produce the necessities of life must be forced to extend themselves in the elimination of wasted effort and wasted material. In many cases poor corporation earnings are due more to inefficiency in operation than to low rates and low prices.

The average independent citizen has been so bombarded of late by the educational campaigns of organized employers and organized employees that he has grown quite dizzy as a result of the arguments pro and con, and he has all but accepted the idea that higher prices alone will save many industries from disaster.

Though it is true that a twenty-five per cent increase in freight rates will only add four or five cents to the cost of a pair of shoes transported by rail two hundred or more miles, and most of us recognize the justice of the railroads' demands for higher rates, we must not overlook the possibilities offered the roads to help themselves.

A story of this kind should not end without some reference to our losses from strikes since the war ended. Whatever economies we may practice industrially and whatever sacrifices we may make personally will be futile if the strike epidemic persists. A careful estimate shows that as a result of strikes during 1919 labor lost approximately $750,000,000 and American industries $1,200,000,000.

In the face of this waste, is it any wonder that prices remain high? Every man, woman and child in America should be taught to know, as they do their A B C's, that any nation adopting a policy of less work and poorer work with more wages must pay the inevitable penalty, which is higher prices for everyone, irrespective of one's station in life.

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Highland Heather overcoats come in two weights—fall and winter. They come in a wide range of color, pattern, and design. They're the most beautiful overcoats made, and they give all-weather service—and double years of service.

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Clothing Specialties

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

Sense and Nonsense

Hi Johnson's Yes

DURING the Republican National Convention in Chicago the leaders behind the scenes, fearing that Senator Hiram Johnson might kick over the traces in the event of the nomination of a presidential candidate displeasing to him, repeatedly made overtures to the Californian to take the second place on the ticket. Invariably Johnson declined the proposition. Toward the last he showed signs of temper.

At this critical period the stage managers invoked the offices of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., as a go-between. They counted on the friendship which had existed between Johnson and young Roosevelt's father as a possible argument to bring about their purpose. It is of record, however, that Johnson was as briskly emphatic in stating his position to young Roosevelt as he had been in his language to earlier emissaries.

Nevertheless, right up to the eleventh hour the bosses trusted that Johnson might be induced to change his mind. A friend was in Johnson's room at the Blackstone Hotel on the night before the ticket was named, when Johnson's secretary came to say that Colonel Roosevelt was on the telephone desiring to speak with him. Johnson took down the receiver, and the friend, listening, heard him say this with pauses between each word:

"No—no—no—no—yes—no—NO!"

When Senator Johnson had hung up the receiver and returned to his seat the friend said: "Senator, I'm curious to know what the question from Colonel Roosevelt was which caused you to reply yes when all your other answers were such positive noes."

Johnson's eyes twinkled.

"That," he said, "was when the young man asked me if I could hear distinctly what he was saying."

Related Tidings

AT THE San Francisco convention two delegates from a remote district of Arizona were invited to a luncheon given by a civic organization.

The opening speaker, a prominent local business man, first paying the customary tribute to the unparalleled and unapproachable California climate, launched upon a panegyric of his native city, with particular regard to the spirit shown by the people of San Francisco after the great fire. He referred to the indomitable city "rising phœnixlike from its ashes."

The next speaker was a lawyer. He also handed out a few compliments to the climate and then progressed to the subject of the fire.

In the midst of his remarks he, too, likened San Francisco to a phœnix emerging undaunted from the embers to rebuild itself in greater glory than before.

One of the Arizona visitors turned to the other with surprise writ large upon his sunburned face.

"Bill," he said, "you certainly do have to travel away from home to hear the news. When was it that Phœnix had such a whale of a big fire?"

The Caddy's Proper End

IN A SOUTHERN town is a lady, socially prominent, who enjoys the reputation of being a modern Mrs. Malaprop. She is credited with having said once that she intended to hire a local clay modeler to make a bust of her hand. On another occasion, referring to a trip she had taken in an aëroplane, she declared that she certainly was glad when the machine descended and she set foot once more on terra cotta. The latest speech attributed to her had to do with the ancient game of Scotia.

"I've often thought," she said to a friend, "that I'd like to take up golf, but somehow I've never gotten round to it; and, besides, I don't know the first thing about playing it. Why, if I wanted to hit the ball I wouldn't know which end of the caddy to take hold of."

A Linguistic Marvel

OVER in France the average doughboy had a gorgeous confidence in his ability to speak the language of the country. When George Creel went across with the peace commission after hostilities ended he was in a Norman village one day when a perplexed-looking private, who evidently had not been abroad very long, approached a seasoned campaigner of the A. E. F. and asked the latter if he spoke French.

"Sure I speak French," said the veteran. "What's the matter?"

"Here's what's the matter," said the green soldier. "The man that keeps that shop yonder across the street sold me some post cards and I gave him a ten-franc note and now he's holding out part of my money on me. I wish you'd come on over there with me and straighten the thing out and make that guy give me what's coming to me."

"Sure I will," said the other.

Moved by curiosity, Creel trailed behind them, arriving just in time to hear the following dialogue between the linguist and the storekeeper.

"Parley voo Fransay?" demanded the veteran.

"*Oui, oui, monsieur.*"

"Then why the hell don't you give this boy his right change?"

Not Visible to the Eye

LITTLE Elizabeth, aged four, was being parentally reproved for indulging in an inordinate craving for chocolate caramels.

"If you eat so much candy," said her mother, "you'll ruin your stomach."

"Oh, I don't mind that, mamma," she answered; "it won't show with my clothes on."

Science's Marvels

ON A HOTEL porch at a summer resort a visitor approached in the dark the spot where a beautiful young thing with baby-blue eyes was sitting with an adoring youth.

As he neared the pair the stranger heard the girl say: "Aren't the stars just beautiful to-night? I love to sit and look at the stars on a night like this and think about science. Science to me is so interesting, so wonderful. Now you take astronomy. Astronomers are such marvelous men. One can understand how they have been able to figure out the distance to the moon and to all the other planets, and the size of the sun, and the rate of speed at which it travels, but how in the world do you suppose they ever found out the names of all those stars?"

Something Omitted

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL, the English actress, is renowned for a somewhat caustic wit. There is a story that on one occasion an interview with her was besought by a London playwright for whom personally Mrs. Campbell did not care deeply. The playwright in question was a self-educated cockney and sometimes in moments of forgetfulness he lapsed into the idioms of his youth.

He desired an opportunity to read to Mrs. Campbell a play he had just completed and in which he hoped she might consent to take the star rôle. She sat in attentive silence while he read the script, act by act.

When he had finished he looked up, evidently expecting some word of approval or at least of comment from his auditor. Mrs. Campbell, with a noncommittal look on her face, said nothing at all. An awkward pause ensued.

"Ahem," said the dramatist at length, "I'm afraid my play seemed rather long to you?"

"Long? Well, rather!" drawled the lady. "It took you over two hours to read it—without the h's."

The Chicken's Lure

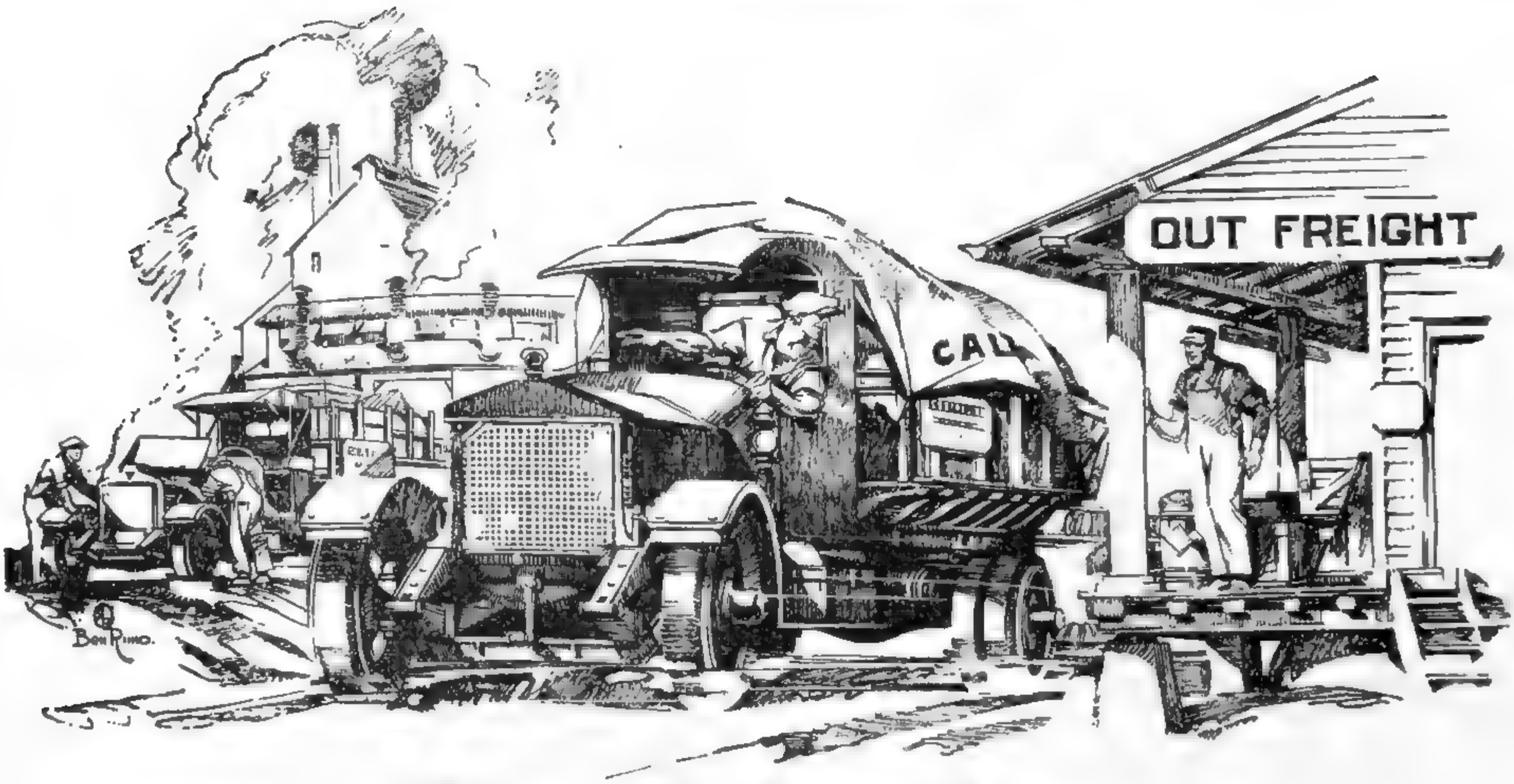
A NEW YORK theatrical man who is known to have an appreciative eye for all good-looking young persons of the opposite sex, also has a precocious seven-year-old son.

A friend of the family was putting simple conundrums to the youngster.

"Here's one for you," he said. "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

The youngster looked up.

"'Cause my dad is on the other side wavin' to her," he said.



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Pay for a magneto—the *predominant truck ignition*—at the start. It costs the truck maker more to put it on. But it economizes for you all the time in a multitude of different ways.

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Magneto Ignition
IS ECONOMICAL

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Magneto Manufacturers, 250 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

SEED OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 5)

"Well, I think she cares a lot more for you than she shows. But she has to dance it out—and then, too, it's New York. If she'd marry you, Sid, and go away I'd keep a candle burning forever. You don't know what—what a peach she is really. It's just vitality struggling to express itself."

"Bless her heart," he said, "you can't blame her for flying on the golden side of life. Things have come so easy for her."

"Sid"—Anna paused and considered him for a time before she plunged into the confidence. "Things aren't going to come very easy for her or for me—from now on."

"Anna!" A new look of concern came into his homely, weather-beaten face. "You haven't struck a snag!"

"You might call it that. It's very considerate of people to say that we're staying with Aunt Julia until father's estate has been settled up. But that's been settled up, Sid. Mr. Munson has been very kind and seen that every cent was paid off quietly."

"You don't mean to say ——"

Anna nodded.

"The Tuxedo house was sold last week with almost every stick of furniture in it. It was quietly arranged so that it wouldn't get in the papers and give people a chance to say that we're stony broke—which we are. You see, father kept his affairs pretty much to himself—he'd been so sick and quiet for the past two years. We went right on as we always had up to the day of his death. I didn't know, and Zudie didn't know, that we were living on borrowed money. Father had been retired from business so many years I think he lost his business sense, and he'd lived so much in Japan ——"

Anna's mind strayed a little and she lapsed into silence. What had Judge Brand's travels in Japan to do with his commercial failure?

"Does Zudie know all this?" asked Footridge presently.

"Yes. She's taking it in her own way. That has something to do with her restlessness, I think. She realizes, as I do, that we can't stay on here. Aunt Julia has been too kind."

The last phrase expressed it all. Too kind! A kindness that rankled, meddled, insulted, cloyed.

"I haven't a lot to offer," mumbled Sid Footridge. "But if she'd only be satisfied with my pay."

"You're a dear boy," declared Anna, patting his hand impulsively. "I think she's going to choose you, Sid. But you've got to be awfully patient with Zudie."

"She's worth it," he growled.

"Yes, she really is. I think she could marry any of a half dozen light little fellows of her set, but I'm proud to say she doesn't want to. And I'd starve, Sid, before I'd see her make such a concession."

Anna stiffened in her chair and forced a faint smile to her lips.

"I'm putting an awfully dreary face on it," she declared. "After all, it's not a matter of bread and butter. My husband"—there was always a little catch in her voice at the mention of that beloved ghost—"left some insurance, and I have his pension."

"Alec had a bit of property, too, didn't he?" asked Footridge, speaking familiarly as though Lieutenant Bly were still alive.

"Yes, there's a farm."

"Where?"

"Somewhere in California. It's somewhere just outside a town named Bly. It seems that his father owned all that district in 1879, but he sold out piecemeal. There's a sixty-acre tract there planted in prunes."

"In what?" asked Footridge.

"Prunes," repeated Anna, without humor. "We've been leasing it to a Japanese farmer and getting twenty-five hundred a year."

"Of course," he calculated, "with that and the other money you can pull through."

"That's just what I've been trying to figure out. But the more I figure the worse it looks. Two women and two children trying to keep up appearances in New York on less than four thousand a year! It can't be done, Sid. It isn't as if we could live here on Aunt Julia's kindness; it isn't as if we could disappear into a side street. People we've known all our lives—it sounds weak, Sid, but I'm afraid to be poor in New York."

Sid Footridge studied her before he asked, "I wonder how you'd live away from New York?"

"I really don't know. Of course there's that farm in California."

"Oh, no!" Footridge gave a dry chuckle.

"Why not?" she asked, nettled by his tone.

"Japs," was all he said.

"Even if there are Japanese, I don't see how that could make any difference. Father lived among the Japanese a great many years of his life. Kipps was born when I was waiting for Alec's squadron to touch at Nagasaki. I think the best friend our family has ever had is Baron Tazumi."

"I suppose you know them better than I do," said Footridge with a tolerance that somehow irritated her.

"Well, what's your objection, Sid?" Anna asked.

"None in the world. All I want is to see you settled down in a place where you and Zudie can be happy. Of course, it's a long way to take her, but I'm as likely to be in California as in Spain or China. It isn't that ——"

"Well, what is it, Sid?"

The lieutenant commander snapped to his feet and cried with a conscience-stricken air: "By George! Here it's four-twenty-one and I'm to report aboard ship at five. It's all right, Anna. I'll trust your judgment whatever way it flies."

II

ZUDIE'S prolonged absence didn't make that evening easier for Anna. About six o'clock Aunt Julia—who ignored her brother's dying wish as she had ignored all his wishes—emerged from her state of coma and came forth, a righteous, stout lady in deep mourning. She strode into Anna's room and found her stitching a ruffle on a garment for little Nan. Sewing on Sunday was an infringement of household discipline, but Aunt Julia had more important misdemeanors to settle.

"Where's Judith?" she asked, her mouth drawn into a pucker.

Aunt Julia was the only living person who hadn't forgotten Zudie's baptismal name.

"She went to Mr. Lonsdale's," replied Anna. Then realizing how that would sound to Aunt Julia's blameless ear she added rapidly, "Mrs. Innes and Mrs. Crockett are giving the party—really."

"Party!" Aunt Julia sat down and a wicker chair creaked under the dead weight. "A party—on Sunday—out of a house of mourning!"

"Maybe I used the wrong word," replied Anna, struggling with her temper. "It was just a few young people."

"Isn't she coming home to supper?" the inquisitor held her to the mark.

"I don't know."

If the reply was short it was because Anna Bly could trust herself to say no more.

The speed with which Aunt Julia came to her feet did credit to the latent energy of the fat. She undulated toward a desk telephone on the other side of the room and wasted no time in getting Mr. Lonsdale's apartment.

"Is Miss Brand there?" asked her carefully measured tones. "I should like to speak to her, please." A thunderous pause. "Is that you, Judith? I hope I haven't interrupted your fun, my dear. I have just called up to inquire if you were coming home for supper. Thank you. So good of you to let me know."

The receiver was laid back on its hook with all the gentleness of which a Christian hand is capable.

"Poor Judith!" sighed Aunt Julia. "It's a sore cross for you to bear, Anna, darling, with all the troubles that have been laid on your shoulders. It isn't as though dear brother were with us. Don't you think, Anna, that you might use your influence to remind the child of the change—the changed condition ——"

It must have been something in Anna's eyes as she glanced up from her sewing that caused Aunt Julia's sirupy monologue suddenly to come to an end. She bit her lip and vanished gloomily through the doorway.

Anna had thought that she could not endure another supper alone with Aunt Julia, but she got through it surprisingly well. The heavy lady in black had evidently made up her mind to avoid the unspeakable. She was giving Zudie the silent treatment. In all her remarks she seemed to be walking clumsily round a distasteful subject. She lectured a while on woman's duty to the race. Things were coming to a dreadful pass when young people must dance on Sunday afternoon in order to enjoy themselves. Once or twice Anna thought of screaming. Instead she went on cutting cold roast beef.

Finally Aunt Julia swung into a topic far more pleasant. Baron Tazumi had been very thoughtful in asking them to sit in a box during the Cherry Blossom Society's dinner next Wednesday night. He had been so considerate—he was always that! He had realized that in the light of their recent bereavement they would not care to make a public appearance; but he had arranged it so that they could hear without being seen, and the baron was to make the speech of the evening. He was growing so celebrated for his oratory, which accomplished so much for the ultimate brotherhood of man!

In spite of the sweetish praise Anna found herself agreeing with every word. Baron Tazumi represented no race to Anna Bly. He had been such a friend! Even though this noble Japanese had been several years his junior, Judge Brand had gone to him in the most intimate matters. The Brands had first met him in Tokio during the years when the judge had lived there in our Government's service. Tazumi had been an officer in the imperial army in those days, and his social position had been useful in many ways. Anna had never forgotten the service he had done her when she had been alone in Nagasaki. That was just before Kipps was born.

"Was there ever such a wonderful friend?" Anna heard her aunt asking across the somber table. "My dear, he's been like an elder brother to you."

"Indeed he has," Alec Bly's widow found herself agreeing.

"And to think that he has mastered the art of public speaking in our own tongue!" the sweet, fat tones rambled on. "Who but a Japanese could accomplish such a task? Aren't they a wonderful little people?"

Anna read in bed until after eleven; then she put out the light and tried to sleep on her problems. But she twisted and turned between the sheets, and once or twice she thought of getting up and telephoning to Bunnie Lonsdale's apartment. Aunt Julia had been all too right in her piously worded criticism. Something had to be done about Zudie. Something—but what?

"There's no use going on like this."

She repeated it over and over like a chant, hoping to drive herself to sleep by the monotony of repetition. The door creaked softly and a step was heard on the rug.

"Ann!" came a dramatic whisper. "Ann, turn on the light!"

Anna pulled the chain of her bedside lamp and saw her sister standing there, still wearing her hat and coat. Her color was brilliant, her eyes shining. Anna had never seen her look so pretty.

"Is Aunt Julia very sore?" was the girl's first question.

"Sh!" cautioned the young widow. "You're apt to wake her. Yes, I think she's sore."

"I know it was perfectly horrid of me," said Zudie, seating herself on the edge of the bed. "But I simply couldn't break away. It was a wonderful party, but I couldn't stand a lot more like it. How much loose change have we got between us, Ann?"

"Zudie! You didn't lose any money, did you?" asked the elder sister, sitting up in bed.

"Twenty-seven dollars," replied Zudie.

"Oh, my child!"

It was a strange thing for Anna to do—Anna, who had not shed a tear when the terse military report of her husband's death had come to her. But now she buried her head in the pillows and gave way to a torrent. She came to her senses to find Zudie clinging to her, supplicating her with a thousand endearing terms.

"Ann, darling, you've got to forgive me! I'm such a fool! Oh, what have I done to hurt you so? Can't you see how much I depend on you, Ann? You're all I've got—and I'm getting to be such a rotter!"

Anna Bly ceased to weep, and held the girl close as she would have held a crying child.

"Zudie," she said, "we're both of us spoiling our lives here. It's the strain of trying to keep up in a place where we don't belong that's driving us to all sorts of silly things."

"I know it," replied Zudie. "Sometimes I feel that I've got to get out to keep from killing Aunt Julia with one of her awful vases. Can't we go somewhere, Ann? Somewhere a long way off?"

It seemed the chosen instant for Anna Bly to speak the thing she had on her mind.

"Zudie," she said, "would you go over to my dressing table and bring me those two letters?"

The open envelopes which Zudie fished out of a top drawer were as different in appearance as peasant from bourgeois. The one was mean and flimsy; it was addressed in a schoolboy hand, purple ink being the medium, to Mrs. A. Bly, Esq. The other bore the business letterhead of Helmholtz & Son, Real Estate Brokers.

"They came by the late mail yesterday," explained Anna. "I've been thinking them over. You see this one"—she brought a folded sheet from the more respectable of the two envelopes—"looks like a bona-fide offer. It might settle something."

She opened the letter before Zudie's eyes and read it again over her shoulder.

"*Dear Madam:* In re your holdings at Bly, California, would say that the present three-year lease now held by K. Matsu expires on March fifteenth, same being in compliance with the law which requires us to lease to a new tenant.

"Would say that we may have trouble in finding a new tenant willing to pay the same rental as the outgoing party. About fifteen acres of your tract is set out in old trees, past their full bearing.

"How would you consider a selling proposition? We have been approached by a responsible party willing to pay seven hundred dollars an acre, which is very liberal when you consider the condition in which the outgoing tenant has left the property.

"Would strongly advise a sale, as we consider this a gilt-edged proposition. The farmhouse, which has never been occupied by the farmers, is in bad condition, but our customer is willing to take all the property as is.

"Kindly notify us by wire, as the party we have in mind is anxious to occupy at once. Yours truly,

"CYPRIAN HELMHOLTZ."

The sisters looked at each other with a wild surmise.

"You see," said Anna, "that's forty-two thousand dollars."

"Invested at six per cent," replied Zudie, who had a way of coming down to the practical in the hour of decision—"invested at six per cent—let me see. That would mean two thousand, five hundred and twenty dollars—just about what you're getting now."

"Yes, but there'd be no worry. Real estate is never safe. Suppose there should be a tidal wave or something on that river!"

"How do you know Alec's property isn't worth more than that?" asked the suddenly practical sister.

"It's a lot of money," replied Anna, her thoughts upon a sum that looked like Golconda just then.

"What is that servant-girl-looking thing?" asked Zudie, picking up the other letter which lay upon the bedclothes. This, too, was interesting in the suggestions which its painfully rounded o's and religiously dotted i's conveyed to the reader.

"HON. MRS. MADAM,

"*Dearest Sir:* Undoubtlessly you are siprised from me because my name cannot be squinted to yours. Yet I are here pussuing arricultural work nearside to your neighborly propity which I adore because of its goods prunes etc.

"How would you term a lease with me for my three yrs workmanship on farm? I have been growing with trees fifteen yrs in state of Cal and can raise deliciously in American dirt.

"Plese state term which would bring me in where Mr. Matsu went away. Would rent openly from you or go with you ½ on

(Continued on Page 67)

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Each ring packed in sealed individual carton. Twelve cartons to the container

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basis. Thanks to know all these replies with your good health. Yours truly,

"MR. J. SHIMBA, ESQ."

Mr. Helmholtz's elegantly typed letter lay in Anna's lap. Zudie was holding the flimsy sheet with its purple scrawl.

"I think I prefer Mr. J. Shimba, Esquire," said the girl decisively. "It's straightforward, clear and to the point. He wants to be brought in where Mr. Matsu went away. It's almost childishly honest."

"Yes," replied Anna, but her look was tragic, "we would be getting just what we did before."

"We would be getting two or three times as much!" cried Zudie, her voice rising to a hopeful key, which threatened to rouse Aunt Julia from her holy dreams.

"Zudie, what do you mean?" inquired Anna through a strangling embrace which her sister was tightening round her neck.

"I've got it all in a great white flash!" persisted the younger sister. "We'll not let other people use our farm to get rich on. Can't you see? Mr. J. Shimba, Esquire, says he wants to lend us his workmanship 'one-half on basis.' Done into English, that means fifty-fifty. The farms round Bly are the richest in the world—everybody says so. We're going to have half of the profit, Anna!"

Anna sat back, amazed to know how a real problem could bring hope into both their hearts.

"How would we look on a farm?" she asked, wavering on the brink of that important decision.

"Splen-did!" cried Zudie. "Lots of American girls—the sort we know too—are going in for farming—making a big go of it. Letty Parrish went to her father's ranch in Wyoming and became a cowgirl. She's crazy about it. Don't you think a girl who can play tennis all day and dance all night can stand a little outdoor exercise?"

"It would be wonderful for the children," reflected Anna. Indeed Zudie's words brought her the first warming ray she had felt these many weeks.

"It would be the making of them!" declared the little enthusiast. "They wouldn't have to wear anything but overalls, and they'd be in the sun all the time. They say the California schools are excellent."

Now that her long-controlled will had once given way, Anna had a shameful feeling that she was going to cry again.

"Don't, honey!" begged Zudie, sinking on her knees by the bed. "We'll fight it out together. It will be like heaven to be in California away from all this cold and poverty and hard luck. Why, with sixty acres we're rich! And they say the Japanese are wonderful farmers. And think of the things we'll avoid! I won't have Bunnie Lonsdale and his silly crowd pulling me right and left. We won't have any servant problems—except Susan Skelley, and she's always a problem wherever we are."

"I wonder what Baron Tazumi would say to this!" Anna broke in, her mind swerving into another channel.

"We'll tackle him at the Cherry Blossom dinner," said Zudie. "We're all going, aren't we?"

"Oh, yes. Aunt Julia says ——"

As though the name had summoned that righteous spirit, Aunt Julia's night-clad figure bulked large in the door.

"Good deeds are never born at midnight," she announced piously.

Which was more than enough to send Zudie to bed.

III

SID FOOTRIDGE dined at Aunt Julia's table on Wednesday night, and afterward sat with the ladies in their discreetly sheltered box at the Cherry Blossom Society's dinner. They arrived just before the speechmaking began, and Anna's restless mind was divided between her anxiety for Sid's and Zudie's happiness and her admiration for the talented Japanese who was to deliver the address of the evening.

It was due to the baron's thoughtfulness, they felt, that their box was so cleverly screened in artificial cherry blossoms that they could see without being seen. The banquet room upon which they looked was splendid with decorations which successfully symbolized the occasion. Several important Americans—capitalists, politicians, clergymen—were on the eve of departure for Japan, where they were to spend several weeks.

"How well the Japanese do everything!" cried Aunt Julia, looking down from her flowery balcony.

How well indeed! From floor to cornice the walls were masked in boughs of pinkish bloom which framed tall temple paintings of Nippon's mighty gods. Enormous fish-skin lanterns, yellow as harvest moons, glowed from the ceiling. In the center of every table was a little Japanese garden with crooked streams, rocky shores and midget cherry trees on the banks. A life-size garden with four-foot pines, a tortuous gold-fish pond, arched bridges, stone lanterns and woodland images stood centered before the speakers' table.

"They're irresistible!" whispered Aunt Julia.

"Aren't they?" said Footridge.

He, too, was leaning curiously forward. The president had risen and was rapping for order. At the long table several famous men were recognizable—a world financier, a retired diplomat, several important bankers, a clergyman of international reputation. Their broad shirt fronts and pinkish faces contrasted sharply with the sallow complexion, domy foreheads and thoughtful features of the little giants of Nippon.

Sweeping her opera glasses along this distinguished row, Anna caught sight of Baron Tazumi, three to the left of the president's chair. She regarded him with the critical interest with which we watch our friends performing in public. The speaker was droning on in rather a dull eulogy of the cherry blossom—flower of the samurai and sacred memorial of George Washington's hatchet.

The kindly, handsome face of Baron Tazumi recalled to Anna many grateful memories. He had been such a friend! How open-minded he had been! How he had sympathized with and appreciated her father's aspirations! What a delicate chivalry he had shown on one or two occasions when chivalry was most needed! Zudie had been a schoolgirl when Anna's first baby was born. Alec had been at sea and her father away on an expedition at Hokkaido. Tazumi, then an officer in the imperial army, had stood apart, unobtrusive and unseen, and arranged everything.

He had brought a skillful doctor from Tokio; he had sent the women of his mother's household to attend her; and when the boy was born and Anna could smile again and look round her she had found by her bed a gift of beautiful significance. It was a straight little pine tree in a porcelain bowl, and on the body of the bowl there was painted in simple, lovely lines the picture of a rising sun, just peeping above the ocean edge. The pine for long life, the rising sun for a hope newborn! Anna's second child was born in Baltimore two years later. She had had good care there, and many friends, but Tazumi's chivalrous thoughtfulness had been felt again. Once more the little pine and the rising sun had been brought to the hospital. It had been carried from Washington by one of the baron's servants.

The president closed his remarks and gave way to the toastmaster. Anna heard something of what this able, nervous gentleman said. It was eminently fitting, he pointed out, that the flower of American civilization—with a nod toward the distinguished gentlemen about to visit Japan—should go forth to Nippon to taste the delightful hospitality of that island empire; especially fitting indeed because at no time in the history of the two nations had petty intrigue and selfish journalistic exploitation threatened so much harm to the two peace-loving peoples.

Then a learned Japanese educator took the floor. He had a lean and thoughtful face, but he spoke English incoherently, with innumerable hisses and a Japanese tendency to turn every *l* into an *r*. Anna thought she heard the names of Commodore Perry and of William Jennings Bryan and of Theodore Roosevelt.

Her mind wandered again. What was meant by that reference to meddling politicians and selfish newspapers? What could be gained by trouble with Japan? Her father had loved and admired the little people; had always spoken of their pitiful hunger for land—sixty millions of people farming a rocky and mountainous strip with an arable area far smaller than that of California! Wasn't there room on this green earth for all its patient, well-deserving tribes?

She emerged from her reverie to see Baron Tazumi coming to his feet, a figure of a very noble gentleman. His skin was paler, his eyes rounder than the average of his race. With his tightly twisted little mustache he appeared more like a Frenchman than an Oriental. On a ribbon below his lawn tie hung suspended the Order of the Rising Sun.

Mrs. Stannard and her nieces brought their hands together, the warmth of their hearts lending energy to their applause. Who could hold a prejudice against such a man? Anna's subconscious mind was asking that question as the baron acknowledged the applause with a dignified smile, and his shining eyes, which seemed to see everything, glanced swiftly up toward the box where Mrs. Stannard's party was sitting.

"My friends of the Cherry Blossom," he began in his careful Oxford English, "upon the day when Commodore Perry sailed into our harbor, as romantic a voyager as Marco Polo into the enchanted realms of the Grand Khan, he brought to Japan at once a great treasure and a great responsibility. The eyes of Nippon were opened wide as the sun upon her flag. For twenty-five hundred years we had built our civilization, stone upon stone, mound upon mound. Under the beneficence of our wise and mighty rulers we had perfected our little empire until no humble street was without its beauty spot, no ell of ground without its sacred memory. Self-contained, self-supporting—self-satisfied, I will admit—we had reared, all unknown to the other world, a race of artists, poets, statesmen and soldiers. Long before the day of Charlemagne we had had our Renaissance; before a Norman duke had carried the sword of culture into savage Britain we had borrowed the craftsmanship of China and India's religious inspiration.

"And yet in the age of steam and electricity Nippon lay a-dreaming, old as her hills and young as the new-sprouted rice. What had she but the honor of her chivalry, the sanctity of her shrines? Then Perry knocked at the door of Japan—or it was like the clangor of some brazen gong outside a temple torii.

"'Awake, daughter of Amaterasu! Seed of Yamato, germinate anew! Why do you dream forever among your ancient groves, forgetful of your share in mankind's greater work? A new sun is risen, and with it a new day. Progress calls you into its brotherhood to make you one with all mankind. America, ever-generous giver, has come with the gift of all the science you have neglected. But with that gift is a heavy responsibility. You must learn that you may teach. China, Korea, the stately lands of India lie sodden and in darkness. Daughter of Nippon, to you I bring the golden key. Will you accept it and go forth with us into the world?'"

The speaker paused, and there lay over the large room that crystal-clear silence which the orator values more highly than applause.

"My friends, you see Japan to-day. We make no superior claims, for in our hearts we are very humble. But I ask you to-night, my brothers and sisters of the great republic, have we done well or ill?"

"Well! Well!" echoed the cry from hundreds of throats as the golden lanterns above seemed to sway with the storm of applause.

"No people," went on the speaker as soon as silence was restored, "can leap in a generation from the age of Charlemagne to the age of Roosevelt without committing its blunders. Yet no one can say that Japan has not tried with all the strength of a stout heart. And America has been always with us; always the wise and patient teacher, shielding us from our enemies often; and more often from our worst enemy, which has sometimes been ourselves. Thanks to your great republic, Japan has learned to stand upon her feet and to join America in her benevolent guardianship of the Pacific.

"And when the world was shattered by the earthquake of war, Japan, grown into a constitutional monarchy like England, never hesitated to join forces against the German spoiler. Almost before the Western front was ablaze we had advanced on Kiao-chau and pulled the Prussian spearhead from the side of China. In the cause of humanity we unsheathed the sword of the samurai, that the world should be freed forever of militarism. For we too had felt the canker of Prussian intrigue and propaganda.

"Now it is over. Germany has not forgiven Japan—and why should she? All during the war her secret agents were at work against us. Some American newspapers have seized upon that siren song,

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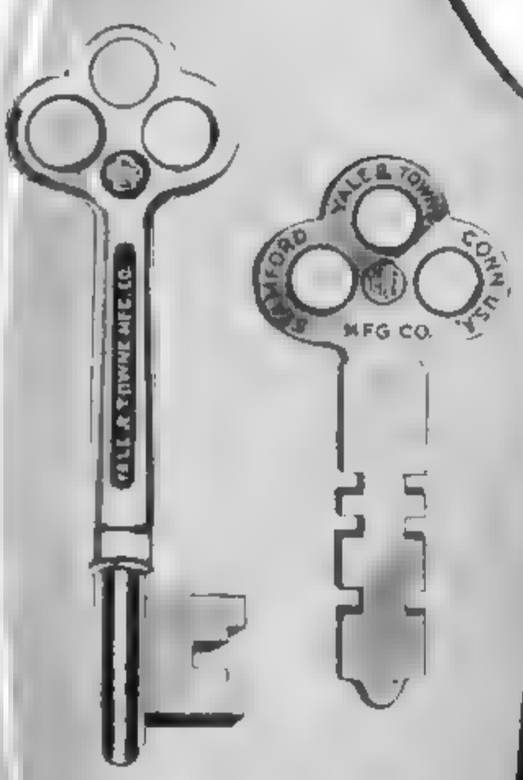

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and to-day you hear it harped in many sharps and flats the length of the Pacific Coast. A handful of our humble toilers, working peacefully in coöperation with California farmers, are characterized as a menace. To a few political agitators—fortunately few in this free land—any poor Japanese cobbler, blissfully unaware of what it all means, becomes a yellow peril." [Laughter.]

"Now political demagoguery and yellow journalism are not peculiar to America or to any other nation. The press in Japan is free also, and there is much loose talking on both sides of the water. But these, my friends, are but little clouds of dust. The heart of humanity beats on, human blood runs the same under all skins. Our Japanese pride may be wounded sometimes, but we have two saving graces—a sense of honor and a sense of humor. We have passed out of the age of superstition. We are no longer afraid of goblins. And we know that the destinies of America and Japan are too closely welded, our aims and ideals too nearly identical, for our people to be butchered to make a Sunday supplement."

Glancing for an instant through the brilliant cavern of a room, Anna knew that she would never forget the picture. Gentlemen in spotless evening dress, ladies with bare shoulders and flashing jewels, over all the big fish-skin lanterns and the bowers of pinkish blossoms. The two civilizations, Western and Eastern, were smoothly blended together, speaking the same language, exchanging high thoughts in perfect understanding. The baron was speaking on international affairs—the open door in China, Japan's part in carrying the torch of civilization into Mongolia, trade relations in key ports. These phrases meant little to her, save that the man who spoke them was strong and just and that his way was a good way. He had a plan for reducing armies and navies, for removing the curse of militarism forever from the world; he had a plan for a better exchange of ideas between the two great Powers of the Pacific.

The tables rumbled, the cherry blossoms shook, the lanterns swayed as the gifted gentleman resumed his seat. Aunt Julia split her gloves and Anna clapped until her palms hurt. Only Footridge remained passive. When she turned toward his chair she found him sprawling back, his hands in his pockets.

"Wasn't it lovely!" beamed Aunt Julia, her large face flushed with excitement.

"Yes, yes! Wasn't it!" agreed Footridge, and his sarcastic tone brought a glare from Zudie which caused Anna's heart to sink again.

"We simply must talk to him!" declared Aunt Julia as soon as the dinner was over and the eloquent little man was surrounded by a ring of congratulatory hands.

"I'll remind him that we're here," volunteered Zudie.

"Let me!" broke in Footridge.

As a result the two of them disappeared into the mezzanine. But Baron Tazumi must have sensed their wish, for they were scarcely gone before his trim little figure stood between the curtains of the box.

"Mrs. Stannard, how do you do?" he began, raising her hand almost to his lips. "It was so gracious of you to come. I hope you didn't find me too—what do you say so well?—too long-winded!"

"You were superb!" avowed the large lady. "I could sit for years and listen to you!"

"Would that I were immortal!" he smiled, twinkling toward Anna. "What greater pleasure than to spend years being enjoyed by you!"

Bowing his small, well-formed body over Anna's hand, he added deprecatingly: "I hope your distinguished aunt does not underrate my figure of speech. And how have you been?"

"Oh, very well," lied Anna. "I couldn't feel anything but inspired after hearing the fine things you've said."

"I was speaking directly to your box, hoping all the time that you were here to listen," he assured her, and there was a charming simplicity in the way he said it.

Through the curtains a group of middle-aged people could be seen waiting to greet the lion of the evening.

"These are our distinguished tourists to Japan," he informed the ladies. "Couldn't I persuade you to meet them—just for a word?"

"Oh, I know Mr. Kohl and Doctor Greet," declared Aunt Julia, proud of an acquaintance with every New Yorker worth remembering. "Senator Jascomb I have never met."

She said nothing about her duties toward a house of mourning as the prospective guests of the Mikado were ushered into her presence.

Ignatius Kohl, the financier, the Reverend Doctor Greet, the pulpit orator, and Senator Jascomb formed an agreeable group round the ladies. Ignatius Kohl, a beetle-browed, dark man had less to say than the others. His profession had taught him discretion. Senator Jascomb, too, maintained a diplomatic aloofness. It was the popular pulpit orator who spoke most feelingly.

"I have never visited Japan," his orotund voice rolled forth, "though the duty of my church lies there. To see is to know, Mrs. Stannard. It will be my privilege to view that flowery land with unprejudiced eyes and bring back its message to America."

Aunt Julia sat entranced by that continuous flow of rhetoric. Anna moved restlessly toward the mezzanine. Her mind was on Zudie and Sid. She liked the manner of their disappearance, and hoped again for their happiness. As she stood outside the curtain, her eyes strained across the vacant carpet, she was aware of Tazumi at her side.

"I've been thinking of you all day," he began in his pleasant voice—a characteristically Japanese voice, which seemed to carry a high overtone of politeness against a virile bass.

"I'm glad of that," admitted Anna. "It's been so long since we've seen you."

"I've become a great gadabout," he smiled. "See America first—that's the motto, isn't it?"

"Baron," said Anna on an impulse, "Zudie and I have decided to give up New York and go to California."

"Splendid!" he said. "Nothing is so delightful as California."

"We're not going for pleasure. I wanted to talk to you about it."

"What are your plans, if I might ask?"

"We're thinking of living on my husband's farm."

Tazumi smiled.

"May I call to-morrow afternoon?" he asked a little hastily, because the guests of Japan were about to leave the box.

When Sid Footridge brought Zudie back to her aunt one look at his face told Anna that Zudie had not been kind.

"Good-night, Mrs. Stannard," said Footridge punctiliously, after he had escorted them to their car. "It's been such a pleasure."

There was no pleasure in his honest eyes.

"Do let us take you as far as your club!" urged Mrs. Stannard.

"Thanks awfully." Sid Footridge stood more irresolutely than a prospective commander in the Navy should ever do. "Awfully good of you—fact is, there are a couple of men I've got to talk to right here in the hotel. Good night. It's been a great pleasure."

"I hope he isn't gambling," was Aunt Julia's way of dismissing Footridge's peculiar behavior.

All the way home she entertained her nieces with Biblical quotations from the lips of the Reverend Doctor Greet.

It was not until the young women were locked in their adjoining rooms that Anna dared ask, "Zudie, what have you been doing to Sid Footridge?"

"I'll not stand him any more!" declared the impetuous sister. "Do you know what he called the Cherry Blossom dinner? 'A press-agent show for a lot of hand-picked tourists!'"

"But, Zudie," implored Anna hopelessly, "what if he did! There's nothing personal about that. You can't let a difference of opinion come between you."

"He makes it a point to disagree with everything I think," Zudie said in the quiet tones of anger. "It doesn't matter what side I'm on. And I'm through with Sid Footridge! Through!"

She banged the door as she went into her room.

IV

BARON TAZUMI had elected Thursday for his call upon Anna. Thursday afternoon shortly after luncheon Anna heard Susan Skelley's sour voice holding its own in public debate at the street entrance. Susan's interference with the ordering of her aunt's household was a continual irritation. But a faithful friend and servant of many years' standing is difficult of reproof,

OCTOBER is the Contest month. The unique Gould Endurance Contest is now on. Gould owners should enter their batteries without fail before the end of the month. Entries postmarked later than midnight, October 31st, will not be considered.

For the twenty-three oldest Gould Automobile Starting Batteries still in serviceable condition, four thousand dollars in cash prizes will be given:

First Prize $1,000

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In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each of the contestants tied for that prize.

Contest opens October 1st and closes October 31st, 1920

The purpose of this Contest is to demonstrate conclusively the long life of Gould Automobile Starting Batteries. To obtain records of actual service from users these prizes are offered.

Open to All Gould Owners

If you have a Gould Starting Battery in your car, enter it in this Contest. Go at once to the nearest of the 2500 Gould Sales and Service Stations for a free entry blank.

It costs nothing to enter. There is no guessing to be done—no interfering with the use of your car. All you have to do is to supply a few facts about your battery.

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The Automobile Battery With *Dreadnaught*™ Plates

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The Ideal Fabric for Raincoats
A COAT of waterproofed "Suede-Like" provides two coats in one—an overcoat for cold weather—a raincoat for wet days. Although moderate in price a coat of "Suede-Like" stands up in wear and stands out in the crowd.
The genuine is stamped SUEDE-LIKE
HOWLETT & HOCKMEYER CO.

and the wispy Irishwoman who had been young and marriageable when she entered Judge Brand's establishment, there to pucker into spinsterhood, was subject to little discipline from the young women she had waited upon and loved since their babyhood.

"What d'ye think ye are, the king o' China, to come ringin' at the front door?" her rasping voice was going on, directed toward an invisible intruder. "Where d'ye learn yer manners from?"

"From quite a number of sources, madam," an educated accent was making reply. "If you think it necessary for me to show a college diploma I am afraid I shall have to disappoint you."

Something in the lecturing voice outside reminded Anna of Baron Tazumi and filled her with apprehensions.

"Susan!" she called, and when Susan's bleak face appeared, "What's the matter?"

"There do be wan o' thim Eyetalian Chinees outside, Mrs. Bly."

"What does he want?"

"Ef he knows himself, he won't tell. He's here for no good, that's sure, an' there's his car-r-rd."

Susan, who was helpless without her spectacles, handed over a card legibly printed, "Zelwitz Window Cleaning Co."

"He's the window cleaner," said Anna. "Send him to the service entrance."

That should have dismissed the matter, but a little later, when the talkative stranger made his appearance from the rear, he proved to be sufficiently odd to justify a second look and then a third. He was quite different from anything she had seen in New York's parade of undesirable aliens. In costume he recalled a figure out of La Bohême, but the greasy Windsor tie and the suit that flapped loosely over his tall, bony form somehow suggested the Bowery. The face under a thatch of long wiry black hair was grotesque as it was pathetic. It was as though two incomplete faces had been joined rather clumsily and made to serve as one.

No wonder Susan Skelley had classified him as an Eyetalian Chinee! His long, flat-lidded eyes were a brilliant gray, and their grayness contrasted with the brownish yellow of his skin. His nose was bulbous and looked as though it had been stuck on between his wide cheek bones as an afterthought in a bad job of assembling left-over features. To his long chin there clung a grayish, mossy growth of beard.

"You have come about the windows?" asked Anna, now remembering that Aunt Julia had left most definite instructions.

"Oh, yes—about the windows!" He said this absent-mindedly.

"Come upstairs, please, and I'll show you where to begin."

As she guided him up to the second floor Anna had the feeling of one conducting a harmless lunatic and lacking faith in his harmlessness. The man followed obediently enough with his bucket and rags.

"You'll begin here," she told him, indicating Aunt Julia's sewing room. "And when this is done Susan will tell you where to go next."

The queer person stalked over to a window and ran his sensitive, dirty fingers across the pane. He gazed at the fresh sample thus collected, and every line in his tall, skinny figure seemed to express intellectual detachment.

"Fate arranges things quite well at times, if you let her alone," he began, as though continuing a lecture. "What more pleasant, after all, than window washing? To the philosopher it symbolizes the act of preparing the inner soul to look out and behold. Of course in weather like this the art has its perils, but what art has not? One is apt to catch influenza, for instance. Nothing is more unsanitary than sitting on a window ledge with one's legs in Florida and one's lungs in Alaska. And yet there is a certain universality about the feeling, don't you think?"

Anna stood irresolute, not sure whether to laugh or call the police.

"From your window, too, one can view the faults of American society—your very pompous streets and your rather ugly back yards. You have never learned to make the back yard an object of beauty, as they do in Japan."

"Then you're a Japanese?" asked Anna in spite of herself.

The man roused curiosity, whatever else could be said of him.

He stooped and dipped a rag gingerly in the pail, wrung it out and caressed it between his palms before replying.

"I am a chimera," he said.

The look he gave her was so sardonic and so sad that she was fain to overlook his eccentric impertinence and probe the mystery which he seemed to be holding buttoned under his shiny coat. But he had set himself to his task of polishing the window. He went at it minutely, with the air of an art collector restoring a damaged Rubens.

He continued to work on the second floor during the early part of the afternoon. Susan Skelley, almost cheerful in the rôle of amateur sleuth, kept her gimlet gaze upon him as he passed from room to room. Once or twice he could be heard venturing forth into new essays; then Susan's bitter tone would cut in like steel and he would be silenced.

The chimera, bucket and rags in hand, was descending the stairs just in time to spoil the picture when Baron Tazumi called. Even the nobleman's politeness was insufficient to prevent his staring a second time at the seedy philosopher.

"Did you ever see such a curious person?" asked Anna as soon as Tazumi had been seated.

"They are unusual in New York," he admitted, with the air of one classifying a stray tropic bird.

"They?"

"Eurasians, you understand. Undoubtedly you remember seeing them in Japan—the fruits of intermarriage. Very good fruits often too. Of course, when inferiors of any race come together the results can't be superior, can they?"

In any other man this explanation might have seemed protesting too much. But Tazumi had a delightful way of scattering information, as a page might scatter flowers in the destined path of a queen.

"The specimen you have here," he added after a discreet glance into the next room, "is quite unique. Harmless? Let us hope so. He dabbles in radicalism. Who knows what trouble he might make for your country and mine? But I do not think he can accomplish much. Such men stand in their own light."

"He's a little mad, I think," said Anna. "Or maybe we have Socrates washing our windows. Anyhow, he's pathetic. He seems so—what shall I say?—so far from home."

"Ah, my dear Anna-san"—Baron Tazumi had addressed her in the Japanese manner since he first knew her as a little girl—"the Japanese are never far away from home."

He gave her no chance for further questioning, but chatted amiably on a number of harmless topics. In a half hour of pleasant dialogue there was no hint of last night's confidence until he plunged suddenly into the subject:

"Anna-san, I hope you will not resent this brotherly question. But what has turned your mind toward farming in California?"

She told him a little of her unsettled affairs, and of her conference with Zudie, which had set their faces toward the ranch on a far-away river.

Tazumi smiled again.

"You haven't learned your California," he said teasingly. "And I have brought you a textbook. We must locate that farm, you know."

His textbook proved to be a folding map of California, which he brought from his pocket and spread before her.

"We can't plunge into the unknown, can we?" he insisted, as his delicate forefinger found the county and traced out the tortuous course of a little river flowing toward a larger one. "Is it near any small town?"

"The town's named after me," she said with a certain pride.

"Bly? Oh, yes! I've heard of the little place. It was christened for your—your husband's family, was it not?"

"Alec's father owned most of that region once."

"So he did—once."

Tazumi never looked up. His forefinger was passing cautiously along to locate the trifling spot marked with the name of a forgotten pioneer.

"And here you are!" he chuckled. "Now tell me, Anna-san, is there a comfortable house on the premises?"

"There's a very nice little house," she explained. "It's been vacant for six years. The last white family that farmed the place lived there, but Alec arranged that the real-estate man should look out for it. Alec always had an idea that we might move out there, you know."

"Yes," replied Tazumi in the respectful tone he always used when Alec was mentioned. "And now, Anna-san, will you listen to advice from an old friend?"

"I've so wanted you to advise me, baron!" she cried, truly delighted.

"Don't try to farm that place yourself. Either lease it again or—sell it."

"Why shouldn't Zudie and I work it ourselves?" she objected. "We're strong, and there isn't a thing for us to do in the world but make the place pay."

"That's what troubles me," he said. "Can you make it pay?"

"We're working it on shares with a Japanese farmer," she informed him. "The Japanese have been able to pay us twenty-five hundred a year for it, so there's no reason why we shouldn't do twice as well at least."

"H'm!" He looked serious. "The Japanese and the whites, you understand, are different people. Much as I admire American ladies, I must admit—shall I say it?—that they are better in the drawing-room. And, to be fair, no Japanese lady of your station would go into the fields to work. To do your share on the farm you must compete with Japanese peasant women. That will mean work from daylight to dusk, digging ditches, mending fences, splitting wood. I should hate to think of your growing bent in a year, of your pretty hands becoming red and swollen."

"I can always afford to hire someone for the heavy work," she pointed out.

He laughed.

"How like an American lady!" Then coming rapidly back to the seriousness of his topic: "My advice to you, Anna-san, is to sell."

"I've had one offer," she admitted. "But I think I can do better by farming the land."

"What was the offer?" he asked, eying her keenly.

"Seven hundred dollars an acre."

"H'm! I think I know of some American gentlemen who could do better by you than that. Who is your agent?"

"Helmholtz & Son."

"I know of them," said the baron. "What do you say to my wiring them to communicate with the firm I have in mind?"

Anna shook her head.

"It's awfully good of you, baron," she said. "But I can't tell you how Zudie has set her heart on that farm, and it will be a godsend for the children. I think Alec would have preferred us to do it this way. We can't stay here, you know."

"He would have known best," replied the baron.

He sat a while studying the map of California, passing his slender finger along the twisted lines representing rivers. At length he looked up and asked, "Anna-san, won't you be advised?"

"It's just what I want," she reassured him.

"With the intention of disregarding it. Perhaps you'll think me impertinent, but it is my sincere wish for your good that urges me ——"

"I know you've always felt that," she answered, grateful for his unselfish devotion.

"You should be in the world, Anna-san. You are not made to live on a frontier, competing with peasants. You are a lady of quality. You should be again at the head of a great house."

Anna glanced at him to read the look of earnestness on the tawny face from which the mask of Asia seemed to have fallen away.

"You mean I ought to—marry again?" she asked.

"Why not? You have all the talents of the home-making woman. You are too young to go into exile."

"I'll be twenty-nine next June," she smiled sadly.

"In America that is youth. You should make up your mind to resume life where it was broken off. I should like to think of your deciding to do that."

"No"—she shook her head—"I don't want even to think of it. It seems only yesterday that Alec was with me. I couldn't forget like that, you know."

"Your memory does you honor," said Tazumi. "Perhaps it is just as well. You are too fine a woman to take your life lightly. My mother was like that. She never married again after my father's death."

She could not restrain a look of admiration for the fine-grained little Asiatic who

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Small Rugs

THE two small sizes, 3 feet x 4½ feet and 3 x 6 feet, made in special patterns, are most convenient for dozens of places about the house where there is excessive wear.

You will find them just the thing to take up that extra wear on a doorway or stair landing, in front of a table, a sink or wash basin, or for use under a stove or refrigerator.

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You are invited to write us for more complete information.

LEXINGTON MOTOR COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation

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had always been so true to the best traditions of a great people. She wondered what delicate instincts of chivalry had kept him a bachelor so long, for Tazumi was past his forty-fifth year.

"How about your California venture?" The high overtones of his voice above the virile bass seemed to raise his spirit from its momentary sadness. "Since you are determined to be a farmerette—I believe that is the word—you must let me do my small part toward making your travels pleasant."

"How nice of you!" she told him.

"When are you going?"

"Just two weeks from Saturday."

"Very soon, isn't it? Let me arrange for some of my Japanese friends to call and be of service while you are in San Francisco. Will you be stopping over there?"

"I—I think so."

She had not considered the matter.

"I'll let Mr. and Mrs. Otisuki know of your coming. You'll be interested in them, since they have accomplished what so many of my countrymen wish to do—become good Americans. An interesting fellow, Otisuki—self-made man; almost a Yankee, I might say."

Anna thanked him again, and was sorry to see him about to go so soon.

"You'll let me see you again before you leave, I hope," he entreated as they shook hands.

He had no sooner gone than Anna was aware of the curious Eurasian standing in one of the dining-room windows at an angle overlooking the drawing-room. She had a disagreeable sensation of having been spied upon, but her annoyance gave way to pity when she glanced at the starved figure silhouetted in the afternoon light. What contrary winds had blown this piece of flotsam into port? Tazumi had spoken of him as a dangerous radical. To associate radicalism with the Japanese character was in itself an anomaly. Curiosity stirred her as she went into the dining-room, resolved to question him again. But the Eurasian was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Bly," he suggested as he stood balanced on the window sill, "would you permit me to make a few sketches of you, just as you are, in that charming costume?"

"Then you're an artist as well as a philosopher," she laughed.

"I do almost everything badly," he replied as he shambled down from the heights. "Sometimes I do sketches for a Tokio fashion magazine. They are interested in aping foreign styles. Once in a while they pay me, but my work is worth nothing."

"For an egotist," she said, giving candor for candor, "you underrate yourself terrifically."

Somewhere out of his scarecrow clothes the Eurasian had brought a sketch pad and pencil. Twisting his queer eyes from Anna's face to the pad in his hand, he worked rapidly, and as he worked he talked.

"It is impossible to underrate me," he said with a sarcastic smile. "I represent zero at par. Now with Baron Tazumi it is different." The last remark justified her suspicions as to the man's eavesdropping.

"Oh, yes, I was listening. He is a very noble man. Too noble, I should say. Universal brotherhood is his hobby. Splendid hobby."

"He informs me that you are a socialist," said Anna, now anxious to draw him out.

"Well," he drawled, "in me you see the brotherhood exemplified. By the way, Mrs. Bly, you can dismiss me any time I become too impertinent. I'm resigning from this window job to-day. I have sufficient money to keep me in books, tobacco and inferior liquor for a month. Just tell me when I shall get out."

"I wouldn't send you away for anything," she assured him, now quite intrigued with his topsy-turvy conversation.

"Well, as I was saying, in me you see the brotherhood of man exemplified, an experiment in flesh and blood. In the police courts I am known as a hobo; but it would be more elegant to call me a chimera—the dragon's tail of the Orient fastened to the goat's head of Europe. I am a very unsatisfactory beast, Mrs. Bly. All the time the European goat in me is striving to butt forward, the dragon's tail is curling round some ancient tradition and pulling me back.

"The brotherhood of man created me, Mrs. Bly, and as a machine I'm not worth the powder to blow me up. I never stick long at anything. I've been a revolutionist in India, a student in Massachusetts, a water carrier with the British Army at Saloniki. I fail to synchronize, as the saying goes. I have a bad habit of seeing both sides of a question. I quit the Indian revolution because I couldn't stand the Bombay bombast. I failed as a student because I hated the rubbish they taught me under the name of economics. I deserted from the British Army because—well, I disagreed with the commanding general. And look at me now! Why am I here?"

Anna frankly had no idea.

"If I were all American now, I'd be ashamed of what I am doing. And if I were all Japanese, I would be sitting in the Middle Ages, perfectly satisfied with myself."

"Japan is not in the Middle Ages," protested Anna.

"I suppose Baron Tazumi has told you that," growled the Eurasian tramp. "Japan has learned how to wear a dress suit and to say hello over the telephone and to shake hands American fashion. Therefore it makes no difference that she gets down on all fours before the picture of the Mikado and teaches her children that Jimmu tenno, her first emperor, was grandson of the sun goddess and that the Mikados are sun gods still."

"Of course Christianity——" began Anna, but was cut off:

"Christianity! My dear lady, I was a Christian before I became a socialist. I'm still a Christian, I suppose, when I'm not drunk or planning a new heaven and a new earth. Christ was the father of democracy. With all its faults and vices, this modern world is still ruled by him. And it's this world that Japan is stepping into with a firm conviction that she can be received as an equal without in the least believing in equality. My dear lady, Christ and Shinto must come together on my island and fight the battle out before we can talk business with the modern world."

"But you surely don't believe that the Japanese are our inferiors!" Anna broke in.

"No one who knows them thinks they are inferior to anybody. It's not a matter of inferiority. It's a matter of difference."

All during this lecture the anomaly had been sketching busily in his little pad. The situation seemed so idiotic—standing for her portrait before a radical half-breed window washer—that Anna moved at last to go and leave him to his theories.

"Just another instant," he begged. "The likeness will be a failure, but some day you may be proud to have a sketch signed by Henry Johnson. I may be famous the day after I am hanged."

"Henry Johnson!"

The commonplace American name came involuntarily to her lips.

"My rubber stamp," he explained. "I took it because it was easy—I detest difficult things. And here is the very poor likeness, Mrs. Bly."

Henry Johnson tore a sheet from his pad and handed it over. It was, as he had promised, a very poor likeness, but it was drawn with a skill of line which indicated that the Eurasian was an artist, whatever else he might disclaim for himself.

"It's really quite lovely," she admitted. "You aren't going to give it to me?"

"Oh, defer payment," he suggested with a courtly bow, "until some time when I need the money. I'll have fifteen dollars coming to me to-night when I tender my resignation to the Zelwitz Window Cleaning Co. And if you'll please sign here ——"

He brought one of Mr. Zelwitz's blanks from his pocket and indicated the line where she should place her signature.

"Fourteen windows duly purified so that the beauty of your home may exchange views with the light of heaven. Mr. Zelwitz is a great idealist, I am sure, or he would never have adopted this profession."

She signed the slip and saw Henry Johnson pick up his flop-brimmed hat before he offered her another surprise.

"Mrs. Bly," said the oddity, "permit me the privilege of the empty wind. What I am about to say amounts to nothing, and I will expect you to disregard it."

"Then why not save your breath?" she asked, having decided to humor him as a court jester.

"I have never done that."

Suddenly his whole manner changed and his irreconcilable features took on a look of prophecy as he said, "Tazumi was honest."

"Honest?"

She stood back a little, half afraid of what he would say.

"Let me join him in that good advice. Don't go to California."

She might have questioned his impertinent admonition, but the Eurasian tramp gave her no opportunity. Before she could call him back he had shambled away. His seamy shoes rattled down the rear passage like a fateful warning.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

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As this sole is cut from the shoulder, it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

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J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY

Established 1861

Corry, Pennsylvania

FELLOW TRAVELERS

(Continued from Page 6)

In detailing this conversation substantially as it is purported to have occurred I am not exaggerating—much. For the sake of spiciness I may have stretched it a little here and there, but in the main I have been fairly literal. Among us are many persons who travel about over the land asking vain and foolish questions of strangers. They are especially numerous aboard common carriers; there, in trains and on boats, they stalk their quarry, preying upon the traveling public. They have worn out the folks at home; so, seeking fresh prey, they go forth. There is at least one of the species lurking in every Pullman smoking compartment; every day coach contains not less than three typical specimens. The hotel lobby knows them and the waiting room knows them, and the railway junction and the bus which fetches you uptown from the station. And, believe me, I know them!

Going to and fro about the world, I believe I have encountered in my time almost every sort of fellow traveler that the human family produces, and in these encounters have come face to face with tragedy, with comedy, with pathos, with tact and the total lack of it; with nearly all the qualities of our breed, I think, which go to make up what we call human interest, meaning by that human drama.

In one way, traveling about, I have been pretty lucky. First and last, I have ridden on nearly every railroad, big and little, in the United States, but until now—here I pause to knock wood; I have knocked wood and now proceed—I have been in but one railroad wreck. Once upon a time a local train on which I rode in company with a few other hardy adventurers made the mistake, in the dusk of the evening, of undertaking to go along a single track which already was occupied by a freight train, with the result that our locomotive, striking the caboose from behind, converted it into a past-tense caboose. By reason of the jar the rearmost passenger coach of the three which made up our train was bounced so high and came down so hard that it spraddled the rails and mussed up the crossties considerably, and then it slid down the steep slope of the right of way and rolled over on its side in the ditch at the bottom. It was a peculiar sort of wreck, the tail of the freight train and the tail of the passenger train having suffered the greatest damage; though our locomotive did wear a somewhat disheveled appearance, what with its smokestack knocked flat and shoved back alongside its cab and stuck fast there like a very blunt pen behind a scribe's ear.

The Scrambled Hero

We piled out, passengers and trainmen, to see what might be done in the way of rescue work. Under their own native power the occupants of the rear coach swarmed out by the doors and windows. They were somewhat shaken, but, except for bruises and scratches and shock, seemingly all in fair order. Apparently everyone had been properly accounted for, when, coming from somewhere within the darkened interior of the careened coach, groans and faint cries were heard. Carrying a lighted lantern, our conductor crawled inside, and several volunteers among us followed him. From beneath a clutter of broken seats and capsized hand baggage, where the splintered underside of the car reared upward until it almost met the upper side, we could make out a figure. It was the figure of a man, and it was by this man that the cries had been uttered.

"Are you hurt much? Can you get loose? Are you caught fast?" asked the conductor, stooping down and holding his lantern so its light shone upon the spot where the victim was sprawled.

We were thrilled, all of us, by the gasping, half-smothered answer.

"Never mind me! I reckon I'm past help. Go ahead and get the others out who are hurt. My skull must be split wide open. I can feel the blood and brains running down on my face. Leave me and get the rest out first. I'm almost—almost—g-g-gone!"

Someone shouted to him that there weren't any others. Willing hands pawed at the mess of wreckage until the weight that pinned him fast had been lifted. Others among us drew him forth as gently as possible. He was an awful sight.

In the luggage rack above his head someone had balanced a wooden pail containing several dozen fresh-laid eggs. When the crash came this bucket, turning bottom upward, had descended squarely upon his head. What he thought was blood had been the whites of many eggs trickling down over his face. What he thought were brains had been the yellows. When we rubbed him off with handkerchiefs we found there wasn't a scratch on him. In all your life you never saw so disappointed a man. He had organized himself to be a dying hero, and here he had turned out an immature omelet. It practically spoiled the whole wreck for him.

What I am now about to tell I didn't see with my own eyes, but when I came that way a week or so after it had happened one of those who had figured in the little episode told me about it.

It came to pass in the late fall of 1917, and the beginning of it was at a little way station on a little jerk-water road in the northern part of the state of Georgia. My informant was the conductor of a certain train—a combination freight-and-passenger train which twice daily plied along a hundred-mile stretch of track, going east from terminal to terminal each week-day morning and back again each week-day afternoon. As nearly as possible in the language used by him I am trying here to reproduce the tale as he told it.

The Conductor's Story

"It was last Tuesday, I think," he said, "at a flag stop about ten miles the other side of where you started out with us this morning, that an old mountain woman got aboard. From the way she acted, I don't believe she'd ever been on a railroad train before in her life. She was about seventy years old, I should say, and thin and wrinkled and scrawny. She had on an old black sunbonnet and one of these cheap black dresses such as so many of the old women up in this part of the country wear, and her heavy old cowhide shoes were covered with red-clay mud.

"When I came through, taking up tickets, she told me her story. Her youngest son—her baby, she called him—had been caught in the draft and sent to a camp just outside of Atlanta to be trained as a soldier; and he'd taken sick down there and was dying. She hadn't known anything at all about his being sick, even, until the night before, when a telegram had got through to her telling her to come at once if she wanted to see the boy alive. So, starting out before daylight, she'd walked ten miles down through the mountains to catch this train, and then had had to sit down alongside the tracks and wait over an hour, because we were late, as we are more times than not. You can figure out for yourself what that wait meant to that old woman, because she knew somehow that unless we got to the other end of the line in time to make connection with the through train going west on the main line to Atlanta she'd have to lay over all night at the junction, and couldn't possibly get to the camp before the next evening; and by that time the chances were a hundred to one that the boy would be dead.

"Well, sir, she told me this story. She wasn't crying. I guess she'd cried herself dry already. I was the one that did the crying when she'd told it to me in that old-fashioned, up-country way of hers. It was about the hardest job I ever faced when I had to stand there telling her there was scarcely a chance of our making the connection, because the through train never waited for us anyhow, and now there wasn't any way of getting word through by telephone or telegraph to the junction point and asking the station agent there to put the case before the other conductor and beg him, if he could, to wait a little while for us anyway.

"You see, we'd already passed the only stop where I could have got one of our dispatchers to wire ahead and state the circumstances. Our only hope was that the through train might be late the same as we were; and that wasn't at all probable, because on the main line Number 28, as we call her, usually runs pretty close to schedule.

"Well, I told her that as gently as I could. But all she did was to keep saying

(Continued on Page 76)

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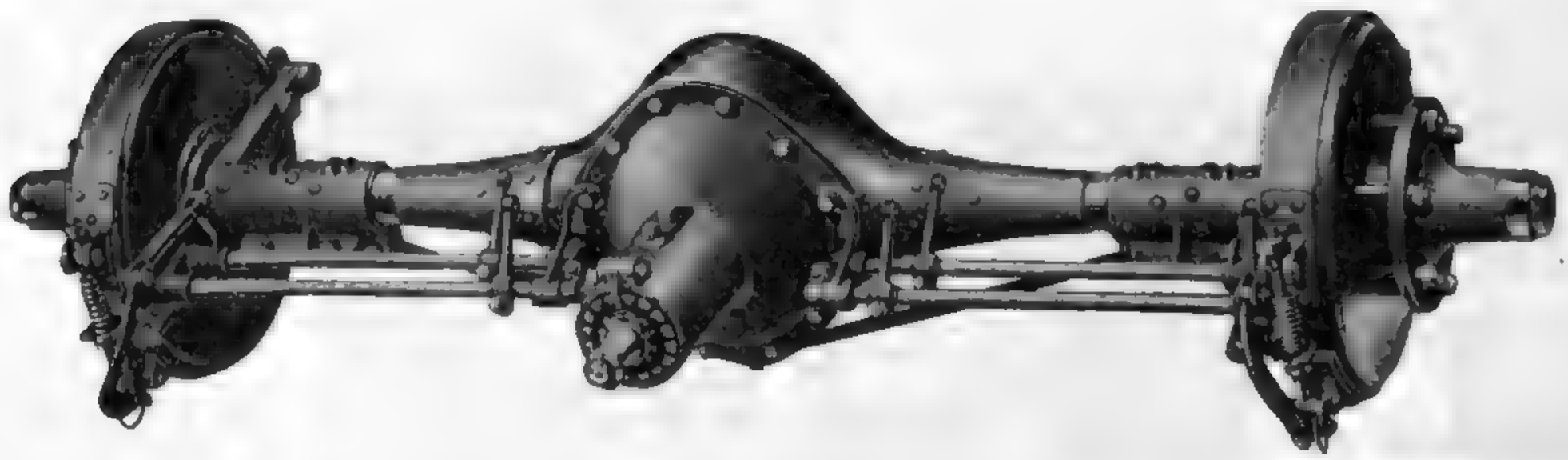

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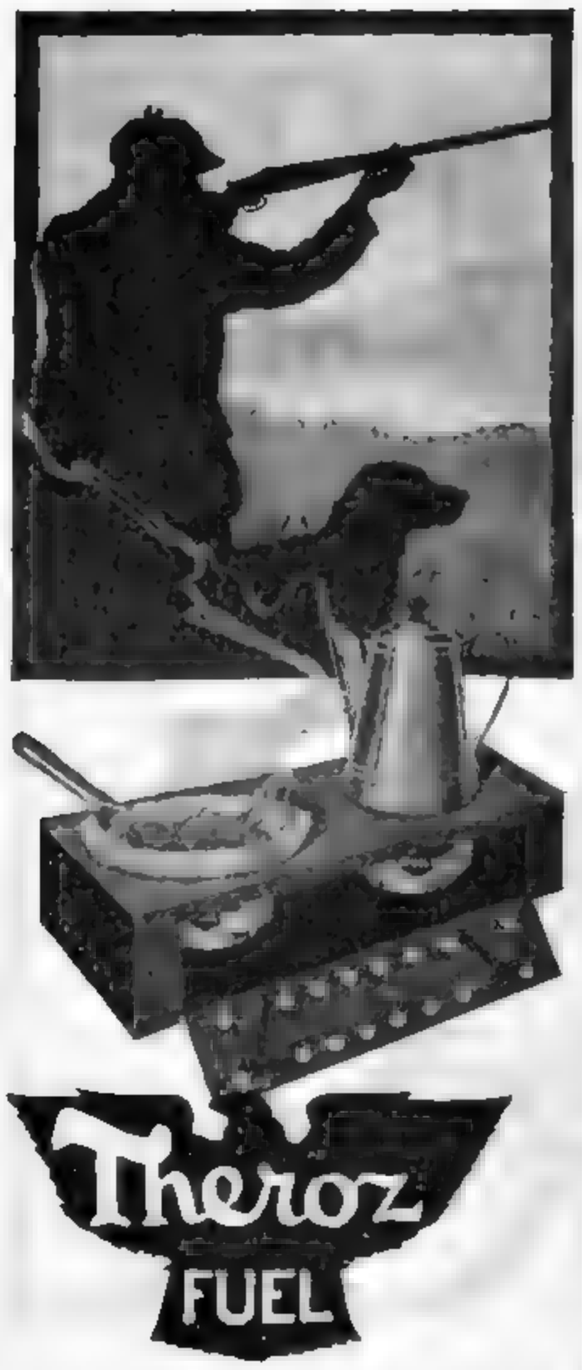

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(Continued from Page 74)

over and over again: 'Mister, there must be some way—there's got to be some way. I've got to git to my boy so he can tell his old mammy good-by before he goes. Mister, it's got to be done.'

"Well, just about that time we began slowing down for another stop, and I had an idea. I told the old woman to come with me and when we'd stopped I made her get off with me and I took her forward to the locomotive and I called the engineer down out of his cab, and when he'd got down I said to her: 'Now, ma'am, you tell this man your story just as you've told it to me. So far as I can see, he's your only help.'

"So she told him, and he listened till she was through, and when she was through he gave me the surprise of my life. He's a pretty tolerable rough-living fellow, that engineer of mine is, but without a word he knelt right down there in his overalls in the mud alongside his engine, and the old woman knelt down, too, facing him, and I took off my cap, and then he made the only prayer that I reckon he'd made since he was a little boy; and considering that he was such an amateur, it seemed to me he covered the case right well. Here's what he prayed:

"'O Lord God Almighty, I ain't never asked you for many favors. But, God, listen—I'm asking you for one now. And here it is: O Lord, you just hold this dam' train on this dam' track and you watch me burn a hole in the air. For God's sake, Amen!'"

What Ailed the Spinach

"And then he got up and he brushed some of the mud off his knees and took a chew of tobacco and climbed up into his cab and we broke all the records for straight, hard, fast, crazy running on this crooked little old road. We didn't make another stop between there and the far end of the run. When I'd gone through the train and stated the case to the people we had aboard, there wasn't a one of those amongst 'em who'd been intending to get off some place or other along the line but told me to carry 'em right on through and drop 'em off coming back that evenin'. Oh, yes, they were plumb unanimous about it! That's the kind of folks we breed down here in this part of the world. Why, I honestly believe if there'd been anybody aboard who'd 'a' made a kick about being carried on past his stop the rest of 'em would just have up and thrown him off the train bodily.

"Oh, we made time for once! And the best of it was, the through train was a few minutes late herself, and we made the connection—made it with four or five minutes to spare too—and the old woman landed in Atlanta before sundown that same day. I don't know what happened after she got there, or what happened before she got there, but I'm betting with myself that if the Lord had power enough to hold this train on these rails the way we were hitting those curves, He had goodness enough to keep that boy alive until his old mother got to him."

I am thinking of an experience which not long ago befell two of us in a Southern hotel. It is a rather new hotel, and a big one, and pretentious, with onyx pillars like columns of petrified Castile soap in its lobby and gilded angels upholding its cornices and fancy grille work on the elevator cage. We registered in time for the midday meal; luncheon or dinner, as one might elect. A black head waiter, with a profile suggestive of a bass drummer who has swallowed his own bass drum, led us to a table and with a lordly gesture beckoned to us a black waiter, who in turn handed us a menu almost as large as a colored supplement. It seemed to us that practically every known dish—and many which are practically unknown—was listed upon this impressive document. Also we noted at a glance that the prices were based upon the most approved and, by that same token, the most expensive New York standards.

Especially was I impressed by the showing made under the general heading of *fromage*. Here, in serried ranks, marched the names of a score of cheeses, home grown and imported. Mild, gentle, domestic cheeses were here, and sturdy foreign-bred cheeses, able and ready to strike a blow in their own defense. One felt sure the prevalent atmosphere in the section of the storerooms of that hotel devoted to brought-on cheeses would be such as to make a visiting chiropodist homesick.

"Some menu, eh what?" commented my companion.

I was constrained to agree with him that it was indeed some menu, and considerably more than some. From such a wide range of choices it was hard to make a selection. After proper consideration of the printed subject matter, I settled on broiled chicken for the meat course; he cast his vote for a small steak. To accompany my chicken I favored an order of fried eggplant, while he rather leaned toward the boiled spinach.

The waiter noted down the selections and departed. Immediately he was back. It seemed hardly possible that he had had time to go clear out to the kitchen and return, but here he was, deeply desolated at being compelled to present disappointing advices.

"Gen'lemens," he apologized, "Ise sorry, but we's jest out o' fried aigplant. An' I wouldn't keer to rekermend de spinach neither."

"Why wouldn't you recommend it?"

"Well, suh, to tell you de hones' truth, de reason I wouldn't keer to rekermend de spinach is because we's also jest out of spinach."

Whereupon, as a proxy, I decided upon green beans. Similarly my friend pledged his indorsement and support to some baked cauliflower.

Again the waiter made a marvelously quick round trip. Returning, he deeply and sincerely regretted that it devolved upon him as a painful duty to inform us that they were just out of green beans, and likewise and furthermore were just out of cauliflower.

Resolutely we fought it right down the lines of plain and fancy vegetables with that waiter. He had the personal pride in the establishment which so many of his race do have. Besides, he had a ritual to follow, and conscientiously he followed it. Three times more he painstakingly darted through a pair of swinging doors at the far end of the room, instantly to reappear and flit back to us with the sad news that they were just out of something else.

I remember at one period of the engagement I inclined favorably toward sweet potatoes. In a land where the light sleepers frequently are kept awake on warm summer nights by the sound of the sweet potatoes growing, there were no sweet potatoes to be had. There was no summer squash. There was no young cabbage. There were no fried tomatoes. There were no stuffed peppers. They were just out of all these articles. On the spot we christened that hotel the Just-Out House.

Eventually we pinned the waiter down. Driven to desperation as he was, we pried from him the reluctant admission that there were to be had green peas out of a can, and boiled white potatoes. And so we had 'em.

Choosing by Elimination

I did not get my broiled chicken either. Constrained by circumstances over which none of us had control, I compromised on assorted cold cuts. They were cold, but they were not widely assorted. A certain monotony governed them. My friend got his steak though. It looked a good deal like a blow-out patch which has seen hard service. He said it tasted a good deal like one.

That poor darky's sufferings were not yet over. When we advanced to the dessert stage my friend went after him savagely. French pastries, meringues, puddings, confections of fresh fruit, the standard varieties of pie—all these were specifically enumerated, and, as it developed, they were just out of all of them with the exception of apple pie. So he took apple pie. It had rather a haggard, not to say weather-beaten, aspect, and was noticeably frayed along its flanges.

For my part I elected to make a final flank movement against the cheese division. What I got when I had forced the enemy, so to speak, into his last ditch was a chunk of domestic cheese, flinty and gnarled, worn in runnels and like unto the stone which the builders of old rejected and which became the corner stone. It took a struggle on my part, but I ate it, being actuated in so doing by a malicious purpose; for I knew that when I had eaten it that splendid great hotel would then be entirely out of cheese too. I left it absolutely cheeseless.

Between ourselves we decided that the proprietor or the steward or the pantryman or whoever it was that ran the just-out department had been so busily engaged, what with copying off the imposing dinner card of some famous New York or Philadelphia or Washington hotel, including its prices, and getting it suitably printed, with the date on it and everything, that he had entirely overlooked the little detail of stocking the larder with the dishes he so proudly was advertising to the attention of the public. And after the lapse of time I still figure we were right in our joint deduction.

On a train in New England I fell into conversation with a young, well set up chap. He was not in uniform, which seemed rather a curious circumstance, inasmuch as this was in the latter part of 1918, when most healthy Americans of his age were in uniform. Yet I somehow divined, without being told, that he had seen military service. Perhaps it was his use of certain words; perhaps the way he carried himself. Instinctively one felt that here was a young man who lately had known discipline; who had been under authority and who had exercised it. Afterward, searching my brain to recall what had passed between us, I was unable to remember any remark by him in which those topics then uppermost in people's minds—war and soldiering—had figured, but my memory was perfectly clear upon one point, and that point was the impression I bore away that this mannerly young gentleman with the clear steady eye and the grave, rather sad face must have known service as an officer at some time or other—probably at a time not very far back in the past. Upon leaving me at Springfield, where he got off the train, he told me his name. Perhaps because it was rather an unusual-sounding name it stuck in my mind.

Nearly a year later I was in the company of another writer. I told him a story I had just heard of a youth in our air service in France who by sheer good luck and through no particular skill or intelligence on his part had been thrust into a position out of which he emerged with a promotion more or less undeserved and with decorations for valor bestowed by two governments, our own and the French.

A Forced Landing

"Now then," said my friend, "if you are through, let me tell you of another case in which an American flying man also figured. But his future, so far as soldiering was concerned, was utterly ruined by a caprice of luck. This young chap broke into the war just before America got into it. Early in 1917 he left college and went to England, where he enlisted in the air service and very soon got a commission. His training as a pilot was well along. He had made rapid progress. He had courage and sense and a natural aptitude for the air game. He had every expectation that within a few weeks he would be sent across the Channel to join a fighting unit.

"One day he was chosen to demonstrate a new pattern of combat plane, or, at any rate, a combat plane equipped with some new device which was supposed to make it more deadly or more efficient or more something or other. I haven't sufficient scientific and technical knowledge to give the details, but I do know that the device, whatever it was, was regarded by the British War Office as being of great importance. It also is my understanding that this was to be the first practical try-out of the one model which had been completed. So the selection of this Yankee kid as its demonstrator was by way of being quite an honor for him, and an evidence of the confidence his superior officers had in him.

"Well, up he went. He ran into muggy conditions and got lost in a thick fog. For some reason or other, which a professional airman might explain, but which I cannot, he lost his sense of direction. It may have been that the instruments, whatever they are, which were presumed to record the altitude were deranged or put out of commission by the prevalent atmospheric disturbances.

"At any rate, the main point is that he blundered round in that fog from sometime in the afternoon of one day until late at night. He didn't know where he was going; he only knew that he traveled for hundreds of miles. In the fog and the darkness he did not dare attempt a landing, so he kept going. Finally sometime after midnight his supply of gas began to fail and he came down, finding as he neared the earth that the fog was thinning out. He made a landing, because he had to, in what appeared to him to be a reasonably open stretch of country; and he counted himself

(Continued on Page 79)

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Washer Wringer

(Continued from Page 78)

as being exceedingly fortunate that he halted his machine in a field without injury to himself and without serious damage to his plane.

"He settled down alongside the halted plane to wait for daylight to come and show him where he was. When daylight did come he made out that he was in a sort of upland meadow within half a mile or so of a series of wooden structures resembling barracks. The chimneys of a sizable community beyond the barracks presently revealed themselves.

"As he stood peering about a file of men came out of one of the buildings and in military formation moved along a road which bordered the clearing where he stood. As they drew nearer he made out that they wore the gray uniforms and visorless caps of German infantrymen. He immediately arrived at the conclusion that in his confused flight he had crossed the Channel, traversed a part of France and had descended, if not actually on German soil, at least in territory occupied by the enemy. In the emergency he followed what seemed to him the only feasible and proper plan. He emptied his tanks of what gasoline remained there, poured the fluid over his machine and burned it up, and along with it the precious device which had been intrusted to him. First making sure that the destruction was complete, he started afoot for the barracks to surrender himself.

"Arriving there, he made a discovery more startling even than the first one had been. What actually had happened was this: Blundering about aimlessly in the fog, he had circled repeatedly instead of following a reasonably straight course, and had come down to earth in one of the southern counties of England, less than forty miles from the instruction camp where he had been trained. The wooden buildings were a prison camp, and the soldiers he had seen marching along the road were German prisoners on their way to work. Somehow in his excitement he had failed to take note of the two British Tommies who accompanied the file of marching men as guards."

An Unusual Seat Mate

"By the mistake he had made and by what he had done he had destroyed his future as a flying man. The story was hushed up, and he was permitted to resign his commission and to quit the forces. He came back home and he is at home now. He tried to enlist in our army, but some newly developed physical defect kept him out."

I asked my friend if he knew the name of the unlucky youth. He did, and he told it to me. It was the name which belonged to the sad-faced youngster I had met that day a year before on the Boston train.

I was bound from the chief city of a border Southern state to a smaller town in the mountains of the same state. The train carried neither chair car nor sleeper. The only vacant seat I could find in any of the day coaches was alongside a young woman. The seat in front of her had been turned, so that facing her rode a man and an older woman, who were evidently her traveling companions.

Slipping into the vacant place alongside her, I subconsciously took note of the fact that she was young and well-groomed and had a face which was both comely and intelligent. She was muffled in a loose, rather voluminous cape.

For a while we rode, all four of us, in silence. Presently I became aware that the younger woman was asking me a question. She wanted to know whether I was a stranger in that part of the country. I told her I was; that I had never before ridden through this particular section. Whereupon she proceeded to relate to me certain stirring episodes of pioneer days which had occurred in the immediate district we were then traversing.

Her air was that of a well-bred person who felt a proper interest in the history of her own state, and who reasoned that I, as an outsider, might likewise feel an interest in it. Her manner was frank and unaffected. Her choice of words was good, though her language had what one might call a pedagogic tinge to it. In my mind I decided that she either now was or else had been a school-teacher.

Perhaps ten minutes passed, she doing most of the talking. I got up from where I sat to go forward to the smoking car, which was the car immediately ahead of us. At the last preceding stop I had seen several men emerge from the smoker and leave the train, and I hoped now to find an unoccupied seat there and enjoy a cigar. As I bowed to her I saw something which gave me a profound shock. The front folds of her cape had gaped slightly, and I saw that her wrists were inclosed in snug leather cuffs, which in turn were attached to a broad belt about her waist so that her hands were securely fettered at her sides. She was a prisoner, and evidently, in the opinion of those who had her in charge, a dangerous prisoner. If she read by my expression that I was startled at the sight of her bonds she gave no heed to it, merely returning my bow with a casual smile.

From the train conductor, a little later, I found out who she was. She was a young woman of excellent family who had developed an acute homicidal mania. She had been adjudged insane—hopelessly insane, in the judgment of alienists—and was now on her way to confinement in a state asylum in the custody of a sheriff's officer and a professional nurse. Yet had I not seen her strapped hands I would never have suspected from her language, her manner or her looks that she was not entirely normal in every possible way.

Subsequently I used this incident as the basis for a fiction story which was published in this periodical. Now I mean to tell the story of another happening which to me seemed much more dramatic than this, but of which for sufficient reasons I have never made use in fiction and never expect to.

In the course of a tour which carried me through the Southwest I met back-stage of a theater in a Texas city a distant kinsman of mine, a cousin several degrees removed. It was our first meeting for a good many years. In this intervening space of time we both had left Kentucky, he to settle in the West and I to come East and go into newspaper work in New York.

"Ever since I heard that you'd gone to writing stories for a living I've especially wanted to see you again," he said. "I wanted to tell you something which happened to me—something which I think you might twist round into a story. Naturally it appeals to me personally, because I was one of the two main characters in it. But it involves some mighty curious coincidences—the sort of coincidences which I am sure don't happen often in real life. Got time to listen to it? I'll make it brief."

I had time, and we sat down on two kitchen chairs in the wings and he told me this:

"Shortly before I moved away from Kentucky I was called by business to a little landing on the lower Ohio River. I took passage on a small stern-wheel steamboat. There were only three or four other passengers on board. It was raining hard when I went to bed that night in my berth in one of the dingy little staterooms, and it was raining still harder when I found myself out in the middle of the river swimming for life. The boilers had exploded and I had been blown overboard. I don't remember that part of it though."

Meeting a Stranger

"I have always figured that I was knocked unconscious and that the shock of the cold water revived me. I was still half stunned when I came to myself, and I found out later that a couple of ribs were caved in. At that, I got off luckier than some. Two of the passengers and several of the crew were killed outright.

"I don't remember having seen the steamboat at all after I landed in the river—in fact, the whole experience, with the exception of one detail, is more or less confused and blurred in my mind. I'll get to that detail in a minute. Not until next day did I know that the boat went down, a complete wreck, somewhere behind me. It was mighty dark there in the river, but ahead of me I could make out the Illinois shore line against the sky, and I swam toward it. I'm a pretty good swimmer, as you may remember, but what with everything I'd been through I was fairly fagged out before I got anywhere near land.

"I was just making up my mind that probably I wouldn't make the shore when I saw a light zigzagging down the bank. Somebody was coming down the face of the bluff with a lantern. I called out, and through the darkness a voice answered me. That spurred me on, I guess, because after a minute or two I found myself hanging with both hands to a little willow sapling where the steep bank met the deep water. I was all in—too weak to drag myself up on shore, too weak even to yelp again.

"Just then, by the light of the lantern which he held up in one hand while with the other he reached out to grab me by the hair, I saw the face of my rescuer, framed as it was in that circle of dull lantern light and crossed by streaking raindrops. In that same instant the picture of his face was stamped indelibly on my mind.

"The image lasted for only a second or two, I reckon. Then I must have fainted dead away, because the next thing I knew it was broad daylight and I was lying bundled up in bedquilts on the floor of a farmhouse half a mile back from the river. Somebody had carried me there. The man who had saved me, it seemed, was engaged in salvage work at the scene of the wreck. If I was told his name by the woman of the house I promptly forgot it, half delirious as I was. But I do remember her saying he was a neighbor of hers. I somehow got the impression, probably from her tone, that his reputation in the neighborhood was not very good. I left the next day, when I was able to travel, without having seen him again, but I left a written line behind thanking him for what he had done for me. But if he made any acknowledgment of my note of gratitude I failed to receive his letter."

Meeting the Stranger Again

"Just three years after the wreck, to the month and almost to the date, I was sitting one rainy night in the office of the one little hotel in the town where I was born. To kill time I picked up a Chicago paper several days old which had been left there, I suppose, by some traveling man. Glancing idly through it, I read that the state of Illinois had offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of a man charged with a murder in a county in the southern part of the state. What particularly attracted my attention was that the alleged murder had been committed in a town only a few miles from the spot where I had been picked up out of the river. The name of the supposed murderer, as printed there, meant nothing to me, nor did the description, which cited as distinguishing marks of the fugitive a sandy beard and heavy black eyebrows.

"After a little while I tossed the paper aside and got up to go. As I stepped out on the porch of the hotel I saw the wind had blown out the lantern which the proprietor kept lighted there on dark nights. I opened the door and told him that his lantern had gone out. He came with matches and relighted it. He told me good night and went indoors, and I started down the short flight of steps leading to the street.

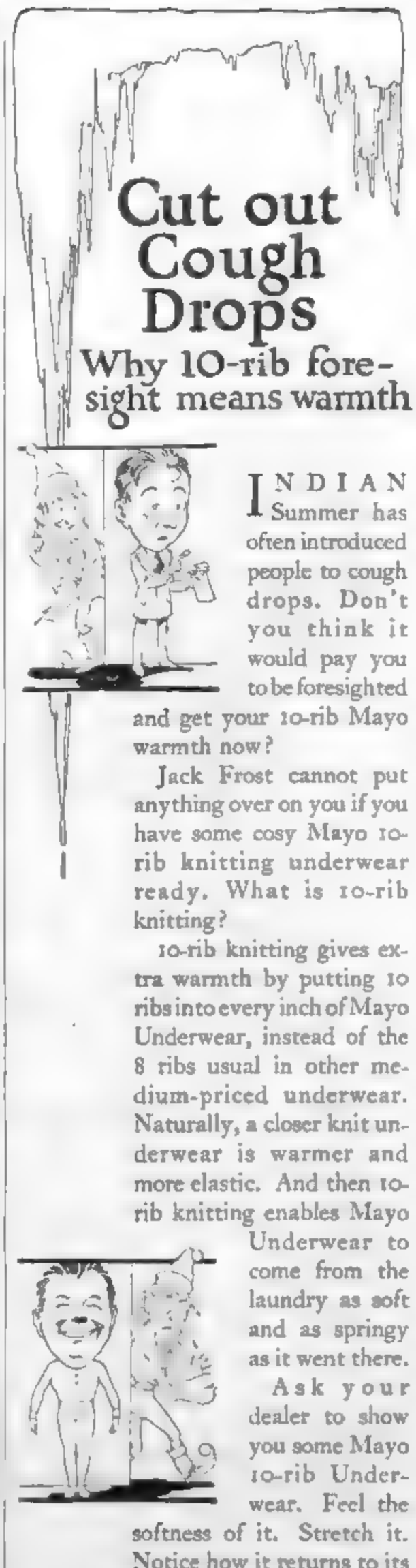
"As I did a man coming out of the darkness started up the steps. We came face to face, and as I saw his face I knew it. It was the face of the man who had hauled me out of the river three years before. I am sure that I recognized it only because the physical circumstances under which I had seen it before were now exactly reproduced—the dim lantern light making a circle above his head and mine and the streaking raindrops passing between us.

"In that instant I knew him, and I knew something else too. I knew that he answered—thick eyebrows, sandy whiskers and all—to the description which not two minutes before I had been reading in that stray Chicago newspaper. It was coincidence piled on coincidence, but it all happened just as I am telling it to you now.

"I said to him: 'Wait a minute. I've got something to say to you.' Something in my tone must have startled him; but then under the circumstances, of course, he had reasons to suspect any stranger who might hail him suddenly. He flinched away from me, stepping back down upon the sidewalk, and his right hand stole back toward his hip pocket.

"'Hold on,' I said; 'don't pull that gun! I am a friend, and not an enemy. You don't remember me, but if I'm not very much mistaken you are the same man who hauled me out of the Ohio River one night just about three years ago after I'd been blown up in that steamboat wreck which happened near where you lived then. You saved my life. Maybe I can do you a good turn now in payment. Take a tip from me and don't go into that hotel.

(Continued on Page 81)



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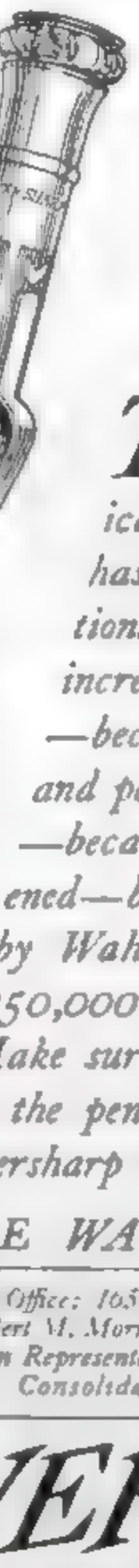

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WAHL PRODUCTS

Every Office

(Continued from Page 79)

There's a Chicago newspaper lying there on the desk in which a reward is offered for a man who looks like you and who is wanted in the county where you live—or used to live—for killing somebody. If you go inside somebody there may recognize you from the description printed in that paper. If you stay in this town somebody else may recognize you. I'm not saying you're the man that's wanted, but if you are, my advice to you is to take the next train out of here and to keep on going.'

"He stared at me a minute, and then he said slowly: 'Much obliged. I guess I'm the fellow they're after, all right.'

"And with that he turned and went away, and I've never seen him since. That's the yarn. Now then, don't you think you could dress it up and make a story out of it? If you can you're welcome to it."

I told him regretfully that I wouldn't dare. I told him that while real life abounded in inconceivable paradoxes and unbelievable coincidences, in fiction one must stick closely to the probable or else be accused of venturing too far outside the bounds of the plausible—in otherwords, that truth was stranger than fancy, and that the humanly possible often enough was too improbable for a story book's pages.

Going about in the world, I have met a good many diplomats, both foreign and domestic. Some of them were professional diplomatists, lying for their country's sake. Any time an official diplomatist detects himself in the act of telling the naked truth he is filled with internal hot-and-cold flushes of chagrin, and hastens to correct his open mistake at the expense of his private morality. I have met a good many of this breed, and I have met a good many amateur diplomats and semi-pros—persons not officially credited to any nation or any cause, but just engaged in the volunteer undertaking of smoothing out the bumpy places of life.

Without diplomacy, which means the knack of practicing agreeable deceit, none of us would have any friends and none of us would deserve to have any friends. When you come right down to cases, the very sills of our civilization, the floor joists of the social structure, are bedded down in diplomacy, which is tact, which is the gentle art of sugar-coating the truth that is so precious a thing because so rare and so dangerous and so frequently unpalatable.

First and last, I suppose I have met as many diplomats as the next one. One of the most diplomatic human beings I ever encountered was a veteran confidence man. The least diplomatic person of my acquaintance, and consequently the least attractive socially, is a reformer politician of considerable repute. But the greatest diplomat I ever knew anywhere was an English police officer.

French Formality

The way I came to meet him was so: It was in London in the early spring of 1918. At that time, under the Defense of the Realm Act, it was required of all foreigners that in addition to their passports they carry certain other credentials. I found out about this regulation almost immediately upon my arrival. The frock-coated deity who officiated at the desk of the hotel where I stopped informed me that within twelve hours after my arrival it was incumbent upon me to go to the nearest police station, which in this instance chanced to be the Bow Street police station, and there register my name and secure what was called an alien's book. I was warned that, lacking this book, I could not stir outside the city of London, and would be in danger of arrest and prosecution.

Immediately after breakfast next morning, armed with passports and extra photographs and various documents tending to prove who I was and what I was and what my purposes were, I repaired to the Bow Street station.

Now in France it would have devolved upon me to go to at least six different places before I found the place where the business in hand might be transacted. The French system is predicated upon the idea that the more intensively a formality is invested with difficulty the more appreciative the beneficiary will be when finally the transaction stands completed. In a French bank it requires half an hour and the services of at least six functionaries before a check may be cashed. This applies to cases where the person wishful of cashing the check already is known to the bank people and has been properly identified and suitably vouched for as one entitled to draw money out of the institution. Speaking offhand, I would say that in a case where he personally was not known it would take him at least two months to cash his check. What applies to French financial houses applies with even greater emphasis to French state offices and bureaus. But in Britain, even in wartime, such details were ordered with much less of ceremony and detail and delay.

Arriving at the door of the station, I was met by a constable on post there to receive visitors; and when I had explained my mission to him he promptly ushered me into a dingy room, where at a desk behind a railing sat a large dignified man in a dark-blue uniform. I told him my business and produced my passport and my other papers. From a drawer of his desk he brought forth a small blue-backed book. Upon the first page of this book my name and address were entered, and in a space especially provided for that purpose one of my photographs was pasted. Turning next to the second page of the book, the official proceeded to fill in certain blanks with entries relating to my age, my place of birth, my place of residence, my ancestry, my nationality, my calling and finally my physical description. He asked me what my height was, and I told him—scant six feet. He wanted to know the color of my eyes and the color of my hair and whether I had upon my body any distinguishing marks or scars or tattooings.

A Friendly Official

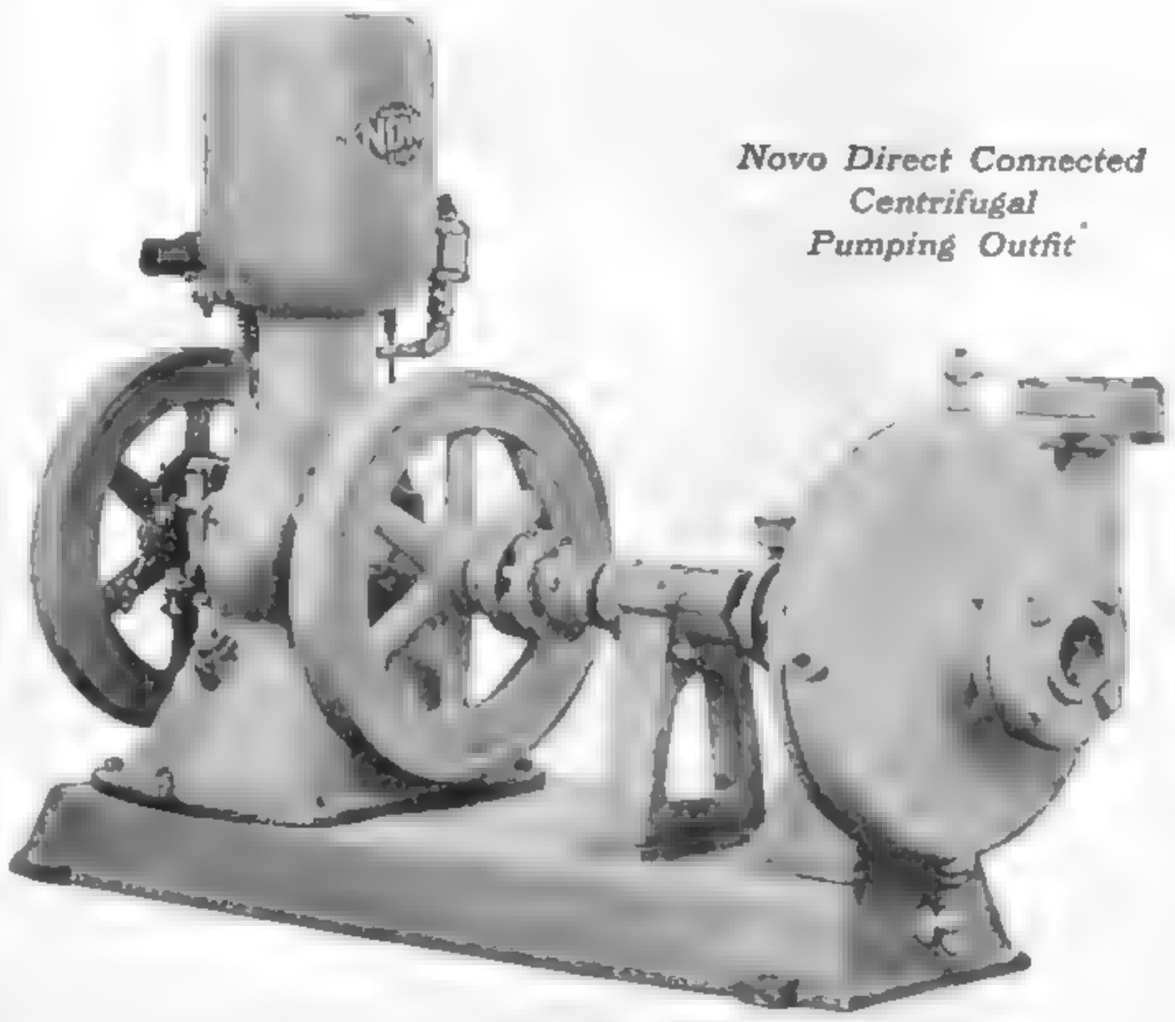
Between obtaining my answers and setting them down this officer and I indulged in conversation upon various topics not directly relating to the official side of the inquiry. I remember, for one thing, he told me he was a native of Kent. There were, he said, a good many persons of my name in the part of Kent where he had been reared, and he wanted to know whether I was related to any of these persons, and seemed slightly disappointed when I told him that to the best of my information and belief my paternal ancestry had been almost exclusively Irish.

He said one of the leading brewers in Kent was named Cobb. He also said that in his part of the country a green filbert was known as a Kentish cob. At this I told him that some of the American Cobbs were nuts, too, but I don't think he got the point; the word "nut," in a slang sense, having not the same significance in a London police station that it has in America. We discussed the weather and the war and the entry of America into the war and the part which it was hoped America might play in the war.

Altogether, I presume we must have spent upward of half an hour thus, and when at the end of that time he stamped his official seal in the book and signed his name as inspector of police and collected the fee of one shilling required by law and handed the book over to me I, for one, regretted that the interview was about to conclude. We shook hands, each politely expressing the hope that we might meet again, and I urged upon him an American-made cigar. He accepted it with thanks, but I noticed he did not light it, but handled it carefully, as though fearful that a thing so utterly different in appearance, color and feel from the average English-made cigar might explode and perhaps blow away a finger or so. He was still turning it over and over in his hand when he bowed me out.

Now at an earlier stage of the proceedings I had taken note of a small circumstance. Having asked me what my height was, he had recorded the figures as I gave them to him.

With his pen poised over the next ruled space he had hesitated for a moment or two, and then without putting any question to me had written a single word in that blank and moved on to the detail of my prevalent complexion. So immediately upon withdrawing from his presence and reaching the sidewalk outside the building, I opened the book at the second page and read through the entries there set down. I was curious to know what possible motive had inspired him to hesitate at a certain point, and what mental processes had moved him to set down a statement relating to my physical description without securing corroborative data from me.



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Drill is sped down to work by the friction Feed.
This ratchet lever controls the Yankee Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed.
Ratchet Feed automatically throws on at contact with work.

You can't overfeed

The "Yankee" Bench Drill, with its Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed, avoids bit breakage and puts speed into the drilling job.

Just set your work and turn the crank. Friction Feed runs drill down to contact; Ratchet Feed automatically throws on and sends drill through the cut. Pressure mechanically regulated—bits are safe—you can't overfeed.

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No. 1005. Two speeds; 3-jaw chuck for holding drills up to ½ in. Height 28 in.

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Here was what I found: The first entry on the page, as I have said, had to do with my height. The second had to do with my bulk, the word "Build" being printed as a subheading above the line to be filled in with writing.

Now a person who was not a diplomat at heart might crudely have asked me to furnish the exact figures in avoirdupois weight, to which my answer necessarily would have been in the nature of a personal confession, for it is not to be denied that I was a bit oversized; or acting on his own initiative as this man had acted, a tactless individual might have set down the word "fleshy" or the word "stout." He might even have gone so far as to record the short and ugly word "fat."

But mark the delicacy of feeling, the nicety of choice in the selection of language which characterized that prince of diplomatists, Inspector William Stephen, of the Bow Street police station, London, E. C. The word he chose was exactly the word for which I, through the years, had vainly been groping in my vocabulary as the word most appropriately designed to sum up in a word my own physical aspect. I had never found it either. But lo, this man, a stranger to me, put his finger, as it were, right on it! It was a soothing word. It was a complimentary word. Almost it was a flattering word.

It was the word "proportionate."

I have that book yet. I mean to treasure it through all my days.

"JIMMY"

(Continued from Page 11)

was not according to formula. Cox replied that the only formula he cared anything about was to get coal for Ohio. And he got it.

If Cox is elected President the gentlemen who comprise the Congress of the United States will do well to know exactly where they are going in his direction before they start on their way. If they think they can palm any broken-bladed jackknives off on him in their trades they will be chagrined to discover, after the trading ceremonies are concluded, that such is not the case. If anybody has a resultant broken-bladed jackknife the Honorable Jimmy Cox will not be that person. Furthermore, if the Congress of the United States, in case of his election, shall, as it probably will, decide to put him in his place, to elucidate the well-known obsession of our national lawmakers that Congress is an institution while a President is merely an incident, notwithstanding the three-coördinate-branch stipulation of the Constitution, they will find that this five-foot-eight President will need a lot of place-putting before he admits the contention. Furthermore, they will discover that when they think they have him put in his place he will be on the flank of them, lambasting them in a serious, nonimaginative, wholly effective and qute merciless manner.

In these phases we get the antithetical quality of Cox, because notwithstanding his disregard for both amenities and rules when he is after results he, in other respects, is a most methodical and systematic person. He is verbose in his speeches and in his public papers, and direct and unequivocal in his private talk. He is a millionaire, and the best friends he has are the coal miners. He lives in one of the finest houses in Dayton, and the men who work on the streets call him Jimmy. He is as serious of mind as an elder in a Scotch kirk, and likes, and can tell, a story. He reads philosophy and biography, and he enjoys musical comedy. He alternates with heavy operatic stuff and jazz when he plays the phonograph that is in his library. He takes long vacation trips and never went to a summer resort in his life. He goes to church, and he can, and does, swear fluently on occasion. He is a golfer, likes prize fights and liberally supports the Society for Ethical Culture.

Once a Poor Man

Moreover, he is a politician. He is seismographic in his reactions to popular thought and demand, and electric in comporting himself in accord therewith. You will never fail to find him on the side of the many. He knows where the votes come from. He was a poor boy. You will hear all about that in the course of the campaign—a very poor boy. His first job was that of sexton for a country church, and his wage was thirty-five cents a week. The downtrodden masses are one of his deep concerns. He is the friend of the horny-handed son of toil. He has all the props, and he knows how to handle them. All he needs is the crowd and he can sell his goods. You watch him on the stump, where he made his first campaign speech on the day this was written.

His understanding of the people, and the political attributes of them, and how to utilize those attributes, is, of course, due in its measure to his own condition of life when he was a young man. His people were poor. He hustled for a living for a good many years, and hustling for a living entails association and understanding of others who are hustling for livings, and that is the bulk of us. Though Cox is now a rich man his sympathies and comprehension of poor men have not changed, nor his political attitude toward them. He is entirely too smart for any public manifestation of that, if indeed there is any private thought on the matter. Just now, of course, he desires to be known as Jimmy for the popular trade-mark of it, but he liked to be called Jimmy before he had more than a hope, or anybody else had, that he ever would be a nominee for President.

This impress of his early poverty is responsible for a number of his characteristics, and of these an interesting one is his choice of a library, and the verbosity of him when it comes to speech or paper composition. The library at Trailsend, which is his Dayton home, is a large sunny rectangular room on the first floor, with bookshelves on three sides. There are many sets among his books, but there is also a predominance of biography and history and works on various economic and political subjects. At first survey there seems to be no fiction beyond a few examples, here and there, of Scott, Cooper, Thackeray, Dickens and similar writers—no current or modern fiction.

Built Like Napoleon

A closer examination shows a collection of novels on the top shelves, away up near the ceiling, that is heterogeneous and of the most casual character—train books, no doubt, and so on. Cox does not read many novels. Biography is a favorite with him, and of all biographies and correlated works he leans with greatest favor toward books about Roosevelt and about Napoleon. He has read much about Napoleon. He is a short, stocky man himself.

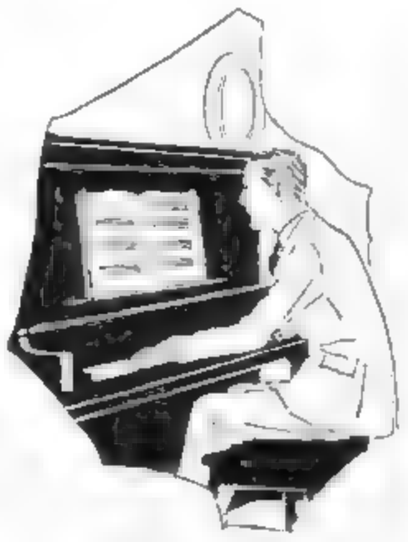
When he was a boy he had access to a library containing about sixty books. "Such books as Robinson Crusoe were there," he said, "but most of that library was pretty serious stuff. I read every book in it, and got a taste for that sort of reading that I have not been able to switch to fiction, though, I may say, I have never tried very hard to switch it, for I have been entirely too busy all my life for much of that sort of diversion. I educated myself by reading books."

In the process of that education Cox learned many excellent words. Whenever he came to a word he did not understand he made a note of it and looked it up. Consequently having acquired this good stock of excellent and impressive words he likes to display it, to use his words, and he uses them when he comes to composition. He trots them out and parades them. For instance, during his speech of acceptance he said "agriculturist" several times. "Why the devil doesn't he say farmer?" asked a Chicago politician. Along later in the speech he did say "farmer," but he said "agriculturist" first—a resonant and showy word that he had in stock, and he dressed up a few sentences with it. That's it. He dresses up his sentences, and he loves the work. Hence he provides himself with far too many sentences to dress up. He festoons too many words on his oratorical ideas. Not that his style isn't clear enough, but that there is too much of it. Fancy a man, even a candidate for President, rising in a grand stand at a fair grounds at five o'clock on a rainy afternoon to exude twelve thousand words about anything, much less to say he accepted a presidential nomination and was darned glad to get it.

(Concluded on Page 85)

GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano

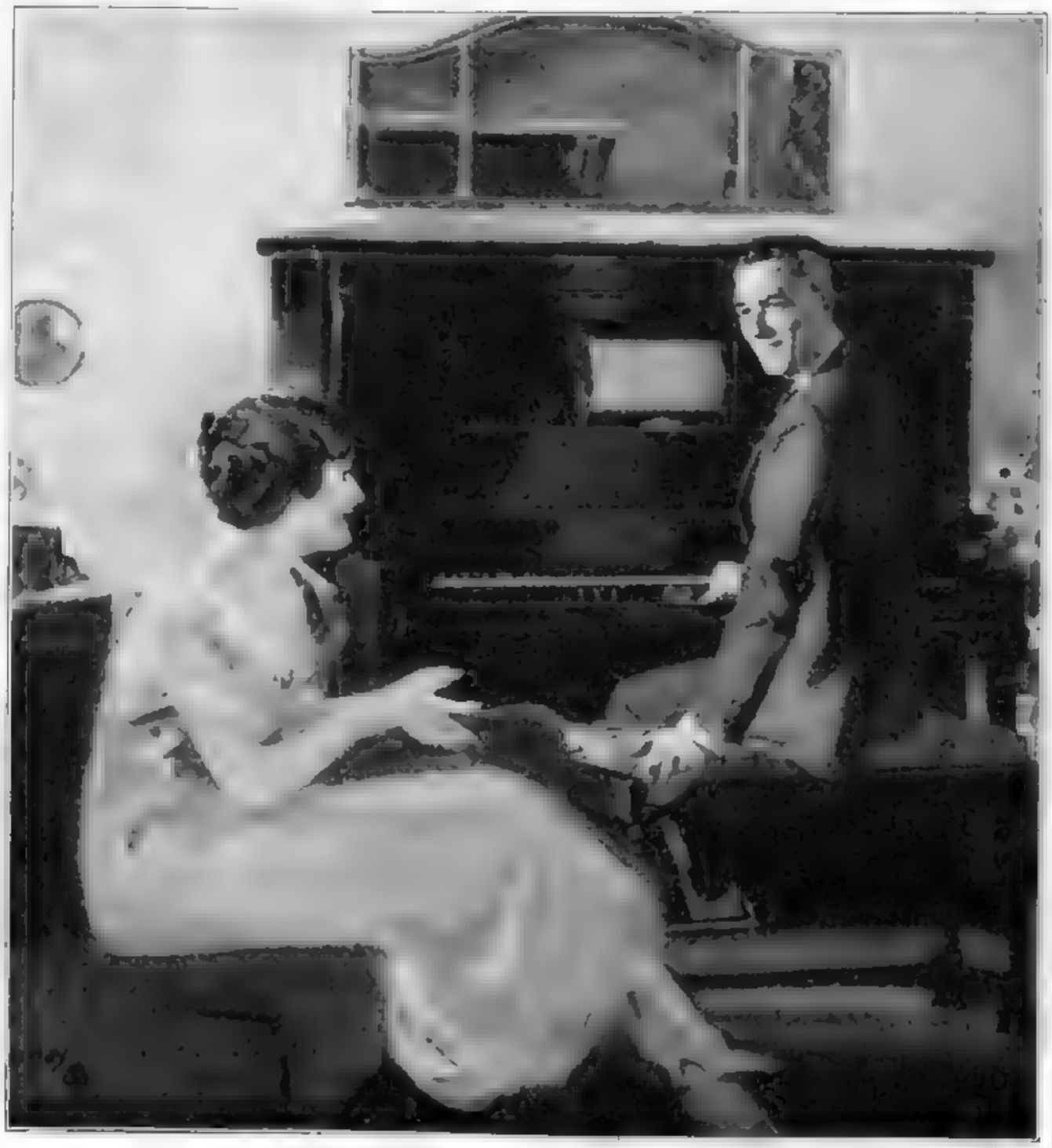
(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

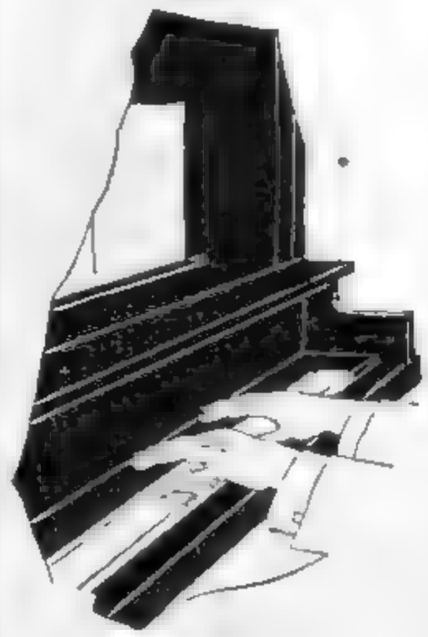


Reading the Music

Piano music is the most difficult of all scores to read. The treble and bass clefs are as different as two languages. Yet the mind must grasp them at the same time and read from two to five notes in each clef instantly.

"Reading at sight" is a rare accomplishment—except of simple chords already memorized. "Picking out the notes" is the only way for the vast majority. It is a slow and tedious way, rarely leading to the full enjoyment of music. The Gulbransen makes it unnecessary. It reads the music for you.





Striking the Notes

Can you think of any other instrument which requires so much agility of the musician as the piano? More than four feet of keyboard over which the hands must race—the position of every key to be memorized—four to ten notes to be played at once! Small wonder that so few can play the piano satisfyingly!

And when the reading and fingering of one composition are mastered, expression is still to be accomplished. Almost the whole enjoyment of music comes from the expression—the variety of soft and loud, fast and slow. The art of the musician begins with expression.

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The Gulbransen Reads the Music and Strikes the Notes While You Put In the Expression—Fast, Slow, Loud, Soft

The Gulbransen Player-Piano is a musical instrument which you may play well or play poorly. It is easy to play well; but playing it well requires some study and practice—about as much as learning to drive a car.

We emphasize this to encourage better playing. The Gulbransen can be played as artistically by roll as by hand. Thousands of owners play delightfully. Some, like John Martin, are such masters of "pedal-touch" and accent that they play with all the exquisite shading and phrasing of concert pianists.

The mere possession of a Gulbransen gives you all the technique that ten years of practice gives the hand performer. And then, in weeks instead of years, you can learn to play with the *expression* which makes music so satisfying.

A really brilliant ability on the Gulbransen is easily acquired if you have a "feeling" for music—the "feeling" which gives you a thrill from the military band on parade or a lump in your throat from a song filled with pathos.

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CHICAGO BOSTON DALLAS DETROIT LOUISVILLE ST. LOUIS NEW YORK PARIS

(Concluded from Page 82)

However, there were two reasons for that late start. The first was the politics of it. Instead of reviewing the parade he marched in it; no standing above the boys and saluting them as they passed, but a politicianly getting down among them and mixing with them. Also, the chairman of the notification meeting played it low down on the candidate. Instead of speaking for ten minutes the chairman looked out over that crowd and concluded he would never have a better opportunity for the display of his own oratorical gifts, and he displayed them for about an hour, while the candidate waited with his own twelve thousand words upon his heaving chest.

Dayton is the home of system. Everything is done there by charts showing by means of curves, calculations and concentrics how everything has been done or must be done. Experts abound. Forms are prevalent. All is system, and it seems to work out well, if the growth and prosperity of the city are a criterion. However, one doesn't connect system and the manifestations of it with a presidential candidate, but that doesn't apply to the Dayton presidential candidate, whatever his disregard for rules, formulas and charts may seem to be in his political practices and for the purpose of getting results.

Cox has a staff of experts—six of them. One is an economic expert, one is a financial expert, one is a political expert, and so on. These men are with him, and they collect and collate information for him. When Cox gets into his stride on the stump in this campaign it will be a very crafty person who can ask him a question that he cannot answer, for when the question comes he need only summon his expert in that department and that expert will reach into his card system and produce the required information. There will be a chart showing his progress day by day. There will be elaborate political computations. Cox in this regard has himself completely systematized. In addition to being an editor and a politician he is engaged in the business of manufacturing sentiment for himself and he uses all modern improvements in the enterprise.

He is a husky out-of-doors man, a hunter, a fisher, a golfer, a rider; fit and hard physically. He is used to campaigning. In one of his campaigns for governor they pushed him into making sixteen speeches a day for a good many days, and he came through the grind with full vigor. Also, he is a good cook. Ohio men of means specialize on cooking. Robert Wolff, of Columbus, who owns a couple of newspapers and a shoe factory, is celebrated as a cook, and Cox is no slouch over the fire. There are many others.

Cox as a Cook

He has a hunting and fishing shack in the woods of the upper Michigan peninsula, and has hunted in many other parts of the country. He boasts about his ability to cook a fish.

"I make a fire," he says, "having first taken the precaution to get a fish—an eight or ten pounder for preference. I put stones in the fire and heat them until they are very hot. Then I build an oven out of these hot stones—make a box out of the hot stones of sufficient size to hold the fish. After the fish has been dressed and seasoned I cover it with maple leaves and put it in the box and throw sand on the hot stones. I put sand on until there is no escape of steam, and I let the fish bake in its own juices for three hours. You have never tasted fish if you have not eaten one cooked that way."

He went to the Michigan woods not long ago with three friends. They expected to pick up a cook on the way. The cook was not available then, and the party did not wait for him. Cox did the cooking. A few days later the cook arrived, just at supper time. They told him to fall to. He ate his meal and early next morning packed up his blankets and started away.

"Hi!" shouted one of the campers at him. "Where are you going?"

"Goin' back."

"What for?"

"Aw, shucks; you said you wanted a plain cook. I can't do nothin' for you now that you're used to eatin' after that guy Cox."

Cox is the same sort of golfer that he is politician. He shakes results out of his golf. His theory is that if you do not take a chance on getting into a bunker you never will get over it, and on the putting green his precept is the good old one: "Never up, never in." And his golf is characteristic; just as characteristic as his system. He will take long chances, but also he is methodical and careful, when it is time for method and care, as the most meticulous golfer extant. He plays a good game—round eighty-five. He could give Harding seven or eight strokes and beat him handily.

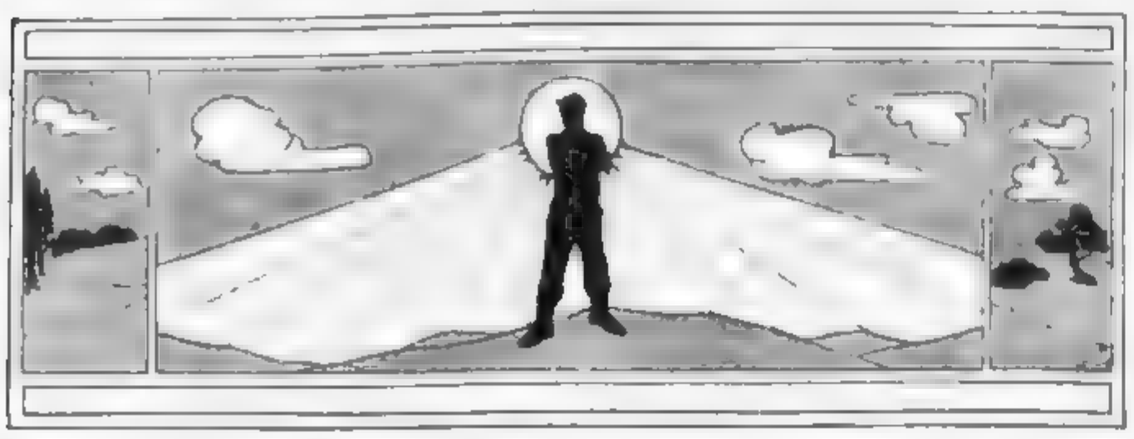
A Good Business Man

When Cox went into newspapering in Dayton he had no money, but his friend Paul Sorg, the tobacco man, indorsed his purchase paper for him. Cox was both editor and business manager. He wrote local news and solicited advertising. He was that powerful newspaper combination—a man possessed of editorial sense and business acumen. That mixture brings the greatest publication success. It worked out with Cox until he now owns a daily paper in Dayton, another in Springfield, Ohio, has fine buildings for his properties, and much else besides. His business acumen was abundantly proved when he made a combination of two gas companies in Dayton, and later merged his company with another. That gave him his first big start toward wealth. Dayton people say that on an income basis he is worth two or three millions of dollars, but no proletarian need be annoyed at that. He made it all himself.

Of course there is no idler occupation than to attempt in mid-August, when this was written, to say what will be happening in a campaign of this sort along in October, when this will be printed; but unless totally unexpected things do happen it will be found that Cox will make a hard-hitting, vigorous, persistent and insistent campaign. He wants to be President, and he will take the politics of this country by the nape of the neck and the seat of the trousers and try to shake that result out of it. There will be nothing frivolous or careless about his fight, for he is not a frivolous or careless person; nor will there be any lack of attention to the expedient as it develops.

Cox, with all his seriousness and fierce directness, is also an opportunist. He will do a thing if a thing is to be done, and provide reasons afterward. He has courage and resourcefulness. He is adroit and experienced. He feels that he has an excellent chance. He says Ohio is as sure to go for him as Texas. There is vast dispute of that claim, of course, but Cox is certain, and has a fine record of carrying the state. His opponents say he won in 1912 only because the Republican Party was split, was defeated once, and that in his other campaigns he was successful only through circumstances, and not because of any great merit or strength of his own.

Events will show all that. The point is that Cox will fight for Ohio until the last minute, and fight for the rest of the country also. When he wants a thing he goes out after it. When he goes fishing he wants to catch all the fish in the creek. When he goes hunting he never stops until he has his limit. He is fishing and hunting now—for votes. And he won't stop until he has them or has exhausted every effort to get them.



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A BIT OF THE BALKANS

(Continued from Page 19)

of the country Albanians, after its then chief city of Albanopolis, and called the country Albania instead of spraining their tongues on the word "Shkyperi." That's how educated Albanians account for the name by which their country is known in Europe.

I suggested to several of them that the word Albania, meaning white, might possibly have been attached to the country because all the natives had always worn white pants and white skullcaps. They showed no enthusiasm over this theory. They, like all Europeans, much prefer to rattle the dry bones of history whenever any point is to be argued.

All down through Central Europe and the Balkans no two countries ever settle their differences by an application of logic and common sense. Almost invariably they go back about a thousand years in history—back to a point where nobody can be very sure about anything—and base their claims on their own versions of what happened in those far-off days in loud, strained voices, only pausing to call each other liars, murderers and bandits.

For example, the Montenegrins have a historical claim to the city of Scutari which runs back to the fourteenth century, when Czar Stefan Dushan, the celebrated Serbian ruler, who is also known in the Balkans by the affectionate nickname of The Strangler, conquered so much territory that he assumed the title of Emperor of the Greeks, Slavs and Albanians. The Montenegrins, being the descendants of Serbs, claim that because Dushan occupied Scutari for about four years back in the fourteenth century, and because Dushan was a Serb, Scutari should now belong to Montenegro.

The Montenegrins have other arguments to advance as to why they should be permitted to grab Albanian territory, but the historical argument is well up on the list. They are very whole-hearted and sincere when they advance their historical claims.

On the other hand, any mention of Czar Stefan Dushan in the presence of a patriotic Albanian is apt to cause an outburst of wild Albanian laughter. The Albanian at once proceeds to affirm that Czar Stefan Dushan is nothing but a parvenu—a veritable historical mushroom—a person who hasn't had a place in history for a sufficient length of time to get a reputation.

As claimers the Albanians are not backward. In many ways they show signs of being unprogressive, but their skill at claim-making amounts almost to a genius. There are passages in Homer, they say, which prove to their complete satisfaction that Homer was a Shkypetar. The mother of Alexander the Great was a Shkypetar. Alexander the Great was a Shkypetar. The great Pyrrhus was a Shkypetar. The Emperor Diocletian, Constantine the Great, Pope Sylvester and Saint Jerome, translator of the Holy Scriptures from Greek into Latin, were all Shkypetars.

Argument by Bullets

If territory in Southeastern Europe were to be distributed on the basis of who got there first, declare the Albanians, toying lightly with the silver chains which attach their revolvers to their persons, the entire Balkan Peninsula would belong to Albania. The oddest thing about the piquant claims of this humorous and fascinating people is that most of them are justified. That is to say, if there is anything at all in the historical claims of the Serbs and the Greeks and the Montenegrins, there is just as much in the claims of the Albanians, and the Albanian claims make all the other claims look extremely nauseated.

Albania, however, hasn't an organized army, and she has always lacked press agents of either the volunteer or the paid variety. Consequently her claims are regarded with derision by her better press-agented and more elaborately armed neighbors. The Slav races in Central and Southeastern Europe have had excellent press agents during the past few years, and the world at large has had ample opportunity to learn all their good points.

Yet Montenegro and Albania have fighting records which make interesting comparison. The Montenegrins fled to their mountains when the country was invaded by the Turk, and fought him as best they could for five hundred years. The Albanians, invaded by everyone in sight, did the same sort of fighting for more than double that length of time. Like the Montenegrins, they are still hanging on and still wearing the same kind of pants that they wore when the invasions began, the most marked difference being that the Montenegrins wear short blue pants and the Albanians wear long white ones.

The Montenegrins are divided into tribes, fond of fighting passionately among themselves during dull seasons; but the tribes have been united under one overlord or king. In this they have the Albanians shaded; for though the Albanians are also addicted to the tribal system and to brisk fighting with each other, their jealousies and their religious differences have prevented them from uniting under a ruler from among themselves. Since the death of their greatest hero, Scanderbeg, they have lacked the power of organizing. If they possessed that power their Montenegrin and Serb neighbors would be kept in a far more restless state than that which they now enjoy, because practically every Albanian male over the age of twelve is such an expert with a rifle that he can shoot the feelers from a cockroach at a distance of ten paces.

Any such ability as this, when organized, causes protracted pains to people who on half-baked historical grounds seek to occupy land belonging to the organizee.

Even though disorganized, however, the Albanians declare hotly that they will not permit their lands to be taken from them; and their straight shooting goes a great way toward making up for their lack of organization.

Politics in the Balkans

The Balkan States have always been the breeding place for intrigue germs. The diplomatic agents of the great Powers have in the past gone down into the Balkans and played one little state off against another, bought support, backed their favorites, maintained huge staffs of spies, informers and evidence manufacturers, tried to see to it that all press reports should be colored to suit their needs, and so stimulated the hatred of one nationality for another that the Balkan States were constantly on the verge of war. By keeping them on the verge of war the peace of all Europe was endangered, for all the big nations were backing favorites in the Balkans.

The splitting up of Central Europe into small states has made all of Central Europe into a greater aggregation of Balkan States. The large nations are playing their favorites and struggling for spheres of influence just as they have always done in the Balkans.

Albania is a country which exposes faults which are owned but concealed by the other Balkan States and the new countries of Central Europe. It is a composite picture of Central and Southeastern Europe in an

(Continued on Page 89)

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There is no more efficient or economical method of getting heat for such purposes and no other way is so handy.

It attaches to any electric light outlet; is easily carried from place to place, and is safe because the base is weighted so that if accidentally tipped it turns face up. By simply replacing the heating unit with a Mazda you have an efficient flood light.

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EDISON
News Notes

The Atlantic Fleet made many interesting tests on its long spring cruise which will contribute much to our naval supremacy. And the report on the electric ranges that we installed in the galleys of the U. S. S. Arizona and U. S. S. Oklahoma summarized thus: "The electric ranges were first rate. They were very popular with the cooks and were used constantly."

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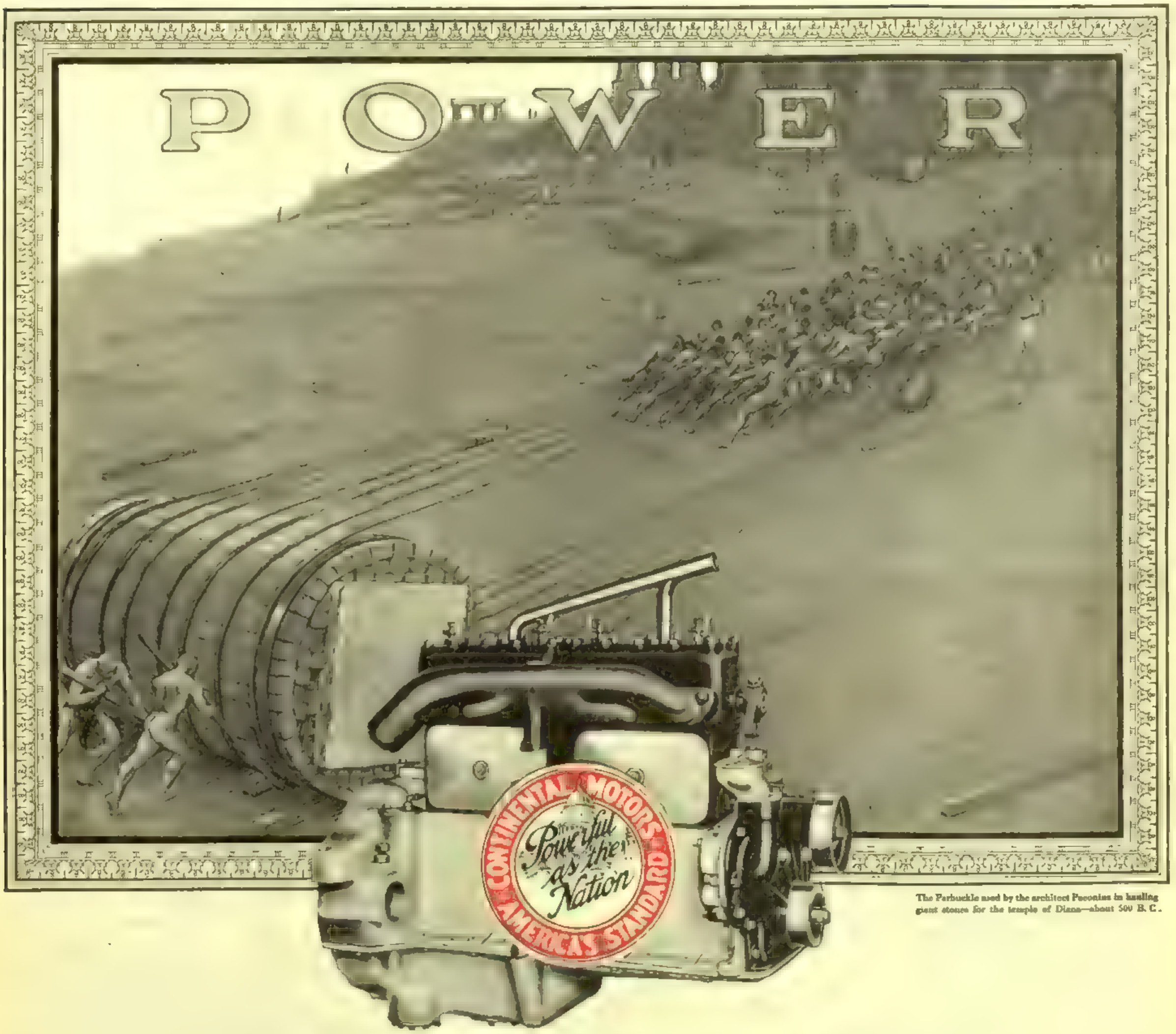

The Parbuckle used by the architect Pæonius in hauling giant stones for the temple of Diana—about 500 B. C.

As though focused upon a single point by some huge sun-glass of Destiny, the energies of almost every race and creed have been centered upon the vital problem of creating POWER. ¶ And with almost equal intensity, the energies of an enormous organization are centered today upon the problem of maintaining at its highest peak of efficiency, the power creator that is known everywhere by the distinctive mark on its crank-case—the Continental Red Seal.

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(Continued from Page 86)

exaggerated form. It has been oppressed longer than the other countries; it has maintained its integrity, its language and its customs for a longer time against greater odds; it is more willing to fight in order to retain its freedom; it is more ignorant politically—but not much more; it would—as it has in the past—fight the armies of all Europe rather than submit to terms which it considered unfair; it has more trouble with its component parts than the others, but the trouble is more easily quelled; it possesses no leaders who are capable of governing it properly—and neither, apparently, do many of the others; it hates its neighbors with even greater intensity than the others—but only a little greater; and it shoots those whom it hates with a little more rapidity and accuracy—but only a little more. The comparison could be carried on indefinitely.

Albania has scarcely a fault which isn't possessed by practically all the new states; and scarcely a virtue can be found in any of the new states which can't also be found in Albania.

Albania was conquered by the Turks in 1478, and for the next four hundred and thirty-four years, or until 1912, Albania remained a Turkish province. Every little while the Albanians would rise against the Turks, but their luck was bad. Early in 1912, however, they broke loose with one of their most potent insurrections and almost pushed the Turk off the map of Albania in a series of thrilling victories. The Turks consequently recognized Albania as an autonomous province.

Albania's Imported Prince

Cheered by the successes of the Albanians, the other Balkan States formed an alliance among themselves and picked a fight with Turkey with the intention of pushing the Turks off the map of Europe. At the same time they started to help themselves to Albania, Serbia and Montenegro invading the northern and central portions, and Greece plunged blithely into the southern part. This wearied Italy and Austria-Hungary, owing to the fact that the nation which controls the Albanian ports also controls the Adriatic Sea.

Italy has always regarded the Adriatic as an Italian lake; and the thought of Serbia grabbing all of Northern and Central Albania, with Greece camped at Valona, only forty miles from Italy, was almost more than she could endure. Austria-Hungary, always an enemy of the Slav races, almost had a series of epileptic fits at the thought that the Slavic Balkan races might become strong enough to imperil the Berlin-Bagdad Railway scheme of the Central Empires. She therefore warned Serbia and Montenegro in coarse, offensive tones to get back where they belonged. Italy, being an ally of Austria at that time, also emitted a series of warning shrieks and rattled her sword suggestively at Greece.

This made Russia very peevish; for Russia, having her eye fixed longingly on Constantinople, had appointed herself fairy godmother of the Slav nations in the Balkans. So Russia, in a rough, raucous voice, told Austria-Hungary to stop annoying her little friends. Germany began to froth at the mouth over the Pan-Slavic peril, and prepared to assist Austria and Italy. France set herself to jump into the fracas on the side of Russia.

This gives a faint and sketchy idea of the manner in which the great European nations stuck their fingers into the affairs of the small European nations. They are still observing the same disinterested aloofness, it might be added, toward the new states of Central Europe. Only through the intervention of England was a general European war averted at that time. England proposed that the Albanian question should be settled at a conference of the ambassadors of the six great Powers.

At this conference it was finally agreed that Albania should become an independent state to be ruled by a European prince who should be elected by the Powers. After great delay, the Powers selected and shipped to Albania a Prussian princeling, William of Wied. Prince William may have worked up something of a reputation among his own little coterie of friends, but as far as the great outside world was concerned he was a darker horse than a presidential nominee on the Populist ticket.

The Albanians, who had waited a little matter of four and a half centuries for their independence, promptly became delirious with joy. Prince William was tall and handsome, and to the impatient Albanians he looked like a world beater. They gave him the title of Mpret, which is Albanian for king, and begged him to start mpretting as soon as possible. Prince William, who looked so well in his pictures, started at once to demonstrate that he was a false alarm. As an Mpret, he was admitted by all to be mpretty sad, as one might say. In the selection of his advisers and in practically all his official acts he got off, so to speak, on the wrong foot. His final false step was taken when some of the Albanians, following their time-honored custom, started a rebellion.

When there is no outsider against whom he can rebel, the Albanian always rebels against himself. It is a sort of disease, quite prevalent in the Balkans, and caused by centuries of gun carrying and struggling against the party in power. At any rate, there was a rebellion, and news was brought to Durazzo that the rebels were about to enter the town. The population of the city, panic-stricken, took to the ships in the harbor. Even William stopped mpretting, closed up his office for the day and took refuge on an Italian warship.

This cooked William's goose to a turn. In fact, it cooked it to a complete series of turns. When the Albanian fighting men of the north and the south, Christians and Moslems, rebels and nonrebels, heard that their Mpret had run away, they howled their disapproval to high heaven. This, they shrieked, was not the sort of ruler that a people as brave as the Albanians must have. Later, after the Mpret had departed, the Albanians telegraphed to him to come back and resume his mpretting where he had left off. Possibly they remembered that a great many other presumably brave Albanians had also taken refuge on ships. At any rate, they managed to reconcile their admitted love for bravery and his seeming lack of it.

A great deal of poppycock is emitted by European press agents concerning the bravery of various nations. They would have the world believe that certain peoples are braver than other peoples. This is all twaddle. The Serbs are no braver than the Poles or the Albanians or the Turks. Montenegrins and Czechs, as their press agents say, are brave little peoples; but they aren't a bit braver than the British or the French or the Germans or the Greeks or the Americans. The late war proved rather conclusively that no nation has yet succeeded in cornering the world's supply of bravery.

The Mpret left Albania a month after the outbreak of the Great War, and the Albanians started a veritable Donnybrook Fair among themselves. The Greeks came up from the south and devastated the southern provinces.

Ready to Tackle the World

The Serbs and the Montenegrins came in from the north again and captured the city of Scutari after a battle in which nine thousand Albanians were killed. In the spring of 1916 the Austrians chased out the Serbs and Montenegrins and occupied Northern and Central Albania. As the war turned against Germany and Austria the Austrians fled precipitately from the country, followed closely by the Italians.

In the spring of 1920, when I landed at Durazzo and went to Tirana, the capital of Albania, and then worked north to Scutari, all the seaports and the large towns of North and Central Albania were occupied by Italian troops. The latest maps of Europe declare in large red letters that Albania is subject to Italian mandate. The Italians themselves say that they are going to withdraw from Albania and let the Albanians govern themselves. The Albanians say that the Italians can't get out too quickly to suit them. In May, 1920, the Italians solemnly declared that they were actually withdrawing. The Albanians were cheering the announcement lustily and signifying their delight by killing Italian soldiers whenever they could do so without endangering themselves in too pronounced a manner.

The Italians are still there. They will probably be there for some time to come; and no matter how long they stay there, the Albanians will unquestionably continue to fight them. The fact that Italy is five or six times as big and a hundred times as strong as Albania makes no difference to Albania. She fights with just as much willingness and confidence as though she were fighting the police force of East St. Louis. She would fight as willingly against all the nations of Europe if she felt that the occasion demanded it, just as she did in 1880, when she made armed resistance to the great Powers of Europe when they sent their combined fleets to enforce the Treaty of Berlin, by the terms of which Albania was deprived of purely Albanian lands.

This resistance was known as the War Against Europe. Albania is only a little more than two hundred miles long, and only a hundred miles broad at its broadest point, but she considers herself eminently qualified to tackle anything at all. So does every other small nation in Central and Southeastern Europe, with the exception of Austria, which is completely down and out.

One gets a steamer for Albania at Bari, in Southern Italy. The steamer runs across the Adriatic and up the Dalmatian coast once every two weeks, and is either ten hours late or ten hours ahead of time. It stops for only a few minutes at each port, and it waits for nobody. I repeatedly watched frantically waving would-be passengers row up toward that Adriatic steamer at different ports, only to have it heave up its anchor and go scudding out to sea just before they could reach the companionway. It was as busy as a monkey hunting for fleas, and offensively important. It could afford to be important, however, for it was a spotlessly clean boat, and its food was excellent and it dispensed large quantities of the only genuine old-fashioned beer that was to be found on the Continent of Europe during the first half of 1920. It was a dark-brown, smooth, mellow, potent beverage, manufactured in Trieste and rejoicing in the name of Spätenbrau; and the manner in which the passengers on the boat sopped up that nectarlike fluid was enough to make a sponge turn its head away in shame.

Skullcaps and Straw Hats

Everybody waits patiently for the boat, some because of the beer, no doubt, and others because the thought of waiting two weeks for another boat in case they miss this one is not particularly thrilling. There were a number of Albanians waiting on the pier, and their appearance threw some interesting side lights on their country. There were some, for example, who had been vacationing in Italy. They had gone to Italy in their native dress, and they were returning in the more ephemeral creased pants and belted trench coat of Western civilization. They wanted to be dressed like regular Europeans, but they didn't quite know how to do it. Some of them didn't like the naked openness of the ends of the coat sleeves and the bottoms of the trousers, so they had gathered these loose ends tight round their wrists and ankles with safety pins. Others had some natty new outfits of which they were tremendously proud, and yet they couldn't bear to give up certain portions of their accustomed garb.

The Albanian clings to his little fez, or skullcap, at practically all hours. He wears it indoors and outdoors; he wears it when he eats, and for all I know he wears it when he sleeps. Some of the gentlemen with the new European clothes clung to their skullcaps. But they clung to their European hats too. They compromised by wearing straw hats on top of the fezzes. It gave them a sort of cheap turreted effect, like that conveyed by the five-room summer-resort wooden castles of the early seventies. They also found their store clothes very unhandy things in which to pack the lethal weapons demanded by Albanian customs.

The Albanians cross their legs and sit on the floor when in repose; and if one fills his trousers with revolvers and three or four daggers and seven pounds of cartridges and then attempts to cross his legs and sit on the floor he will certainly cover himself with bruises, and will more than likely slash open several arteries or blow off a few knee joints or ankle bones. Recognizing this fact, the dressed-up Albanians had donned their broad sashes over their vests and under their coats, and into the sashes they had stuck their weapons, their pipes, their cigarettes and all the small bundles which they had gathered on their trip. The effect was slightly different from that which had been sought by the Italian clothing designers, and it probably would have maddened a style expert beyond all endurance; but the Albanians couldn't see anything wrong with their methods. The Albanians, like many of their more-advanced brethren

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It's easy to make your shoes waterproof

The Triangle Line

Dri-Foot—The Shoe Waterproofing—For men's, women's, and children's leather shoes. Good for harness.

Presto-White (liquid)—won't rub off. For all articles of white canvas and duck.

Presto-White Cake—For all articles made of white buck leather, canvas, and duck.

Cameo White-Kid Cleaner—For all white and delicate colored kid leathers.

Super-White (cleaner)—Cleans and whitens buck, nubuck, suede, and canvas shoes. Also scuffed and badly soiled kid shoes.

Milady (cream) All colors—For glazed kid and shiny leather.

Carbolene (dry cleaner)—For cleaning all articles made of white or colored kid, of calf, satin, silk, and fabrics.

Lusteron (black) Self-Shining—For kid, vici kid, and all finished leathers.

Ebony-Oil (black-instson)—For box calf, kid, vici kid, and black leathers.

Shine-Well (paste) Black, Brown, and Tan—For shoes in all leathers.

Waterproof all your shoes—make them more serviceable. Dri-Foot on seams, soles, and uppers will make your shoes proof against wet and dampness.

Dri-Foot also keeps the leather soft and pliable, prevents cracking; makes shoes more durable than ordinary.

This waterproofing doesn't make shoes greasy or interfere with polishing either tan or black footwear.

Dri-Foot is only *one* product in the Triangle Brand Line of polishes, cleaners, and dressings for every kind of leather and fabric footwear.

Look for the Triangle Trade Mark and the Dri-Foot display card. Most good shoe stores sell the line.

FITZ CHEMICAL CO., Phillipsburg, N. J.
Makers of Triangle Shoe Dressings and Dri-Foot

This Triangle Product cleans quickly without harm to the skin

FITZ PRESTO HAND SOAP

Takes off Grease, Grime, Ink Stains, and Paint. Leaves the Skin Smooth and Soft

in Central and Southeastern Europe, want to do the right things but don't know how, or aren't willing to do them in the way in which they must be done in order to get the desired results.

There was also an Albanian lady on the pier. She was the wife of an Albanian bey whose name has been highly honored in Albanian annals for many generations. The title of bey is of Turkish origin. It is an honorary title, the equivalent of which in other countries would be count or possibly even prince. The Albanian beys are the large landowners of the country and are almost without exception very wealthy men. Each bey supports a small army of armed retainers, and his home is usually a miniature fortress, so that he can deal adequately with any coarse person who tries to interrupt him in his beying, so to speak.

The beys lease their land to the peasants, who in turn must hand back to the beys one-third of everything that they raise. Thus it can be seen that beying is a pleasant and profitable pursuit—for the beys. The peasant, however, is not overcome with admiration for the system. In fact, he is pierced with violent pangs to think that the harder he works the richer and grabbier the beys will become. The cause of the rebellion against the government of Mpret William was due solely to the desire of the peasants to have the Mpret do something that evidently didn't enter at all into his mpretting mplans—to wit, put the screws on the beys and make it possible for the peasants to own their own farms.

The Ruins of Durazzo

This lady, then, was the wife of a bey. She was young and not unattractive. Her gown and her hat and her silk stockings had come from Paris. Her manner was perfection. I was introduced to her by a Red Cross nurse, and learned to my embarrassment that her knowledge of French and German was infinitely superior to my own. She seemed to be as normal and cultivated and enlightened a person as it would be possible to find in Kansas City or Dallas or Atlanta. She came and ate yards of spaghetti with us, dusting it heavily with cheese and rolling it gayly into her rosebud—as the saying goes—mouth. She dallied with the Chianti and showed herself to be a regular person, thoroughly conversant with the customs to which we usually allude as civilized.

But a few hours later, when the steamer arrived at an Albanian port, her face was concealed behind a heavy black veil; and behind the veil she was doomed to remain so long as she stayed in Albania, because she was a Mohammedan woman. For any man outside her immediate family to have seen her face would have been a very terrible thing. It seems odd to an American—more odd, oddly enough, than for an American woman to expose herself on a bathing beach in a manner which would be considered highly shocking under other circumstances.

The Albanians long to have their country governed as the better European countries are governed, but even when advanced Albanians are aware of what constitutes enlightenment in other countries they cling passionately to ancient beliefs and moldy traditions which are nothing but food for the barnacles on the keel of progress.

The husband of the lady in question had been educated in foreign universities. He was a very enlightened gentleman. If he lived in America somebody would be sure to attach to him the most recent bit of political slang—forward looking. Yet soon after I landed in Albania this gentleman was to demonstrate his enlightenment by divorcing his wife for no other reason than that she had failed to bear him a son. And an Albanian divorce is delightfully simple. It consists of the wife packing up her belongings and returning to her own family.

Central and Southeastern Europe is literally crammed with people who want to govern themselves correctly, but who either haven't learned any of the rules or aren't willing to observe the rules for modern successful government.

The steamer from Italy slips across the Adriatic in a few hours and dumps the passenger at the port of Durazzo, which is located on the edge of the left shoulder of the squatting Albanian puppy. Scutari is fifty miles farther north, at the base of the erected left ear; and Valona is fifty miles south, at the tip of the left haunch.

Durazzo, from the standpoint of antiquity, makes some of the antiquities of England and France seem callow and undeveloped. It was founded in the seventh century B. C. and given the name Epidamnus. The Romans got it round 300 B. C. and changed its name to Dyrrhachium, from which we get Durazzo.

Whenever a Roman army set out for the East it always landed at Durazzo. The Romans had two beautiful military roads in the Balkans, one running east from Durazzo over to Salonica and the other running south toward Greece. The former great military road, known to the Romans as the Via Egnatia, still exists. It was in Durazzo that Pompey made his last successful resistance to Cæsar. It became a colony of Roman veterans. Theodoric, King of the East Goths, besieged it. The Bulgarians, the Normans, the Greeks, the French, the Venetians, the Serbs and the Turks have captured it. To-day it lies rotting in the midst of the rank green verdure of the surrounding swamps, with the gray-and-lavender Albanian mountains rising far behind it.

Up the hill which rises from the water's edge run the ruined wall and towers of a mighty Byzantine citadel, and from the ruins grow century-old plane trees. The ramshackle town rots and dozes at the water front. The old palace of William of Wied, the Mpret who has ceased his mpretting, stands on the water front looking more like an unsuccessful piano factory than a palace. Its windows are gone—shelled out by the Italians when they drove the Austrians out of the place—and it has an air of open-eyed amazement and loneliness.

There are a few Italian destroyers in the harbor, and the wrecks of merchantmen which the Austrians sunk with artillery located on a mountain top twenty miles away. It is a stagnant and a rotting town, and the Italians who are forced by their government to occupy it will tell you that it is a rotten town as well. Out of the green slime of the great marshes which surround it on three sides come clouds of malaria mosquitoes. In the late spring and summer and autumn everyone has malaria—and a particularly vicious, body-destroying, nerve-wrecking brand of malaria it is. The Italian soldiers died like flies in the summer of 1919 from it. They died so rapidly that coffins couldn't be provided for them, so that they had to be buried in trenches. As long as the Italians stay in Albania they will die of malaria in the same way year after year.

Travel in Albania

The natives, too, have it year after year, until they don't know what it is to be without it. It frequently has the peculiar effect of enlarging their spleens, so that it is not unusual to see Albanians with abrupt and unsightly protuberances in the vicinity of their belt lines.

There are two methods of traveling in Albania: one can either move round under the auspices of the Italian Army in Italian military automobiles with delightful and hospitable Italian officers as guides, or one can proceed under the auspices of the American Red Cross in American automobiles. There are no railroads, and any extensive traveling afoot or on horseback in Albania is not generally considered to be a particularly attractive form of amusement for the casual tourist.

Albania has been the goat of Europe for so many centuries, and foreigners have so frequently entered the country for the sole purpose of taking what they could and giving nothing in return, that the Albanian is suspicious and fearful of any person concerning whom he knows nothing. He has to a marked degree the peculiar failing known as fear of strangers. Scientists have recognized this fear as a sort of disease, and have given it a long Latin name. It is a common trouble throughout the Balkans and all parts of the world where the inhabitants have found reason to be suspicious of strangers. The Albanian doesn't know anything about this disease; but he usually carries a gun and from one to three pistols and is a cunning performer with all of them, and he is said to be greatly given to taking pot shots at things which he doesn't understand.

I have talked with a number of Red Cross people who have made horseback trips across mountain trails to the farthest corners of Albania, but I never found any

(Continued on Page 92)

Quality Tires

They are really different.

It is important for every car owner to know why there is such a wide variation in tire quality, so that he may choose intelligently from among the hundreds of different makes now offered.

The right way to buy tires is to select them with the same care you do your car—by learning something of the ideals and manufacturing methods of the company making them.

You will be well repaid for the trouble, as the cost of tire equipment during the life of the car actually equals from 50 to 100% of the initial cost of the car itself.

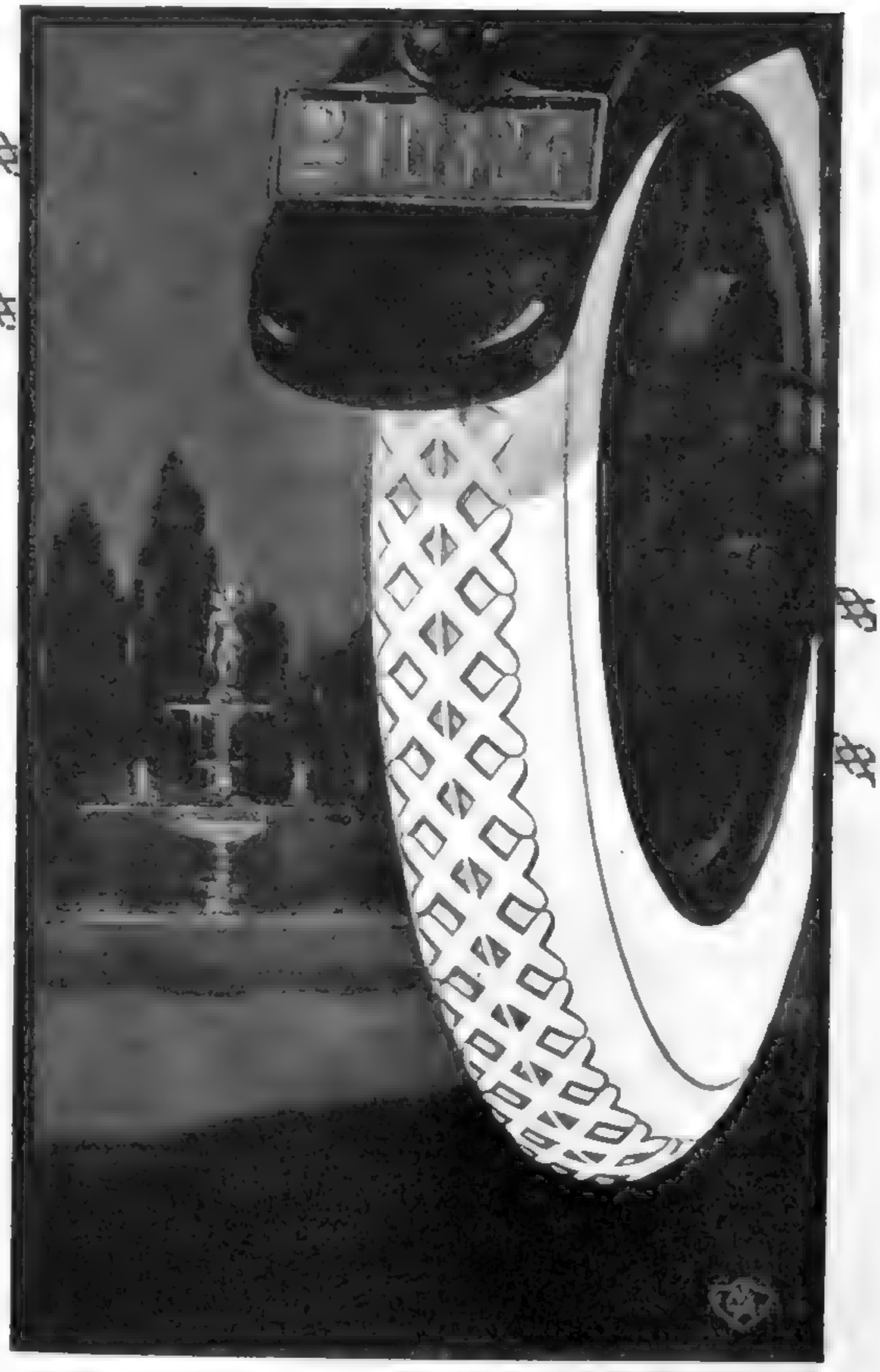
You will find tire makers divided in three general groups: One group deliberately plans to produce a low-grade tire to sell at a low price, to lead the unwary buyer into thinking he is getting a bargain.

Another group produces tires of good, honest value. The mileage, however, usually runs close to the guarantee basis, making frequent requests for adjustment necessary. If you are satisfied with an ordinary car, you will be satisfied with these tires.

The Mohawk Rubber Company, however, is one of a small group of tire makers with ideals and standards of materials and workmanship as high as you will find in the half dozen plants which are today producing America's finest motor cars. In these factories nothing but the purest of rubber and the strongest of fabric are used. There is no skimping as to quantity of materials, and the workmanship and inspection are held to the most exact limits.

As a result, the mileage yielded by these tires runs so far above the ordinary guarantee basis that it brings the cost per mile down way below that of other tires. And equally important—adjustment troubles are largely eliminated.

If you are a person who loves a motor car—who delights in knowing that everything about your car is as good and reliable as it can be made—you certainly ought to use tires of the quality group. The best way to learn the real difference in quality tires is to try one on your car.



Naturally, we hope you will select a Mohawk tire for this trial. For we believe that Mohawks are today the longest wearing tires made, even when compared with others of the quality group. And we base this belief on the fact that our dealers' records prove that 85% of Mohawk trial buyers become permanent Mohawk users. This is the final proof of quality.

MOHAWK "Quality" HAND MADE CORD AND FABRIC TIRES

KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS LOS ANGELES MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON ATLANTA

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who had been shot at. The fact of the matter is that there are a good many of the wildest and most mountainous districts of Albania where a stranger on foot or on horseback would run the same risks that he would run in the mountains of Kentucky or Tennessee. None of the Kentucky or Tennessee mountaineers ever give three rousing cheers when a stranger comes riding along—and sometimes the strangers are forced to dodge a bullet or two.

The Albanians, however, have an institution which is unknown to the mountaineers of Kentucky or Tennessee, or to the gunmen of New York or Chicago, for that matter, but which might to good advantage be copied by all of them. This institution is known as a bessa.

The bessa is a truce between Albanian individuals or tribes; and while a bessa is in the act of bessing a man who owes blood can go into the home of the man to whom he owes the blood and be as safe as he would be in the smoking car on the Twentieth Century Limited. And while a general bessa is in operation a traveler can wander at will through the mountain districts with equal freedom; for in Albania there is no crime more heinous than messing or unbessing a bessa—unless it be insulting a woman.

The matter of owing blood is a subject which is discussed as freely and ardently among the Albanian tribesmen as is the weather in America. The new Albanian Government has no facilities for discovering the number of Albanians who owe blood, of course; but I managed to get the impression that the number who owe it is proportionally as great as the number of people in America who owe grocery bills.

How Blood Feuds are Settled

The owing of blood depends on the Albanian laws of honor, which have been handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth for hundreds of years. Those who refer to the Albanians as lawless are urgently in need of new cotter pins in their referrers. The Albanians are as badly overlawed as were the early residents of New England with their celebrated Blue Laws, which made it a criminal offense to entertain a Quaker, and which were inclined to sentence a man to prison for life if he ventured to kiss his own wife on Sunday. In addition to their laws of honor, they also have the laws of an ancient Albanian ruler named Leka Dukajini. These laws are known as the Laws of Leka. They are rigidly observed by most of the mountain tribes, and are eminently successful except in preventing the taking of blood for the purpose of cleansing a man's honor.

An Albanian mountaineer is a proud and haughty creature, and his honor is one of the most fragile things that he possesses. If anybody kills any of his people, or a guest who has spent the preceding night in his home, he must go out and collect blood. If he is bumped, even by accident, or if insulting words are addressed to him, his sacred honor has suffered severely and can only be cured with blood. If a woman has been promised in marriage to one man and marries another, the man whom she marries owes several gallons of blood to the girl's relatives, as well as to the man whom she didn't marry.

The collecting of blood, however, is a delicate proceeding and must be approached with extreme finesse. Like golf, it has its rules of etiquette; but the etiquette of blood-spilling in Albania is far more carefully observed than the etiquette of golf.

Somebody, for example, has trampled on the honor of an Albanian. His entire life is thenceforth devoted to wiping out the stain. This can only be done by shooting the man who did it. But the man cannot be shot while he is in the company of a woman. That would be a most dishonorable proceeding; and he cannot be shot when he is with a child or when he is encountered in a gathering of people. That simply isn't done; and he is immune whenever there is a bessa. But if he can be caught out alone he can be shot with great enthusiasm. That wipes out the stain on the shooter's honor.

He is usually so proud of what he has done that he rushes to the nearest market place and tells everybody about it. He shows almost exactly the same symptoms that a young father displays in announcing the arrival of his first-born. He recks not that he now owes blood to the family of the man he has killed, and that the male members of that family will straightway band themselves into a gun club whose prime object is to score a bull's-eye on him whenever and wherever possible. He recks not that the Laws of Leka provide that as a punishment for the blood which he has taken his house shall be burned to the ground. When an Albanian's honor is at stake he hasn't a reck in the world.

Recently there was a general bessa in Albania, obtained largely through the efforts of the American Red Cross in order to facilitate the distribution of clothing and supplies. Until this took effect there were thousands of Albanians who for years had not been out of doors alone, because they owed blood. There were thousands who had not been to the towns on market days for years, because they were involved in blood feuds. The weekly market days of Balkan towns are frequently the only form of social clearing house which the natives know. For one of them to be obliged to forgo the pleasures of going to town on market day would be almost the equivalent of depriving an American of his daily paper, his telephone and his sense of hearing.

These customs are the customs of Northern and Central Albania—of the mountain districts round Durazzo and Tirana, the capital, and Scutari, the chief city. In the south there are milder customs; but the people of Northern and Central Albania are the ones who have always stepped to the front and created protracted and riotous disturbances against alien rulers from time to time during the past few centuries, and the ones who can be relied on to create the most pronounced rumpuses, or rumpi, in the future if they are crossed in their poignant desire to govern themselves.

The road from Durazzo into Tirana, the capital of Albania, was a very good road in 1917, but in 1920 it was a frightfully bad road. It was built by the Austrians when they occupied the country. The Albanians still look back at the Austrians with respect and frequently with regret, for they gave the country more physical benefits in a few months than any other nation had given them in the same number of centuries. They replaced the almost impassable Albanian roads with broad, beautifully surfaced military roads. They bridged the difficult mountain torrents. They constructed a narrow-gauge railway from Durazzo to Scutari. They started schools and insisted that the Albanians send their children to them.

When the Italians drove out the Austrians the Austrians blew up their bridges to cover their retreat and attempted to wreck their narrow-gauge railway. The roads were left untouched. In May, 1920, the Italians had been in Albania for two years, and, according to the maps, Albania was mandatory to Italy. Italian garrisons were located in every town and at important bridgeheads. But the Italians had made no efforts to keep the roads in repair; the narrow-gauge railway was even more of a wreck than when they found it; and they hadn't even constructed temporary bridges to replace the most important ones which the Austrians had destroyed.

What is the Answer?

The Italians declare that they aren't going to spend any money on the country until they know definitely that they are to be given a mandate over it. They have, however, spent a great deal of money in fortifying the port of Valona, which is only forty miles from the heel of the Italian boot and controls the entrance to the Adriatic. The Italians have several times announced that they were about to withdraw from Albania, but they have fiercely resisted the repeated attempts on the part of the Albanians to throw them out.

Competent observers have expressed the opinion that Italy will continue to cling to Valona until she is forcibly ejected by some stronger power. The Albanians almost froth at the mouth at the idea of Albania being an Italian mandate.

"Why," they ask frantically, "should Italians be allowed to have any control over us? They don't improve our roads or our bridges; they want our children to study only the Italian language; their reason for wanting anything to do with Albania is to control our seaports and use the country as a colony for their surplus population. If the Italians intend to do nothing for Albania, why should it be subject to Italian mandate?"

Their questions along this line are even more difficult to answer than the celebrated query as to whether the egg was created before the chicken or the chicken before the egg. There was a time when Albanians would have liked America or England to accept a mandate over their country; but in the spring of 1920 the Albanians were unalterably opposed to being mandated by anyone. They wanted to govern themselves.

The Greeks had devastated Southern Albania, and they wanted none of them; The Italians irked them beyond endurance, and they were fighting them heartily; the Jugo-Slavs have oppressed the Albanians in the past, and Albanians regarded a fight against any sort of Jugo-Slav control as both a duty and a pleasure. Yet if they govern themselves they are almost certain to fight among themselves, according to their ancient custom.

The question of how to keep the Albanians quiet and still suit everybody is known as the Albanian problem. It is a problem which would have made Archimedes drown himself in the bathtub which enabled him to discover specific gravity, and which would have caused that celebrated problem solver, Sir Isaac Newton, to blow out the gas in disgust. When Euclid, the unpopular geometrist, was given the problem of proving that a conic which has more than one pair of conjugate diameters at right angles to each other is a circle he evolved the answer while lacing up his sandals before breakfast; but if he had been confronted with the Albanian problem he probably would have finished by running round on all fours and bleating like a sheep.

But, as I was saying, the road from Durazzo to Tirana used to be very good, but is now very bad. It is only a matter of twenty-five miles, but a good American automobile needs some two hours for the trip. The road runs across the malaria-haunted marshes and up a valley between the bare, gray Albanian mountains. This is the Vale of Kroia, through which the armies of the greatest nations of antiquity have marched.

A Bush-League Napoleon

Part way up one of the barren rock slopes lies the town of Kroia, nestled so snugly against the mountain that it can scarcely be seen from the road. Kroia was the stronghold of Scanderbeg, who is declared by the Albanians to be the George Washington and the Theodore Roosevelt of their country. Back in 1412 the Turks conquered Albania; and the then ruler of Kroia, John Castriota, gave his four sons to the Sultan as hostages for his good behavior. The Sultan, in his jolly way, had three of the sons poisoned, because he didn't like the way they held their ears or something; but he took a great fancy to the fourth son, George Castriota. He brought him up in the Moslem religion; and at the age of eighteen the boy was commanding a Turkish army in Asia Minor. His soldiers, because of his military genius, named him Scanderbeg after Alexander the Great—Scanderbeg being Turkish for Prince Alexander. In 1443 the Sultan sent him against the Hungarians. His army was defeated; so with a few followers he hastened to his family castle at Kroia, and gained possession of it with a forged note which he presented to the Moslem governor.

He at once renounced the Moslem religion and began to unite the different Albanian tribes against the Turk. In this he was successful. The Turks sent army after army against Kroia. One of the armies was headed by the Sultan Murad II and another by the Sultan Mohammed II, conqueror of Constantinople. Scanderbeg defeated them all during a period of twenty-five years. The Albanians say in substance that if he had been performing in the big leagues instead of in the bushes he would have acquired a reputation that would have left that of Napoleon shivering in the bosky shade. They may be right, but, as I have said before, whenever an Albanian sets out to make a few claims one finds it impossible to regard him as a trailing arbutus for reticence.

The Albanians who ride down the Vale of Kroia to-day wear Scanderbeg jackets—black bolero affairs with enormous fuzzy pompons on each sleeve and a deep fringe hanging down the back. They also wear enormously baggy white trousers. Various styles of pantings are worn in Albania; but in most parts of the north the true Albanian doesn't seem to consider himself properly dressed unless the seat of his trousers is sufficiently voluminous to be pulled round and used as a lap robe. He carries a gun, and his waist is encircled by a sash in which various weapons and family belongings are thrust. Americans in Albania declare that if all the gun barrels in the country could be hammered into steel rails Albania could crosshatch herself with railways and still have enough left over to supply Montenegro.

For the most part the Albanian men are fine-looking specimens. They are inclined to be tall and slender, and their appearance tends to confirm the theory that when any class of men is not given to steady occupation its members become more gaudy and decorative than the women. For gaudiness a genuinely dressy Albanian mountaineer makes a bird of paradise look like a sick sparrow. He loads himself with more chains than the Prisoner of Chillon ever wore; but they are all silver chains with large links and occasional medallions studded with red and blue stones or gobs of enamel.

He has a chain for his watch, a chain for his pistol, a chain for his wallet; and if he were addicted to carrying a pocket handkerchief he would probably have it attached to his person with a miniature of the anchor chain of the Mauretania. In addition to the chains, the butt of his rifle and revolver, to say nothing of the haft of his dagger, is inlaid with coin silver.

All of this silverwork, by the way, is made from silver wire which the silversmiths of Tirana and Scutari make out of old Austrian silver coins. There is considerable speculation in Austria as to where all the Austrian silver money has gone. A large percentage of it is hanging round the necks of the Albanians.

The Albanian silversmiths have strange habits. They frequently sell silver ornaments by weight, and forget to take into account the rate of exchange and the labor expended. A Tirana silversmith melted down a lot of Austrian silver coins, ran the silver through a hole in a steel plate and thus got silver wire, made the wire into a beautiful silver chain and sold me the chain for a dollar less than the silver alone is worth in America. The Italian lira, by the way, is the accepted unit of exchange in Albania, though the natives will accept any sort of metal money—Turkish, Austrian, French or even the ancient Roman coins that are frequently dug up.

Usually the proud and beautiful men whom one encounters on the road are on horseback, while beside them walk their wives. Women occupy a rather peculiar position in Albania. They are highly respected in some ways, while in other ways they don't—to paraphrase Carlyle—cut enough ice to chill a midge. A woman can wander through the wildest of the Albanian tribes without fear. Blood feuds may be raging on all sides of her, and yet nothing will occur to disturb the even soprano of her way. Yet she always walks while the man rides.

Middle-Aged at Seventeen

She is sold by her father as a bride while still a babe in arms. She is usually sold on the installment plan—ten dollars down and the balance on delivery. If the man for whom she is bought refuses to take her he owes blood to her family and is in constant danger of stopping a snub-nosed bullet with his gizzard or some adjacent organ.

A great many Albanian women are married at the age of twelve, thirteen or fourteen, so that when they get to be seventeen they are old married women, while at twenty-one they might be said to be in the sere and yellow leaf.

Red Cross nurses who have gone into Albanian homes in all parts of Albania stated that relationship on the mother's side is so hazy that it scarcely counts. Albanians consider it a sign of weakness on the part of American men when they insist that women be served first. They seem to think that a man who permits such a thing is a little bit soft above the ears. If an Albanian did it he would probably be ostracized.

Americans are regarded as an odd and irresponsible lot of nuts, however; and when an Albanian sees one of them refusing to accept a cup of coffee until after the women have been served he murmurs the Albanian equivalent for "Good night!" and lets it pass.

I watched a magnificent Albanian and his wife on the pier at Scutari preparing to remove a huge bundle of goods which had just been brought in from one of the lake towns. The man went and got a friend, and

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FLORENCE

OIL HEATERS

An Oil Heater easy to look at

THE idea of that curved fire-bowl is *more heat*. The extra heat-radiating surface does give more heat; also it makes a handsomer heater.

It's a sturdy heater, too.

The Florence is easy to keep clean. A gallon of kerosene will burn fully twelve hours. A visible indicator tells at a glance the amount of oil in the tank.

Any Florence dealer will gladly show you the Florence Oil Heater. He will explain how beauty has been added to strength; how Heat Plus Beauty is the last word in design, construction, and finish.

Made in three beautiful finishes, including turquoise blue enamel. If your dealer can't supply you, write us promptly. The demand is hard to supply.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
344 School Street Gardner, Mass.

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Oil Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Gas Room Heaters

Heat plus Beauty

Everybody wants "lower prices"

There's only one way to get them in clothes Buy good ones The lower price is in the longer wear—not in the price ticket

You'll get complete satisfaction in our clothes—or money back
Send for a copy of the fall Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago *New York*

From the Painting by John E. Sheridan

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"Royal Blue" for Men and Women. "Liberty Bell" for Children

No Secrets in Better Shoes

Quality depends on policies

To make a Selz Shoe of all-leather is not a secret process. Any maker can offer such a fine shoe *if he chooses*. How to combine long wear, comfort and style is known to all expert designers.

There is, however, one rare factor that decides whether a shoe is good or inferior, and that is your only guide.

All there is to making a superior shoe is the policy of the concern, and there is nothing exclusive to that. Honesty of purpose is a worthy goal.

But policies differ as concerns differ, for, after all, concerns are only human, reflecting the ideals and aspirations of the men who are in control.

Selz Shoes are better shoes because of the Selz policy, and it is a better policy because its principles have been in effect for fifty years.....and proven worthy.

Selz offers a good shoe, not because it is really easier to make a good shoe than a poor one, in an organization like this, but because of the eternal rightness of honest barter. We believe in a 100 per cent leather shoe and always have. Substitute materials are not countenanced.

Quality, like virtue, is its own reward. Selz Shoes—for men, women, and children—have won their reputation because of their inbuilt superiority. Folks have found that Selz Shoes bring longer wear and longer-lasting newness.

To participate in the advantages offered by Selz Shoes, ask for these shoes *by name*. That is your insurance of quality. Insist on a Selz Shoe. This is not difficult, for there are over 30,000 Selz dealers in all parts of the Union—men who want their customers to have a 100 per cent leather shoe.

1871 **SELZ** 1920

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

(Continued from Page 92)

the two of them hoisted this huge bundle on the woman's head. As she wobbled weakly beneath the load the man placed a basket in one of her feebly flapping hands. Then he rolled and lighted a cigarette, threw the woman a curt word of command and strode away, leaving her to stagger after him as best she could.

Practically all the Albanian men wear flowing mustaches, because of the feeling that it is disgraceful not to do so. A man without hair on his face is usually viewed with the same sensations with which Americans regarded the man who wore a wrist watch and carried his handkerchief up his cuff before the war. There were persons who were able to get away with it, but not many. The same thing is true in Albania as regards mustaches.

Owing to the prevalence of fierce, piratical mustaches among Albanians and to their habit of making mobile arsenals of themselves, there is a belief in some quarters that Albania is entirely populated by bandits. Persons who hold this belief should send their believers to the repair shop for a thorough overhauling, for the profession of banditing is practically unknown. Eliminate blood feuds and the unpleasant trick which some nations have of hiring bands of Albanians to shoot up a common enemy, and Albania would grow almost painfully dull. The robbing of individuals or holding them for ransom is far less prevalent in Albania than it is in Chicago—and the population of Chicago is only a little larger than that of all Albania.

Wanted—A King

Tirana, the capital of Albania, lies in a fertile valley bounded on either side by low, barren mountains. The Albanians say that it has twelve thousand inhabitants, but it looks more like a sleepy country town with a population of about twelve hundred. Its buildings are one-storied affairs for the most part, built either of brown, sun-baked brick or of plaster. Wood is very precious, for the Turks stripped off all the timber in the vicinity. Probably the city looks small because of the fact that most of the houses are obscured among the ever-present plane trees. An occasional cypress rears its venerable green-black cone from among the houses, and above everything rise the slender white minarets of the mosques. Albania, roughly speaking, is Roman Catholic in the northern part, Mohammedan in the central portion and Greek Orthodox in the south, though all of these religions are present in every city.

Tirana is only half a day from the humdrum civilization of the glary, garish towns of Italy's Adriatic coast, but it contains all of the Oriental stuff that a movie director ever crammed into a film or that a romanticist of the Zenda school ever got between the covers of a single novel. Merchants sit crossed-legged in the bazaar; veiled women in odd costumes patter along narrow, picturesque streets; tall, hawk-eyed mountaineers with rifles slung over their shoulders stroll warily beneath the ancient cypress trees; a company of Albanian gendarmes—a ragtag-and-bobtail crew—drill sloppily in scarecrow uniforms; Italian officers and Americans in Red Cross uniforms go briskly about their business; mourning doves mourn fluently in the plane trees; from the minaret of the mosque the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer in tones reminiscent of a phonograph. Not even the beautiful young woman is lacking.

I was walking up Tirana's main street with Colonel Jackson, head of the American Red Cross Commission to Albania, when we met a perfect dream of loveliness—a slender maiden in a ravishing Parisian frock of blue foulard, a natty toque, silk stockings and patent-leather pumps. She carried a coquettish parasol—and over her face she wore the heavy black veil of the Mohammedan woman. A Red Cross captain who was with us sighed and remarked that she was certainly some kid. The colonel agreed cautiously.

"Charming lady!" said he. "Rich, beautiful, twenty-two years old, educated in Paris, speaks five languages." He paused and we waited breathlessly. "Married when she was fourteen," he concluded. "Bey's wife. Has six children."

Six children! Good night, Romance, good night!

When I arrived in Tirana I found the first parliament of the Albanian nation busily engaged in sitting. With the assistance of other nations, the Albanians had attempted to scrape together a parliament in times long past, but the attempts had always been unsuccessful. The Albanians say rudely and pointedly that the attempts never succeeded because of the intrigue of interested nations which were determined that there should never be a united Albania if they could prevent it. This time the Albanians had nobody's assistance, and they had succeeded very nicely. They had convened a parliament made up of thirty-seven men from the different Albanian cities. To represent the fountainhead of Albanian Government until a king has been selected to rule over the country they had elected a high council composed of four able, educated and patriotic Albanians—Agif Pasha, of Elbassan; Aldi Bey Toptani, of Tirana; Imzot Bumchi, of Durazzo; and Doctor Turtulli, of Koritza. And they had chosen a provisional ministry which included a Minister President and Ministers of the Exterior, the Interior, Finance, Justice and Public Instruction, and a Director of Public Affairs and a Director of Posts and Telegraphs.

The program of this new government, as given to me by members of it, was delightfully simple sounding; but it can easily develop into something even more complex than one of those evening gowns that hook up the back as well as on top of the left shoulder and under the right arm.

"Our program," they told me, "is the complete independence and the territorial integrity of Albania."

Probably all they will need to do in order to carry out this program will be to have occasional wars with Italy, Serbia and Greece.

It seems odd to some people that the Albanians are so anxious to be ruled by a king from another country. The idea, however, is reasonable enough. The jealousies and enmities between the various Albanian tribes and religious factions are so great that a native king would be practically impossible. Only under a king from outside can the country be united and prosperous. The Albanians are getting rather particular, however. They don't want a king from Italy, because they want no more Italian influence in the country; and they don't want a king from France, because France favors Jugo-Slavia, which Albania hates and fears. Some of the Albanians would rather like to hire an energetic American business man to come over and run the country for about one hundred thousand dollars a year, but their longing for royal blood is so great that they will probably sacrifice efficiency for birth and draw what the technician sometimes refers to as a lemon.

In addition to the sitting parliament, the new government had a young rebellion on its hands when I arrived. Tirana was surrounded by ferocious-looking gentlemen with rifles, silver-mounted pistols, long, wavy mustaches, Scanderbeg jackets, baggy pants and all the gauds and trappings of stage bandits. It was evident that they wanted something, but what they wanted was not so evident. They threatened that if they didn't get what they wanted they would start revoluting at the rate of about thirteen hundred revolutions to the minute.

The Tyrant of Tirana

The government representatives, when asked about these revolutionists—or Komitadji, which is the name under which bandits, revolutionists, guerrilla fighters and organized disturbers of the peace seem to be lumped in Albania, Montenegro, Serbia and Greece—insisted so loudly and rapidly that the whole thing was due to Italian intrigue that they were totally unable to tell what it was all about.

The Albanians have got Italian intrigue on the brain. Every untoward thing that happens in Albania is laid to Italian intrigue. If an Albanian got some grease on his new trousers, or if one of his cartridges missed fire, he would be more than apt to go rushing out to the market place and declare frantically that his mishap was due to Italian intrigue. The Albanians said that the young rebellion mentioned above was staged by followers of Essad Pasha, sometimes known as the Tyrant of Tirana, who was in banishment in Paris. Essad Pasha, said the Albanians, was pro-Italian. Consequently the Italians were intriguing to get him back in power. Hence they financed the young rebellion on the part of Essad Pasha's followers. Soon after I left Albania Essad Pasha was assassinated in Paris by a Mohammedan Albanian student. The Albanians at once began to claim that his assassination was the result of Italian intrigue. Now either this claim was wrong or the preceding claim was wrong. Both of them couldn't have been right.

The facts in the case of the revolution seem to be that the so-called Komitadji were komitadjing for the purpose of effecting land reforms. They wanted the government to promise to help them get their own land so that they wouldn't forever have to lease land from the beys and turn back to their landlords one-third of everything that they raised. The government promised, whereupon the ferocious and terrible bandits went quietly home—with the exception of the leader, who had a bad case of influenza and was being treated daily by Miss Bartram—or more properly Doctor Bartram—of the Red Cross.

The Red Cross Commission to Albania does a great deal of hard and commendable work. Its Albanian headquarters is at Tirana, where in April, 1920, it had forty-three American surgeons, nurses and welfare workers making the world a better place for the Albanians to live in. In addition to the forty-three in Tirana, there were thirteen more in Scutari, ten in Koritza, eight in Elbassan and six in Durazzo, making a total of eighty in all.

A Red-Cross Problem

These eighty Americans maintain hospitals, nurses' schools, orphanages, mobile dispensaries and schools for children. They work under most unpleasant conditions; for though parts of the Near East are picturesque, there are many drawbacks. There is, among other things, the terrible heat of midsummer, when the thermometer hovers round one hundred and twenty degrees; there is the malaria, which is almost impossible to escape; there is the loneliness, the lack of amusements, the dull depression and the nerve-racking sogginess of the rainy season, the dirt, the centipedes, the lack of refinements, the heartburnings which are forever springing up when a little group of people must constantly endure each other's company in a far-off land.

I went out with a mobile unit one day. A surgeon and a nurse and an interpreter pounded off in a small truck early in the morning. The truck slam-banged its way thirty miles up to the mountain town of Kroia, which I have mentioned before as being the stronghold of Scanderbeg. The room which the Red Cross uses as a dispensary in Kroia is within the still-strong walls of Scanderbeg's medieval castle. From the window one looks down to the thin white ribbon of road far below—the road along which the armies of Murad and Mohammed marched vainly against Scanderbeg; the road along which the Macedonian phalanxes and the Roman legions passed—and as the eye wanders down the valley it meets the pale blue of the Adriatic beyond the hills. But the doctor and the nurse and the interpreter had no time to waste on the view. From the moment they arrived in the room the Albanians poured in—the lame and the halt and the blind; veiled women and pallid children and gorgeously dressed men who hung their rifles on nails in the wall as they entered and carefully neglected to remove their white skullcaps. Some of them had walked miles to reach this clinic, which was being held once a week.

There were cases of malaria, locomotor ataxia, hernia, lacerations, scabies from lice, enlarged spleens, tuberculosis. To each patient the doctor handed out a numbered ticket, so that he could locate the case easily if it appeared before him again. Frequently the patient couldn't free his fuddled brain of the idea that the ticket was medicine and should be carefully swallowed. These cases passed in review before the doctor and the nurse for eight solid hours, after which they climbed back into the little truck and jounced back to Tirana. It was no sinecure for them, and they accomplished untold good.

The Albanians have one great advantage over other Europeans: they are better clothed than the average, because most of the households spin their own thread and make their own cloth. Half of the women whom one encounters on the road have great lumps of flax or wool over their shoulders and are spinning it into thread as they walk along. Little boys and girls frequently knit as they trot round. House after house has a hand loom on the porch near the doorway, and on these looms the women make silk, cotton and woolen cloth in strips about eighteen inches wide. The most popular sections of the bazaars in spring are the sections given over to the sale of silkworms. None of the cloth which the Albanian women make is particularly attractive. It is all very coarse, whether silk, cotton or wool; and the woolen cloth from which the men's trousers and vests are frequently made looks as though it would make better door mats than trousers.

Everybody in Chains

The Albanians also seem to be very well supplied with money. The shopkeepers in the bazaars declared that everybody seemed to buy freely and seldom complained at or questioned the high prices. Those with whom I spoke ascribed this to the large amount of farm produce which the Albanians sold to the Austrians when they occupied the country. At any rate, a large percentage of men wear the heavy silver jewelry of which I have spoken, while great numbers of the women, on market day, wear necklaces made of Turkish, Italian and Austrian gold coins. Many of the necklaces contain from three to five hundred dollars in gold. From all this it can be seen that the Albanians have not gone in for suffering in the whole-hearted manner in which some of the other European nations have gone in for it.

In Tirana one is back in the Balkans of bygone years. The city, generally speaking, is exactly what it was a hundred years ago. Early in April one hundred and fifty American-Albanians landed in Durazzo to devote their energies to freeing Albania. They had been sent over by an Albanian society whose headquarters is in Boston. It seemed to be rather a jolt to these young men to see the undeveloped condition of their country. No trains, no street cars, no electric lights, no telegraphs, no movies, no nothing.

It was a meditative crowd of young men who started to Tirana from Durazzo in Italian army trucks. Their baggage went by a separate truck; and on the way in most of the baggage was slit open and robbed—the usual fate of baggage which is left unguarded for a moment in the Balkans. The Albanians, by the way, stated that the trouble with the baggage was due to Italian intrigue. When they arrived in Tirana the government made them put on fezzes, because the custom of the country demanded it. Since they had been pretty well Americanized their fury over being told what sort of hat to wear almost made them explode.

They didn't like Tirana. They spoke of it in phrases which they had learned in America, the gist of the phrases being that Tirana was so backward in its development that it was inextricably stuck in the mud of the past.

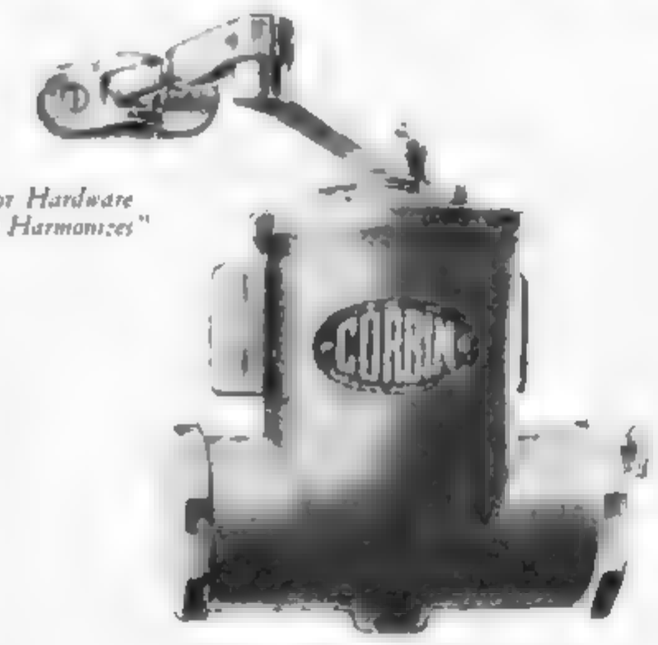
The government shipped them to Koritza in the south, and they went to work helping to organize the gendarmerie.

Scutari, in the north, is a hundred years ahead of Tirana, though it is only a four-hour automobile ride. The motorist climbs steadily from the undulating valleys of Central Albania into the more rugged ranges of the north. Midway of the trip the Matia River must be crossed. It is a swift mountain torrent, terrifying and dangerous after rains, but innocuous and narrow during dry weather. A primitive cable ferry is the only means of crossing. Along the road are occasional peasant houses, built exactly as they were when Pyrrhus recruited his armies among the Shkypetars—of slender withes interlaced between uprights and thinly plastered with mud. The floors are dirt. The chimney is a hole in the roof.

But no matter how poor the house, the owner is always able to produce a glass of the Albanian national drink, raki. Raki is a colorless liquid distilled from fermented plums and grapes; and a good-sized drink of the average home-made raki is so strong that it lifts the hair along the nape of the neck and causes the ankle bones to creak ominously. When a person is unused to it, three or four drinks of it are sufficient to put the drinker to sleep abruptly. When he wakens he is said to feel as though somebody had been burning oily rags in his mouth for several days.

Scutari is a beautiful and picturesque city. It is located at the end of Lake Scutari -a long, narrow gem of a lake, walled in by barren mountains—the black mountains of Montenegro and the Prokletia, or Accursed Mountains of Albania. The city is situated where the Boyana River runs out of the lake and down to the sea. The Boyana is navigable, and the

CORBIN WARE



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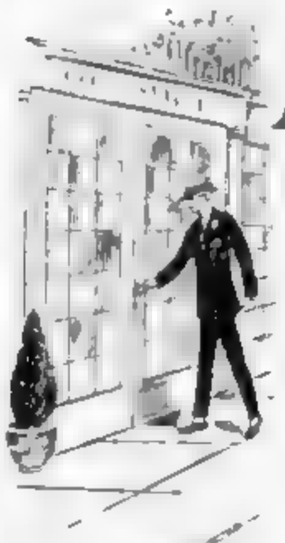

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Montenegrins claim that since it is the outlet for the lake, it must be the continuation of the chief inlet of the lake, which is the Montenegrin river Moratcha. Therefore the Montenegrins claim the Boyana River and the entire lake and the city of Scutari.

High above the city bulks Mount Tarabosh, so close that one might imagine himself capable of standing on the top and lobbing a hand grenade down into Scutari. Tarabosh belongs to Montenegro. There is a Jugo-Slav garrison on it, and it has been heavily fortified by the Jugo-Slavs.

The great question in Scutari when I was there was: "Are the Jugo-Slavs going to take our city when the Italians leave?"

The New City and the Old

Many travelers in the Near East prefer Scutari to Constantinople. The new city—there is an Old Scutari and a New Scutari—is clean and interesting. Behind the city rises a mesalike hill crowned with an ancient fortress which antiquarians say is built on the ruins of a castle constructed by Alexander the Great. Beyond the city, with its mosques and minarets, its plane trees and its cypresses, its bazaars and its gardens and its veiled women and its bejeweled mountaineers, lies the lake shimmering softly in the sun.

The gendarmes of Scutari are brisk, efficient, well drilled and snappy. They wear red fezzes, olive-drab blouses, blue breeches and tan putties. The schools are excellent when religion is kept out of them. There was a school squabble in progress when I arrived in Scutari, for example. The owner of the building in which the girls' school was located had removed all the benches because the rent of the building hadn't been paid. The director of schools at once made a violent protest to the mayor of the city; but the mayor was a Mohammedan and didn't take much stock in the education of women. He refused to take any action in the matter, so that the immediate outlook for the education of the girls of Scutari was very thin.

I went through a Mohammedan school with a Red Cross officer. The yapping and the shrieking which came from it could be heard for a distance of four blocks. It was due to the jolly Mohammedan theories of education. There were one hundred and eighty boys and one hundred and twenty girls in one big room, the boys being separated from the girls by a low partition. All of them were hunkered down on the floor, jammed together like sardines, and were holding Korans or pieces of Korans or single pages from Korans between them. They would rock back and forth, shrieking at the tops of their lungs the words which they were attempting to memorize from the Koran. The noise was deafening and the stench of unwashed, sweaty bodies was very strong.

From morning to night during a term of three years these children sat and shrieked in this manner. At the end of three years they were pronounced educated. Some Mohammedan parents pay a small amount of money and are allowed to send their children to school for a longer time. Some children get as much as seven years of it.

The teacher in this school was a wild-looking man with a furrowed brow. The wonder is that he doesn't go mad from the noise instead of developing brow furrows. He quieted his three hundred students for us by banging on the partition with a long club like a baseball bat.

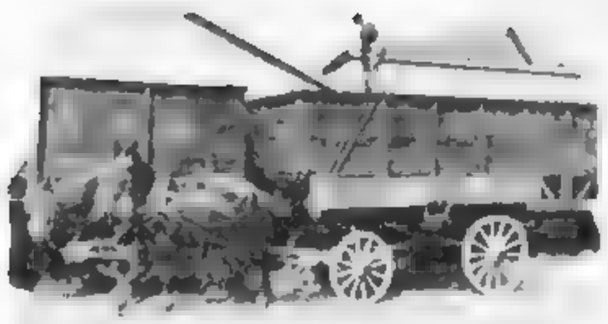
At a signal they resumed their shrieking and their rocking to and fro. If the shrieking seemed to wane he would dash among them, prodding and poking here and there with his baseball bat, whereupon the awful chorus would almost lift the roof from the building.

We went from the Mohammedan school to an Albanian school. It looked like any boys' school in America, except that all the students wore fezzes. It was clean and spacious and quiet. At the request of the teacher, students rose from their desks and purged themselves of French verbs in a creditable manner.

Why a Mandate for Albania?

I left Scutari at daybreak on a beautiful spring morning, and as I left a band of Albanians were signifying the esteem in which they held the Italian garrison of the city by several bursts of rifle fire. On the preceding day they had killed seven Italian enlisted men and an officer at Kalmeti, not far from Scutari.

The Albanians say that there will be no peace in the Balkans until they are allowed to govern themselves and until their neighbors stop trying to steal Albanian territory. Few conservative people would care to state that they considered all of the new states capable of governing themselves. Several of them are making messes of it. But if all the others are permitted to govern themselves, and if Albania wants to do the same thing, why should Italy and Jugo-Slavia and Greece be permitted to play horse with her so carelessly? The question is one to which I cannot give a satisfactory answer, so I pass it on for your consideration.



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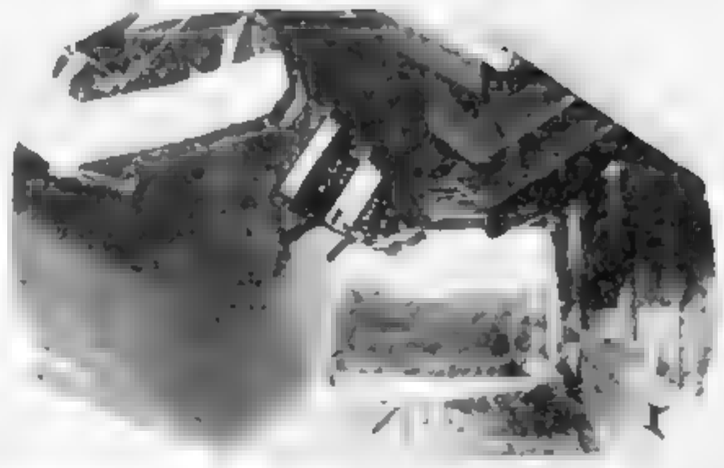

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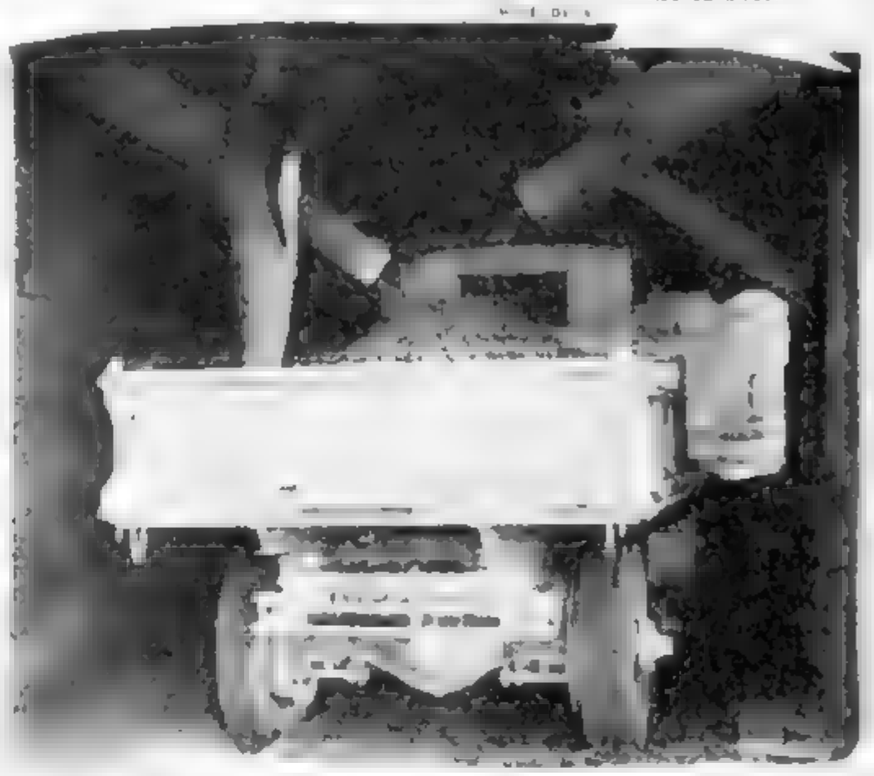

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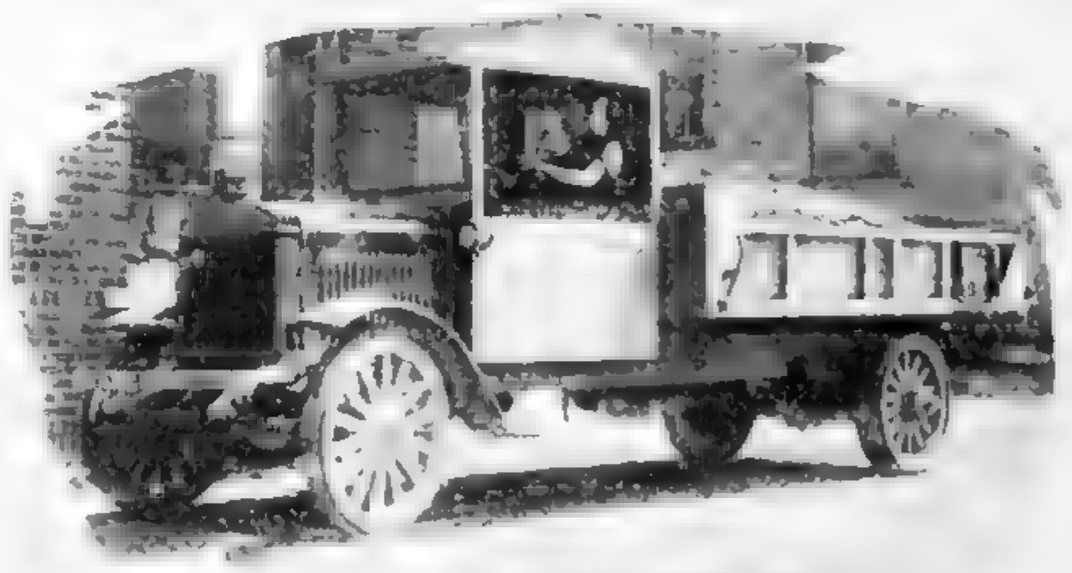

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YESTERDAY—Unloading [illegible] apple[illegible]

TODAY—Unloading [illegible] Kissel [illegible]

FOUR FLIGHTS UP

(Continued from Page 27)

still a long way to go ere he outgrew this lingering estate of boyhood. Perhaps he would never fully do so.

Marjie's letter was never delivered to Ben. He left Slow River Brook too soon. Consequently he walked into his studio hopelessly unprepared for its changed appearance. He checked his hasty steps in the refurbished reception room. A lady was sitting there in the familiar attitude of one who awaits an appointment. Ben, bewildered, passed out into the gallery. A callow but brisk operator was in the act of photographing a fat baby sitting in a tin bathtub and grinning hopefully at a canary held aloft by the said operator.

Marjie wasn't in sight. Her chair and retouching desk were unoccupied. Ben sat down and waited for the callow camera man to finish taking the fat infant. When the mother had retired with it to the small dressing room the youth turned to Ben:

"Anything I can do for you? Mr. Merriweather's out of town and ——"

"I'm Merriweather. Where's Miss Paul?"

"Oh, she left a couple of days ago. She didn't think you'd be back quite so soon. She left some things for you over with Mr. Budd at Bond & Bent's. Probably didn't feel like trusting me with cash or valuables—don't know's I blame her. I've only been here a couple of weeks. I haven't had a great deal of experience, but Wade—he left sort of sudden, and I've been doing the best I could."

Ben, knocked rather silly, allowed the young man to get this far without interruption. He didn't hear more than the first sentence anyway, and his hazy gaze was wandering like that of a lost person about a room familiar in general outline but utterly strange in detail.

"Say," he said suddenly, "where's Miss Paul gone? What did she leave for anyhow?"

"I understood she was going to get a job in the movies. I'd think she'd do well at it. That's all I know, though. Probably Mr. Budd can tell you the rest. I never had much talk with Miss Paul. After Wade quit I was too busy to do much talkin'. I hope you'll find my work satisfac——"

The proprietor of the studio paid no attention to the last part of this speech but turned and went out, making no comment.

"Acts like a nut," remarked the young photographer to himself. "Well, I suppose I gotta develop—no, by golly, there's a dame waitin' outside for a sitting now! Wonder if that bird fires me or keeps me on in Miss Paul's place? Probably struck on her anyhow. That's why he acted so dippy when I told him she'd blew her job.

"Yessum, now I'm ready for you. Sorry to've kep' you waitin' so long; but you know how it is when you're photographin' kids. You hafta take a lot o' pains or you don't get no decent results a-tall."

XXIV

MARJIE PAUL made no phenomenal success in Filmscreen Pictures. It is true she was a talented young woman, exceedingly pretty, and had unusual control of her features and expression. But though she possessed a certain amount of inherent ability as an actress, she did not climb the ladder of fame several rungs at a bound. It is impossible to report that at the end of six months her name began to appear in dazzling arrangements of electric lights over the entrances of popular theaters. In time she sadly decided that as a movie queen she was a first-rate retoucher of negatives. She tried hard, but she was not temperamentally fitted for the work.

Marjie hated to be bossed. This does not mean that she did not submit to it with apparent cheerfulness, because she did. But often she was like a freshly baked soufflé—fair to look upon, but full of seething, dangerous fires.

Mr. Lindenthal was very nice when she went to him and applied for a job. He remembered her, smiled his overfriendly, full-lipped smile, and said he had been hoping right along that she would change her mind and come to see him. Yes, he was sure there were plenty of minor parts that she could handle at present until she got the hang of things. Then if she did well he would see that she had opportunities to advance. And would she go to lunch with him? She went—that once. Mr. Lindenthal was entirely respectful, the soul of deference. But Marjie did not go again. She said she thought it wouldn't look well to the other girls in the studio for her to be too friendly with the head of the company. It might cause talk. Lindenthal tried to convince her that her reasoning was awry, but after some weeks of persuasion he gave up in disgust. He apparently forgot there was such a person on earth as Marjie Paul.

Lindenthal's associates, observing the boss' loss of interest in the new blonde, took no special pains to exploit her as a coming star of the silent drama. Advancing Miss Paul gained them no special favor with the chief. Still the directors found her useful. She was always amenable, never impudent. She could do anything, from the pink-cheeked milkmaid in a rural comic to one of the witches in Macbeth. She screened well in every part she was given, readily learned the many tricks of the movie actor and promptly shook off all evidences of greenness. So she found herself cast in all sorts of productions. The stars were never jealous of her, because somehow they didn't suspect her of being jealous of them. She always played back, kept her proper place in the picture and avoided hogging the attention which her betters regarded as legitimately theirs. Furthermore, she was invariably sunny tempered, so everyone about the big studio grew fond of her.

Marjie therefore was in no more danger of being fired than she was of spectacular advancement. In a short time she came to be regarded as a fixture. The people of Filmscreen Pictures got used to her, just as Ben Merriweather had got used to her, only with this difference: Marjie had always bullied Ben. Now she bullied no one. She hadn't a chance in the world to boss a soul.

When Marjie worked in a scene the director shouted at her in a peremptory tone and she obeyed. She was frequently told in phrases easily understood—if not hand picked—to what extent she was wrong—in position, in expression, in action, in timing her entrance; and she was told with equal clearness the necessity for promptness in making necessary corrections. The director used a different tone and manner when he talked to a star. To Marjie a request from him was a command; to a star a command came in the form of a request, to be taken under advisement. Marjie noticed he usually got his way, with the stars as often as with her; but the difference in method was a difference between diplomacy and dominance.

Do not gather from this that Miss Paul was roughly or even rudely treated. She was so amiable that no one ever felt like actually scolding her, and she didn't make the same mistakes twice. The director's abruptness to her and his deference to the stars were all in the day's work. Marjie was broad-minded enough to see how much efficiency in producing a film play depended on brisk, alert direction. It made all the difference in the quality of the pictures. But she didn't like being ordered about. She hadn't been used to it. These people were sufficient unto themselves. They didn't need any help or suggestion from a greenhorn, and knew all they needed to know about a business of which Marjie was hopelessly ignorant.

Once or twice she had made a suggestion regarding what seemed to her the possible improvement of a scene. Those within earshot looked at her with a tolerance in no wise mixed with respect. If Miss Paul thought she was competent to criticize a script, perhaps Mr. Graham, the scenario editor, might be able to use her as a continuity writer. Marjie discovered that directors are as temperamental as actors; also that it made a difference who offered a suggestion.

Ben Merriweather had once attempted to teach her the value of minding her own business. Now she told herself it was a shame the lesson hadn't stuck. It would have saved her some embarrassment. Marjie wondered about Ben, and how he was getting along. She pictured the decadence of the refurbished studio. She had tried her best to make it an asset in Merriweather's business, but had undertaken the job at a time when she had fully expected to keep on being responsible for Ben's welfare and progress.

Marjie Paul occasionally thought about that letter she had sent Ben. She had considered it a model of restraint. Surely nothing in it could have caused strong resentment on Ben's part—it was all intended for his good. Yet Ben had never communicated with her, or—so far as she knew—tried to do so. Of course the proper thing for him would have been to come round to the house and make decent inquiries as to her health and condition. He acted as if he didn't care. That was pretty selfish of Ben, considering how hard she had worked for him. It was mean, when she had gone to so much trouble to fix up his studio so that nice people would care to go there, and kept things going on a profitable basis all the while he was off loafing on a trout brook. He might at least have thanked her.

And then as time went on and the alleged glamour of a screen actress' life failed to dazzle her, and as she became more and more thoroughly convinced that there wasn't really any distinguished boon she could confer upon the motion-picture industry, she thought with increasing frequency of those good old bickering days on Eighth Avenue. Gradually she began to worry about Ben. It was true he was a big kid—dependent, helpless, futile. Maybe that wasn't his fault wholly. It was the way he was made, just as she herself was made to take charge of people like that and lead them along a chalk line with their noses pointed straight toward success. You couldn't lead a movie concern along a chalk line. It didn't need to be led. Marjie did all her leading at home now, with pa and the twins.

"I know what's the matter with me," mused Miss Paul. "I'm fated to be a bossy, fussy old maid. I'm not happy unless I'm interfering with someone else's business. This is a good lesson for me—to work where I have to keep my tongue in my head. Maybe it's good for Ben, too, losing me. If he's ever going to develop a backbone, now's his chance. He probably wouldn't so long as he had me to lean on. But I don't know—I don't know."

She wished she might see Mrs. Calverton oftener. That lady had pursued the acquaintance for some time. But as people almost invariably do when their interests are dissimilar, they had gradually drifted into divergent channels. Mrs. Calverton had little occasion to visit the movie studio, where the No Admittance sign was given a great deal of prominence. She would have taken Marjie to lunch now and then, but the blond girl's lunch hour was usually spent in the studio, where coffee and sandwiches were provided by the management. Miss Paul hesitated to invite Mrs. Calverton to her home. Pa complicated things, and Marjie prized her evenings anyhow. She was either helping the boys or studying. She was, as she expressed it, grabbing an education by the strong-arm method.

There is no telling what Marjie might have done about Ben had she stayed on in New York. The picture business wasn't holding her interest. Darn it, hadn't she been pretty rough with Merriweather? She couldn't imagine anyone so good-natured as Ben harboring his resentment all this time. Was it up to her to go round and make her peace with him? Wouldn't she, after all, be happier back there, working hard, scolding when necessary, keeping the photographer's nose to the grindstone, where it properly belonged?

But suppose he should bring up that matter of marriage again? Marjie was far from sure she wanted to marry Ben. Nothing very romantic about spending the rest of one's life humped up over a retouching desk. But that was too absurd, because of course she'd see to it that Ben kept trotting right along toward success, so she wouldn't need to work in the studio a great while.

Maybe it was pride. No girl with any self-respect wants to run after a man who treats her as Ben treated Marjie. But suppose there was some misunderstanding? It might not be altogether Ben's fault. She didn't know. Perhaps some day when she had a little time off she would ——

But she didn't. Mr. Lindenthal jumped the whole company to California. Marjie Paul said at first she wouldn't go. She couldn't leave pa and the boys. Still she was no more than human. The idea of the long journey, the fascinating life amid new surroundings, the possible escape from at least part of a disagreeable New York winter, and—strongest reason of all—a big increase in her salary—all these swung the scale. When the players of the Filmscreen Motion Pictures Corporation rolled out of the Pennsylvania Station bound for the Pacific Coast Marjie was one of them, and all her associates made her believe without any difficulty that they would have been drowned in grief had she decided otherwise.

Nevertheless, as the train plunged under the Hudson River Marjie Paul had the sensation of a mother who abandons her babe to the care of strangers. If only she'd had the decency to go and see Ben for even fifteen minutes before her departure. It wouldn't have made any difference in her going, but she could at least have gone with a clear conscience. She made up her mind to write him a long letter of explanation. But she didn't. She had written him one letter, which she suspected had done a lot of mischief. Letters weren't Marjie's happiest instruments for accomplishing her ends, and she contemplated placing her thoughts on paper with the profoundest misgivings. A few terse oral remarks would say the thing as she knew it ought to be said. Oral remarks, brief and to the point, were Marjie's best bet.

Well, one of these days she'd see Ben—it didn't matter. If he could get along without her he wouldn't want her back, and if he couldn't she decided she would be a chump to return to the old drudgery. Thus reason asserted what the heart denied, and Miss Paul carried her little private cloud to the sunny skies of Hollywood.

XXV

BEN MERRIWEATHER thumped off down the stairs and emerged into the street without any clear idea as to just where he was headed. He pounded furiously along Eighth Avenue, came to Columbus Circle and continued up Central Park West, how many blocks he took no pains to note.

Marjie Paul gone to work for the movies! That was a peach of a trick! He'd written her the nicest letter he knew how, paying her a great compliment. She had answered by deserting the business. And what the devil had she gone and done to the studio? Fellow wouldn't recognize his own premises the way she'd dolled 'em up! And who gave her authority to change things all round that way anyhow? Why, she must be crazy as a loon!

Then after raising the devil with his business, and hiring heaven only knew what sort of greenhorns to run things and doubtless break up his trade—after doing all that she'd blown, beaten it, taken a complete Brodie into nowhere at all. Well, that certainly got his goat!

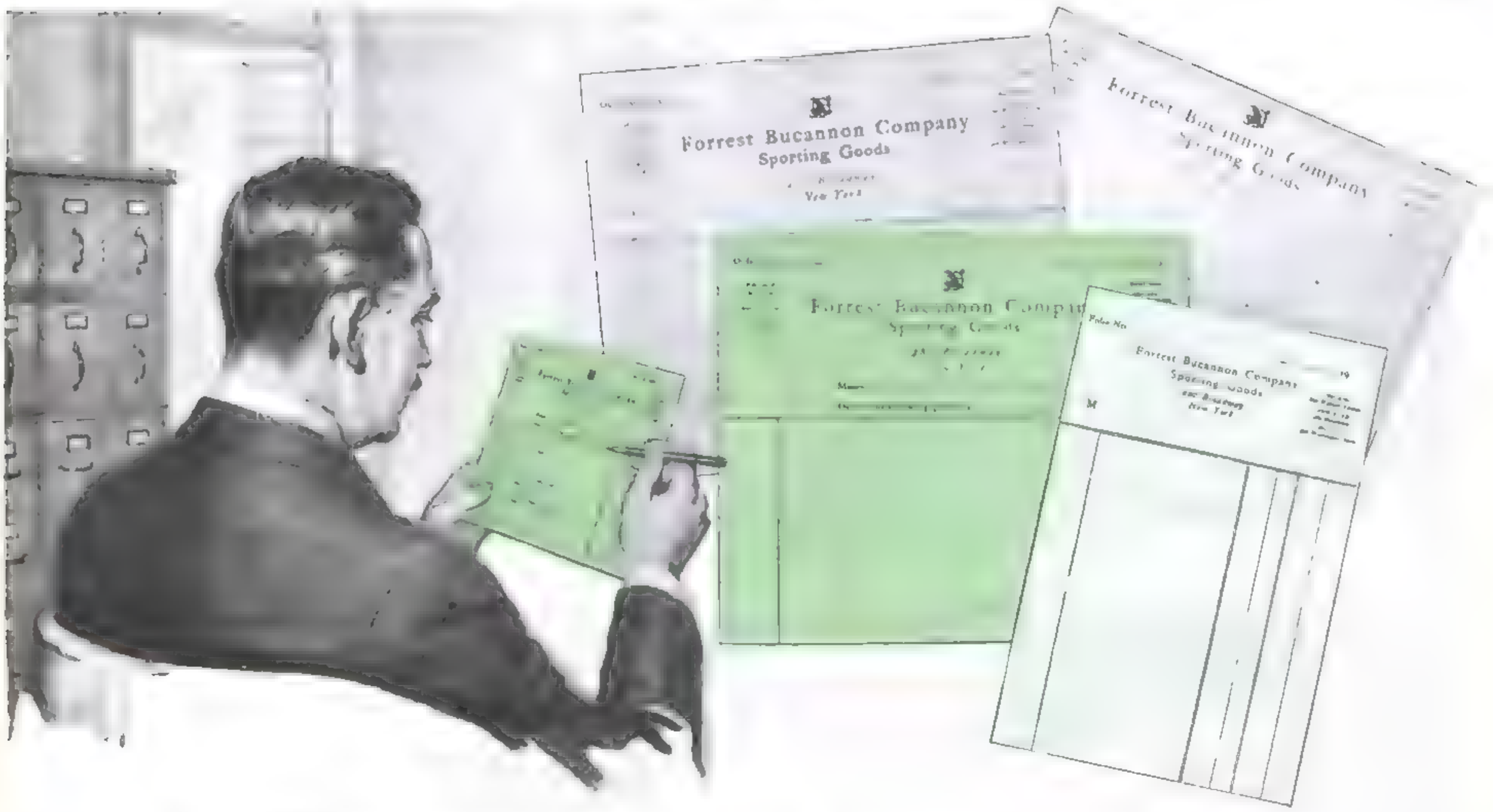
Of course the thing to do was to go round to the Paul flat and see her and make her explain. She'd have to give him an accounting for his property and funds. Wonder what she'd done to his camera? That was a very fine lens. Probably some of those tramp photographers had got away with it!

So that was the kind of girl he'd thought he'd like for a wife! H'm! He'd say she was—not! Probably lucky for him she went crazy when she did. It would have been awful if she had postponed turning lunatic until after he'd married her. Very likely she wasn't crazy anyhow. She'd always been a willful little devil, nagging and cantankerous and stubborn. If Marjie Paul ever got a notion in her head—good night! You couldn't shake her with dynamite.

Ben had hastened back from the country in the happy anticipation of bursting gladsomely into the studio and clasping the blushing Miss Paul in his arms. He had foreseen with a high degree of complacence the young lady's pleasure in accepting his proposal. He had also looked forward eagerly to hearing Marjie confess that she loved him and had been loving him for some time back—maybe ever since the very first. Then he was going to tell her how blind and stupid he had been and promise to make up to her for his seeming indifference and lack of appreciation. It was quite all right for Ben to confess these shortcomings, just so no one else accused him of them.

Ben's thought of the studio had been of a place comfortably untidy, in which he knew just where to find everything by means of a system all his own—just to paw round until he came across what he was looking for. All quite simple. That old studio was home to Ben. It was Fifth Avenue and Newport and Palm Beach and the Riviera and Banff

(Continued on Page 104)



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There was a time when Thompson would have asked his printer to submit samples of various papers. He would have snapped them, torn them, compared prices in an honest but vain effort to determine in this way which would give him the best service and the best value.

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This photograph shows one of fourteen motor busses which are fitted with a majority of Goodyear Cord Tires and are operated between Minneapolis and St. Paul by the Twin City Motor Bus Company, St. Paul, Minn.

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GOODYEAR

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"Our fourteen motor busses serving between Minneapolis and St. Paul are equipped with a majority of Goodyear Cord Tires. Their pneumatic cushioning keeps passengers comfortable and their traction counteracts conditions encountered during bad weather. During the worst storms on record, we have made 210 trips a day. Goodyear Cord Tires have averaged 12,000 miles per tire, an excellent record for this hard service. Individual mileages have run past 20,000."—John Wade, President, Twin City Motor Bus Company, St. Paul, Minnesota

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Light where you want it

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Adjusts to any position

A NEW wonderful invention, Adjusto-Lite, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Stands perfectly wherever an ordinary lamp is used. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye strain. Cuts lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Guaranteed for five years—price $5.75.

Ask for Adjusto-Lite at the store where you usually trade. If they don't carry it, order direct.

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Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket. Brush Brass finished, $5.75; *Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish,* $6.25. *Pacific Coast prices,* 25c *per lamp higher.*

Dealers: Write us for particulars of this fast selling specialty.

TRADE MARK

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 100)

and Lake Tahoe and San Diego—his world. There he had kept bachelor's hall for years, sleeping on a cot at the back and preparing his breakfasts over a two-burner gas plate. He had hardly known what it was to be lonesome, especially before Marjie came. After that he used to like the studio all the better as a workshop, with Marjie pecking away at her negatives and telling him what good work he could do and what gorgeous prices he could get if he'd only buck up. He had begun to feel sort of incomplete—sort of halfish—when she wasn't round.

Back in the country, in the genuine loneliness of the open fields, of the low brook-threaded meadows, of the deep-shadowed bush, Ben had thought things out. The result had been his letter to Marjie. It wasn't a very good letter, to be sure. There were lots of things he wanted to say that he hadn't the facility for. Still the letter stated the essentials. That ought to be enough.

Aw, rats! All his carefully built structure of hopes and plans had been knocked galley-west by a stubborn, wrong-headed, irritable, flyaway girl who didn't have brains enough to know when she was well treated.

Merriweather, having walked a considerable portion of the distance between Thirty-fourth Street and the State House at Albany, turned and retraced his steps; and during the walk home he kept thinking and stewing and nursing his anger. Well, he wouldn't go back to that violated abode—not now. He'd go somewhere and eat. He was hungry. He had sixteen dollars in his pocket. He wished he never had to set foot in that studio again. He wouldn't until morning anyhow. He betook himself to a restaurant where he could get a good steak—something he hadn't had since his departure for Slow River Brook—and real French-fried potatoes. He and Marjie had occasionally eaten together at this place. Ben ordered his food, beginning with tomato soup. The waiter brought the soup and announced that the steak was on the fire. Ben made the discovery that steak isn't a particularly appetizing dish—in fact food of any kind seemed wholly superfluous. He gazed intently into the rubicund depths of his soup, and a large tear fell and was lost therein. Aw, what was the use?

XXVI

NO ONE could have been much more surprised at the departure of Marjie Paul than Caroline Calverton. On the morning after Ben's return to town she went to the studio fully expecting to see Marjie, and it was a part of her errand to inquire if Marjie had been notified by her employer of the probable time of his homecoming.

Mrs. Calverton had some work for Merriweather which would not wait much longer, and with the rehabilitation of his quarters it became feasible to introduce to him certain new patrons in whose ears she had sung his praises ever since she had seen his biscuit compositions.

Ben, after hopelessly diluting his soup and losing all desire for his steak and French-fried potatoes, had thought better of his determination to roam abroad all night, and returned to the studio. Thanks to the habits he had formed while up country, he slept well enough. After his lonely breakfast he donned one of Marjie's smocks, also from force of habit, and set himself to the task of getting acquainted with his own premises. This was no small undertaking.

He found things in the dark room in good order. While Ben was still poking about in the shadows the green assistant walked in and bade him a cheery good morning. Ben looked up in half a mind to dismiss him, but of this he thought better. The chap was at least a fellow creature who would relieve the unbearable loneliness, and, of course, someone had to do Marjie's work.

"Thank heaven he isn't a girl!" thought Ben. "If I'd hired a good bright boy when I took that Marjie Paul in and gave her a job I'd have saved myself a lot of bother."

He proceeded to put the man through a grilling. It appeared—if one could take the fellow's word—that he was a fairly competent camera operative and possessed a working knowledge of the procedure in any third-rate gallery.

"Know anything about retouching?" asked Ben.

"I'm pretty good at plain work on the negative. I don't know much about retouching prints—never used an air brush."

"Oh, I don't care about that. I don't own an air brush anyhow. That's art-shop work and the engravers use it a lot. The girl I had was fine on negatives—someone's got to take her place. How much do you consider yourself worth?"

"Miss Paul was paying me thirty, but she said there'd be more in it for me if I hung on and made good."

"Oh, she did, did she? Well, Miss Paul's got nothing to say about it any more. How'd she know I'd want you round after I got back? I doubt if this business will stand a thirty-dollar-a-week man. Well, you stick round a little while anyhow. We'll see how things go. Wait till I have a look at the appointment book."

Ben found an unusually large number of hours assigned for the next week or ten days. Tucked inside the book was a sealed envelope, which he opened.

"*Dear Ben:* Ask Mr. Budd for my keys and the cash. The books are balanced.

"MARJIE."

That was all—apparently the only explanation Miss Paul had seen fit to leave. Merriweather's rage of last night returned full force. A devil of a cold-blooded trick!

He went grumpily back into the gallery and told the green young man he could stay a while, and asked what work needed to be done. The assistant said there was a lot of printing out, toning and mounting. Several customers were due to call for their pictures that day and there was plenty for both men to do, even without taking in any new work; and two sittings were scheduled for that afternoon.

Perforce Ben Merriweather became very busy. He laid out the morning's procedure, dividing the burden according to the relative abilities of himself and his assistant. He would take charge of the sittings. As he was back on the job, it was only fair to give his customers his personal attention. But he hated the business worse than he had ever hated anything in his life. He couldn't make himself feel at home. He looked about with a sensation of intrusion, as if he were in some other person's establishment and likely to be caught at any moment.

Marjie and whoever had acted as her accessory in this deed of violence had used gallons and gallons of paint—light-drab paint in two tones. With this they had gone over all the gallery walls and the ceiling. And then they had perpetrated a curious pattern of hand-wrought decorations, like the sketches on a schoolboy's slate—funny double-ended houses with smoke corkscrewing out of the chimneys, men with rectangular plug hats and centrifugal feet, pigs with monolinear legs and tails that repeated the motif of the chimney smoke. The illusion was that some mischievous children had thus offended in the sacred name of art.

The drawing was done in colored chalks protected by shellac, and on close scrutiny revealed an orderliness of pattern due to the fact that it was made up—like wall paper—of a succession of exactly similar groupings. It was weird, yet somehow fascinating.

The door had been curiously tricked out in a pattern of four-inch checks in red and black; and then in numerous spots on the walls and ceilings it appeared that some surplus red-and-black checks had been thrown about as if at random. Every so often there was a red square, from under which peeped the corners and edges of a black one, its mate; or a black square, with the red underneath. They always traveled and alighted in pairs. They reminded you of the court-plaster patches on the face of a circus clown.

The dark-room door had been decorated like the entrance. But the absurdest thing was that the partition separating the dark room from the gallery was painted to represent a little house—such a little house as you see in a pantomime—a funny Davy-and-the-Goblin sort of house. Thus the dark-room door became a portal for the giant Badawful or Sindbad the Sailor. If Ben had been familiar with the classic he would not have been surprised to see the cockatoo pop out through that elfin portal.

In the partition of the dark room was a small window on the glass of which Ben had carefully pasted ruby paper. This little window was now embellished with a tiny shade roller and a pair of curtains of black-and-white-checkered muslin.

"Gosh darn!" said Ben. "Folks don't put curtains on the outside of a house."

And then in spite of his grouch he laughed. It was so blamed ludicrous—just like that Marjie Paul, confound her!

Someone possessed of a scene painter's facility had depicted a row of little red flowerpots along the bottom of the house, and from these ascended many sprays of what started out to be ivy but ended in an odd collection of grotesque faces, done with a nice humor and happy sense of arrangement.

"I bet she got her brother Ted to help her. He's learning to draw over there with Budd. I'll say he's a rotten artist!"

Ten minutes' contemplation forced Ben to withdraw this criticism. The heads were good. They possessed the quality of boldness, of vividness, and had been accomplished with an economy of strokes which was truly remarkable.

The floor had been painted a dark clay, on which lay two or three small rugs in bright colors, among which a blazing red predominated. A couple of chairs—not photographic properties—had been camouflaged in a pattern of very small red and black squares. The big worktable had been similarly handled.

But the crowning offense of all was the entire set of Boggs biscuit studies—twenty-four in all—fastened securely to the walls. They were arranged singly and in groups, and all fastened with thumb tacks.

"I'll have those darn things down first thing I do," Ben declared, and stretched up a hand to the nearest one. But he didn't touch it.

"Now I wonder," he thought. "Now I wonder. Maybe I better leave 'em up as a kind of lesson to me. They're painful, but p'raps they're wholesome. I guess I'll let 'em stay for a few days anyhow."

The reception room was done in an effect altogether different. There the scheme was one of almost somber austerity. The walls were pale gray, relieved by three or four extremely old colored lithographs framed in dark wood. Ben's counter, on which had previously rested a convex-fronted glass show case, was now painted to match the walls, and the show case was gone. Likewise had disappeared three aged armchairs of the Early Installment Period—chairs of faded grandeur with ragged chenille fringe. These had been replaced by stiff-backed benches of plain wood, painted a shade darker than the walls. The electric light, hanging from the ceiling by a cord, displayed a globe of frosted white porcelain, where formerly there had been a fluted shade over a plain incandescent bulb.

In both reception room and gallery a certain relief had been achieved by a studied disorder. There were pictures in piles on the counter, on the floor, leaning against the walls. Two or three thick portfolios lay on a table in the middle of the reception room, fat with mounted and unmounted prints—and the funny part of it was, practically no photographs were among them. They were mostly photogravures, sporting prints, engravings, small water colors——

"Well, of all the crazy things!" thought Ben. "Why didn't she—I don't know, though. There wasn't much in the way of samples of my work she could leave round—that's a fact. I wonder where she collected all this junk?"

A feature in the reception room was a bookcase of six shelves, painted like the chairs and loaded with books. They weren't Ben's books, he knew. At random he picked one up and opened it. The cover was of dilapidated sheepskin, the pages yellow edged, and a lot of the s's looked like f's. On the title page Ben read:

THE
PRINCIPLES
OF
MORAL AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

BY WILLIAM PALEY, M. A.,
ARCHDEACON OF CARLISLE

A NEW EDITION

BOSTON; MDCCXCV

"Good Lord!" said Ben. He pawed through the collection. In the whole lot there wasn't a book he would give eight cents for. Of all the musty, out of date, useless literature in the city of New York Marjie Paul seemingly had procured the cream and unloaded it on her absentee employer. Maybe an antiquarian could find some use for it, but not to read certainly. More likely the junkman would appreciate its true value.

In the middle of the top shelf of the bookcase stood an ivory white cast of the

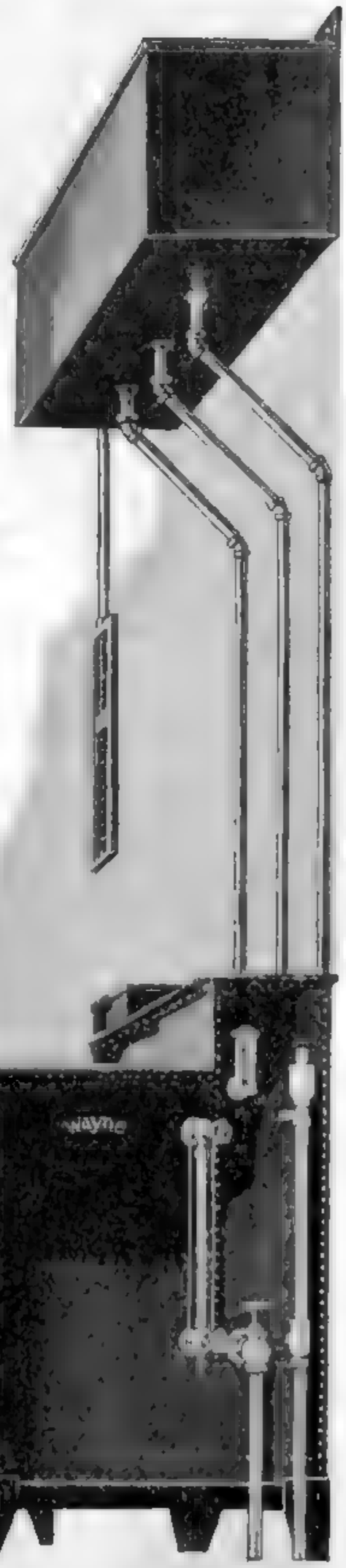
(Continued on Page 107)

REG.U.S.

Wayne

TRADE MARK

Eliminating The Appalling Waste of Oil and Man Power



Wayne Filter Systems mark a new epoch in the struggle to eliminate the appalling waste of oil and man power.

Skilled lubrication engineers, conducting *exhaustive* experiments under *actual working* conditions, have given to Wayne Filter Systems *advanced, proven* ideas in design, construction and operation.

Thousands of barrels of costly lubricating oils, formerly discarded as worthless after first use, can now be *entirely reclaimed* by Wayne Filter Systems, *used repeatedly*, still possessing *full lubricating* value.

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Gasoline and Oil Storage Systems, Oil Filtration Systems, Oil Burning Systems, Furnaces for Metal Melting, Forging and Heat Treating.

Filters

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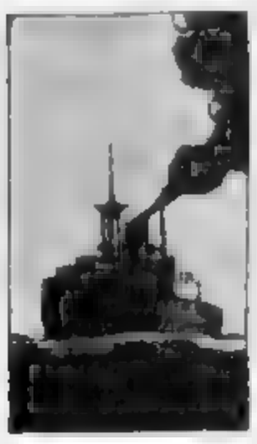
A different School of Fire is maintained by The Consolidation Coal Company to provide efficient application of fuel in the constructive and creative work of industry.

Back of every ton of Consolidation Coal is a service of efficiency and economy. It is provided through our Department of Tests, the first organization of its kind ever established by a coal company. The service of this organization is, first, to see to it that each customer is supplied the particular quality and variety of coal that suits his needs. Bituminous coal varies greatly in chemical content and burning properties. A ship's needs differ from a railroad's. Power stations will fall behind schedule by using a fuel adapted to gas plants. The right quality of coal in the right place will do the work of a larger quantity of the wrong coal. Your fuel needs, therefore, require scientific study lest you spend more than is necessary to do your job.



When Consolidation Coal is supplied you, the efficiency service of our testing engineers follows it into your plant, if you desire. Where waste exists, a way is found to produce the same number of heat units from fewer tons. Better firing methods are devised to meet special demands for power. Such investigation multiplies utility per ton.

That actual economies result is proved in many cases. To illustrate: A passenger steamship company recently called us in because its coal consumption had increased above normal while the boats were almost invariably late. Our diagnosis, based on actual firing of their engines and on careful temperature observation, called for a new grade of coal and different stoking methods. A monthly saving of more than one hundred tons followed.

While coal cannot be trademarked, such service causes Consolidation Coal to be recognized as different from ordinary industrial fuel.

Maintained by the War Department, the Army School of Fire is constantly at work to increase artillery efficiency in the deadly art of war.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Bankers Trust Building *New York City*

(Continued from Page 104)

Venus of Milo. In a corner he observed the most enormous vase he had ever seen, a piece of giant pottery nearly as tall as a man. Its decorations in light and dark blue against a gray-brown ground suggested the markings of a Navaho blanket. On one wall, instead of a picture, Marjie had hung a Cashmere rug about four feet wide and possibly six feet long. Its warm harmonies of color sufficed to save the room from the chill of ascetic bareness; and a big grass rug stained in pale tints of red and green helped still more.

Ben, looking round in puzzlement, had to admit that the room possessed atmosphere. It was unusual, and it had character. It offered relief from the overabundance of decoration found in many studios. A person could sit there half an hour and be happy doing nothing. It was restful. Ben didn't know why, but it was so.

"Say, you," he said, returning to the gallery where his new assistant, apparently oblivious of the bizarreness of his environment, was busily sorting negatives, "what's your name?"

"Blake."

"Well, Blake, what do you think of this dump anyhow? Wouldn't it give you the willies? Or would it?"

"Oh, I dunno. It's kind of novel. It hit me in a heap the first time I seen it, but it grows on a feller. I've got so I like it. And say, the sitters go nuts over it!"

"They do?"

"I'll inform this terrestrial sphere they do, as my old boss used to say. The kids have eighteen fits follering them figures round the wall, and when they come to a repeat they go noodly. Say, I've took more good kid pictures in the last week than I ever made before in my life. And the grown-up ladies are as interested as the youngsters. They say, 'Oh, ain't it just too quaint,' and 'How original,' and 'What a genius Mr. Merriweather is, though you know he's said to be quite eccentric; and would you believe it, he's never married.'"

"Aw, go on! They don't pull that kind of chatter, do they?"

"Fact! That Miss Paul was a wonder, wasn't she? I guess if you hadn't had her to carry out your scheme for you it wouldn't been done by the time you come home. She's a smart one."

Merriweather made no comment. He was about to ask Blake what he thought of the biscuit series when the bell rang, and he went into the reception room. A lady slightly past middle age and with snow-white hair was standing in the center of the room removing her gloves with a certain familiarity of manner which said she was no stranger to the place.

"Good morning," began Ben. "What can I do—I beg your pardon, this is Mrs. Calverton, isn't it? I'm glad to see you again."

"Oh, Mr. Merriweather? So you're back! We didn't expect you."

"Oh, didn't we?"

"Miss Paul and I. I suppose you're glad to be at home. Is Miss Paul in?"

"No, Miss Paul isn't in. Miss Paul's left."

"But, Mr. Merriweather, I saw her day before yesterday. She said nothing about leaving."

"Well, she's left just the same."

Mrs. Calverton scrutinized Ben Merriweather narrowly. A sudden impulse prompted her to say sharply, "I hope you didn't—er—dis——"

"——charge her? No. I didn't discharge her. I guess she's discharged me. I came home yesterday afternoon and found she'd quit—gone to work for the movies, I hear. Sort of shabby, I think. Well, come into the gallery—if you can stand the new system of decorations. You're up on art matters, especially interiors. I guess this layout will jar you some. Holler if you feel faint."

Mrs. Calverton smiled.

"No danger. It was I who designed this room, and I don't mind saying I'm rather pleased with the result. Marjie—Miss Paul—and her brothers did the work."

"You designed it? Gee! I thought they got a delegation of kids from a public school and turned 'em loose here with a bale of chalk and a flock of carte blanches. You say Marjie was in on it too? Well, I'll bet it wasn't your fault. What did she do, feed you a lot of alphabet soup and then point a gun at you?"

"Marjie thought—and rightly—that the studio was commonplace—sordid, if you like. She wanted to change it so that people would be interested enough to come here and climb all those stairs. She's immensely proud of you, and she was anxious for you to have a suitable setting."

"Is this a suitable setting for me? What kind of nut am I anyhow?"

"Just a bit eccentric, Mr. Merriweather. Eccentric people are always fascinating, especially if they are artists."

"But, Mrs. Calverton, I'm not eccentric. I'm plain and humdrum and just a bit of a fool, I guess."

"Sh! A bit of a fool, if you like—that's perfectly legitimate. Plain and humdrum, never! Why, in the smock you're simply captivating!"

"Aw, now, Mrs. Cal——"

"Miss Paul knew your good points as well as your weak ones. A fine associate for you—live and brisk and stimulating. She'd make you an admirable partner—or better still ——"

"No, you don't, Mrs. Calverton! I'm off that. I'm a bachelor and I like it. I thought—once—I might—please let's not talk about it. Are you absolutely sure Marjie didn't tell you her plans? Not even in confidence?"

"Not even in the strictest confidence."

"Then—well, she did it in cold blood, that's all. But let me tell you something, Mrs. Calverton! If Marjie Paul can get along without me I can struggle along without her! Understand? When I first discovered she'd shaken me my knees went weak. I had a hard time to get down to the street without flopping. I thought it over. I guess if you've been working with her you know a lot about her, and very likely she told you it was her idea for me to go after the big stuff. That's right. She's bolstered me up and fed me starch and pepper and ginger and kept me on the job. Now I'm going ahead under my own power. I don't have to have a skinny little West Side flapper tell me where to head in—not much, I don't.

"I'm grateful to her for all she's done, and I can't understand what possessed her to quit. But women are queer, and if she had a good offer I know the movies would have an awful drag. Still she was sore about something, and when she gets over being sore she can come and say so, and then I'll tell her a few things I had on my chest when I landed here from upstate. I shan't go looking for her. I wouldn't give her that much satisfaction, or a chance to throw me down. She owes me an explanation—that's all. Meanwhile I'll proceed with this business without Miss Paul's valuable assistance. Don't you think I'm right?"

Mrs. Calverton pursed her lips thoughtfully and poked aimlessly at a crack in the floor with the point of her umbrella. Presently she looked up.

"I have spoken about you to several of my friends," she said. "If you are ready to undertake the work they want appointments."

"Don't you think I'm right?" persisted Ben.

"Miss Paul's idea was to fix up this place for the sort of patronage I told you I could bring you. I helped her with suggestions; I lent her many of the things, like that great stone vase, which is a real archæological treasure; and the Cashmere rug. And she picked the books at a second-hand shop. Her brothers came here and worked nights, and all the time the alterations were going on she kept the business in operation. She's a splendid girl, Mr. Merriweather, and I'm dreadfully sorry that ——"

"But I asked you a question. Am I right or wrong?"

"That, Mr. Merriweather, is your own business. I don't wish to advise you, but let me say one thing: These misunderstandings generally come out all right in the end, despite our blundering efforts to adjust them or our still more blundering determinations to allow them to adjust themselves. I shouldn't worry ——"

"Oh, I'm not worrying, believe me! Now you were saying you wanted to bring some folks here for sittings. Wait a moment till I get the appointment book. Here we are, Mrs. Calverton. Everything free from Thursday on. Who's the first victim?"

XXVII

MISS ANGELA BOGGS, director of advertising and sales of Boggs' Bakeries, Inc., examined with interest a copy of The Exclusive, laid upon her desk one morning in midautumn. It was a beautifully printed magazine, got up regardless of expense for the pleasure of the comparatively small

(Continued on Page 110)

Model A 301
Dark Brown Calf uppers, fine Oak Tan soles, Parkway last

Who is Responsible?

SOME men say "I don't know of anything more risky than to buy shoes" You will usually find that these men "shop around" from one store to another—sometimes they buy shoes without a name—sometimes solely because of low price.

Shoes cannot be safely bought on mere looks or impulse any more than clothing. Reputation is important. So are materials and workmanship.

The success of Crossett Shoes has been built on two facts: 1—There are no shoes at similar prices which are built of better materials. 2—There are no shoes which give more service per dollar.

Like attracts like. When you see Crossett Shoes in the windows you can count upon a reliable dealer inside the store.

Lewis A. Crossett Co.
NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
TRADE MARK

In 4 Trips Across America Essex 4 Times Breaks Record

The First Essex Car Arriving at San Francisco Postoffice With U. S. Mail

ESSEX MAIL CAR BREAKS RECORD

Auto Crosses Continent in Four Days, Fourteen Hours, Forty-three Minutes

Crossing the continent in 4 days 14 hours and 43 minutes, the Essex transcontinental mail car which left San Francisco last Thursday at midnight, arrived in New York last evening. This beats record of 5 days 13 hours ...ng all trans...

SET NEW RECORD FOR AUTO MAIL SERVICE

Transcontinental Run in Four Days nd Fourteen Hours From San Francisco Ends Here

nouncement was made today that w unofficial record for a transcon- tal automobile trip was estab- when a five-passenger touring rying United States mail from ncisco to New York arrived e yesterday after a run of four urteen hours and forty-three ...ul of the A...

Phenomenal S. F.-N. Y. Run in 4 Days, 14 Hours, 43 Minutes by Touring Car

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—(The Associated Press.)—Announcement was made today that a new unofficial record for a transcontinental automobile trip was established when a five-passenger touring car carrying United States mail from San Francisco to New York arrived here late yesterday after a run of 4 days, 14 hours and 43 minutes.

An official of the American Automobile Association said today that this was at least one day faster than any previous unofficial record. Postal authorities declared that the machine's time compares well with that of all except the fastest through mail trains.

First Essex

San Francisco to New York—
4 days, 14 hours, 43 minutes

Lowers Record 12 hours, 48 minutes

Second Essex

New York to San Francisco—
4 days, 19 hours, 17 minutes

Lowers Record 22 hours, 13 minutes

Third Essex

San Francisco to New York—
4 days, 21 hours, 56 minutes

Delayed by storms and Sunday road congestion entering New York. Yet it lowered the former record by 5 hours, 35 minutes.

Fourth Essex

New York to San Francisco—
5 days, 6 hours, 13 minutes

This car took a longer route and also ran into storms. Yet it broke the former record by 11 hrs., 19 min.

New York to Chicago

Lowered record just made by 2 hours, 7 minutes. Its time, 24 hours, 43 minutes, 50 seconds.

Average Ocean-to-Ocean time for the four Essex touring cars—4 days, 21 hours, 32 seconds.

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E S S E X

A Consistency of Performance Never Equaled

Such Reliability is to be Found in Every Essex

WITHIN the time that our grandfathers took in preparing for a visit to the county seat, the Essex in four separate tests crossed the continent between San Francisco and New York.

The automobile records for each direction were broken. With the exception of one airplane, two of the Essex cars covered the 3,347 miles in less time than was ever recorded by any traveling machine.

To have lowered the time was a feat that has been sought for by hundreds of cars.

But Essex lowered the record over the former performances with four different cars.

So through these tests a consistency of performance was established such as no automobile or any other traveling machine has ever revealed.

Not Speed but Its Endurance

ESSEX time and again has shown more speed than these tests developed. It was not necessary to prove how fast it could travel. It had already gone 3,037 miles in 50 hours on a speedway track. It had already set the world's 24 hour dirt track mark by traveling 1,261 miles. And the 24 hour road mark over Iowa country roads is held by Essex by reason of its having covered 1,061 miles.

So speed was not the object of these tests.

But proof of reliability, as established in the hardest, most varied kind of service, was the aim.

Every type of traveling machine, from the prairie schooner and pony express to the fastest train, the automobile and the airplane, has tried to lower the time across America.

Thousands have failed and their failures were unknown except as they showed ways to mechanical improvements which led others to success.

But Who Thought a Light Car Capable?

SUCH performances were not associated with light weight, economical, moderate priced cars.

But just as Essex from the very first had shown reliability without sacrifice of economy and low first cost—in these tests it established a worthiness of performance excelling anything any car had ever shown.

It is not long distance touring that interests the majority of motorists. Most men use their cars over very limited territories. But the reliability shown in these performances gives pocketbook assurance not approached by any other endorsement.

No such time as was made in crossing the continent would have been possible had repairs and replacement been necessary.

And that these four separate Essex cars did not call for such delaying attention gives confidence to every Essex owner as to his car's reliability.

Qualities No More Than Owners Expected

EVERY Essex owner knows by personal experience the reliability of performance these tests reveal. He knows what his car can do. That is why there were so many owner operated cars in the national Essex week demonstration which set hundreds of new local records. They cover economy, reliability, easy riding, inter-city speed marks, long time non-motor-stop performances, etc.

It is because of these proofs and particularly because of what its owners know of it that Essex commands exclusive consideration in the light car field. It furnishes all the advantage of economy and moderate cost. And it has established reliability and performance equal to the highest priced cars. Everyone recognizes its beauty and fineness. The pride of ownership is a strong appeal, everywhere expressed.

Such are the reasons which close to 50,000 owners acclaim.

Whether in its price class or weight class, can any rival appeal as strongly as Essex? And it can be had in either open or closed types.

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MOTORS

(Continued from Page 107)

number of subscribers who cared to pay its exorbitant cost.

Its text, set in the choicest of type faces, was impressed upon what printers designate as antique-finish paper, possessing almost the toughness of linen and having the lacy, untrimmed edges technically known as deckle. Its illustrations were run separately on heavy stock called coated, but without gloss. The surface was of exquisite velvety fineness, a fineness having a quality like nothing so much as the inimitable skin of infancy.

Printed upon such paper the pictures, photographically reproduced in halftone, took on a delightful softness. Their high lights were clear and bright, their shadows deepened, their middle tones beautifully modeled.

Angela leafed through the advertising pages, and—frowning—inspected the announcement of Boggs' Honey Flakes. The Honey Flake was one of Angela's inventions, a product of which she was very proud and for which she greatly desired unqualified acceptance by the sort of people who read The Exclusive. Hamilton D. had never cared much for Honey Flakes, and that was one impelling reason why his daughter particularly wanted to put it over big. It was exceptionally well packed and sold at a price so high that had it been dispensed by weight the grocer might as well have installed jewelers' scales.

Its sponsor contemplated the advertisement designed to impress its merits upon the minds of the smart set. The more she contemplated the more she frowned. She was compelled to admit to herself that there was nothing distinguished about that page. Too bad! She had taken immense pains with this very piece of copy. It occupied an advantageous position in the publication. Neighboring announcements were in no way calculated to divert attention from its allurements—and it hadn't any allurements. If Angela Boggs had been a young woman of less poise she could easily have become a trifle lachrymose while studying her Honey-Flakes advertisement.

"H'm!" she sniffed irritably. "It's rotten!"

That was not true. The advertisement was moderately pleasing, like a pretty girl who hasn't any brains. It didn't offend and it didn't thrill. It was just average—ordinary.

Miss Boggs dropped the magazine disgustedly. It fell on the floor, but she let it lie there while she got up and went listlessly to the window, from which she looked down disconsolately into the truck-congested street. Everything within sight of Angela's office window was dingy and dusty and crassly commercial. The neighboring buildings were mostly old, substantial, plain and uninspiring. They were given over to wholesale dealings in flour, cereals, spices, coffee and miscellaneous foodstuffs, in barrels, bags, cans and cases. Here came no gayly dressed women to traffic in fine raiment, in jewels, in the beautiful accessories of life. With the exception of a few gaudy labels, the prospect presented no relieving spots of color. The street-level windows contained no bright-hued merchandise, but were mainly lined with fine screens painted with firm names and concealing the labors of bookkeepers, clerks and other nonentities from the rude gaze of passers-by. The view made Angela bluer than ever.

"What's the matter with me?" she demanded of herself. "Why don't I accomplish what I start out for? Haven't I brains or judgment or taste? Don't I know my business?"

She returned to her desk and picked up the disappointing magazine to look again moodily upon the inadequate presentation of Honey Flakes. Pretty mediocre stuff. Unfortunately it was fully up to the standard of all the other advertisements comprising the fall campaign for Boggs products. In fact it was rather better.

Angela riffled through the reading pages, nipping with a strong thumb the occasional sheet whose contents caught her fleeting interest. The book was beautifully planned and as beautifully executed. Now why couldn't Angela get as much class into her advertising as The Exclusive's art editor got into his page layouts? Photographs, drawings, literary work, type—that was all there was to it, and these things could be bought in the open market here in New York, probably the most prolific exchange on earth for such commodities. Yet Angela Boggs hadn't been able to find them or combine them to give the results she sought.

"I wonder—I wonder. Is it my fault? Don't I know how?"

Then she found herself gazing, a little startled, at a page of interiors. The illustrations accompanied an article by Caroline Calverton entitled The Country House of Senator Gurt.

Angela knew that Senator Gurt's big Long Island estate had been kept for many years inviolate from the prying eyes and revealing pens of publicity. Senator Gurt, immensely rich, the astutest of statesmen, belonged to the say-nothing order of lawmakers; and this principle of taciturnity and exclusive privacy he carried scrupulously into his home life. Yet Caroline Calverton had in some manner been privileged to peep behind the veil; not only that, she had gained permission to spread her findings before the hungry-eyed readers of her magazine and she had been allowed to introduce into those sacred rooms—of all things—a camera.

The pictures were beautiful too. The photographer had exercised a nice judgment in placing his apparatus, in adjusting his light, in timing his exposures. Consequently the pictures harmonized with each other, making a pleasing series. They were free from heavy shadows, raw contrasts or offensive lights, yet all details were recorded with cameo clearness.

Well, Mrs. Calverton was a wonder. No doubt she was the cleverest special-article writer in her field. She knew people of consequence. Probably she and her husband had known Senator Gurt intimately. She unquestionably had the entrée into many a home locked fast by tradition and family pride against all but an exceedingly restricted few.

But the thing that had caused Angela's eyes to widen with surprise was a name set in small type at the lower left-hand corner of the page of interiors:

"Photographs by Merriweather."

Merriweather! How had he—oh, that was plain enough! Hadn't Angela herself introduced Ben to Mrs. Calverton at the Milliken tea months and months ago? The photographer had her to thank for this opportunity. He seemed to have succeeded in making the most of it.

Miss Boggs turned a few more pages and came to one embellished with a group of portraits. The caption read: "A Quintette of Autumn Hostesses." Angela knew them all—with the same intimacy that every Sunday-supplement reader knows them. Of the five, two pictures were credited to Merriweather; and those two were the most strikingly original in posing, in treatment. It was hard to think this could be Ben Merriweather, her Merriweather, the man she had discovered and stirred up in his obscurity, as one might stir a sleepy alligator in a Florida pool. Of course Mrs. Calverton was claiming him now—and getting the credit of the find.

Modern young ladies, be they heroines or villainesses, do not gnash their teeth, bite their lips until the blood comes or dig their finger nails into their rosy palms hard enough to leave scars for life. There is quite a lot of foot tapping smuggled past the editors, but not so much as there used to be. A few years ago a heroine could throw herself upon her couch and burst into a storm of tears, but it is not being done to-day.

Consequently Angela found herself for a moment rather up against it for an emotional outlet. But she put on her hat and coat, slammed down her rolltop and went out.

It wasn't far to Broadway, where she took an uptown Subway train, which she left at Fifty-ninth Street. Crossing to the park, she plunged into its fastnesses with the intrepidity of an explorer and set off at a brisk pace for nowhere in particular.

It was a fine day and the crisp autumn air was sweet in Angela's nostrils. It helped her brain to function as it hadn't functioned for days, and in consequence she began to reason. For the first time in a rather selfish life, and by some cerebral miracle too subtle for explanation, her reasoning was logical and right.

Wherefore, following the broad path of this clear thinking, Angela Boggs made a discovery—a discovery so startling that she stopped in her tracks long enough to arrest the attention of a large gray squirrel on a near-by tree. He sat bolt upright and appraised the lady. He was a very old and sophisticated squirrel, and had survived enough New York seasons to ruin a less hardy member of the climbing fraternity, but he had to admit that Angela was one of the loveliest creatures he had ever seen.

"And yet," he mused, "somehow she's a trifle—now let me see—a trifle cold. I bet if she wanted a squirrel-skin hat she wouldn't be the least bit fussy whose skin she got. Ugh! It might be mine!"

Dismayed by this possibility, he disappeared from what he adjudged an extremely dangerous locality.

"I know what's the matter with me," said Angela Boggs to the advertising manager of Boggs' Bakeries, Inc. "I hate to admit it, but there's only one accurate name for me. I'm a piker! That's what I am—a piker!"

So she sat down on a path-side bench to think things over.

She reviewed her dealings with Ben Merriweather. She had piked in her relations with the better-known photographers until they didn't want her work, and then she had tried to use Ben's talent to get a product of the same quality as theirs, buying it at a scalped price. And Ben had refused to be scalped.

But that wasn't all. She was not only a financial piker, she was a mental and artistic tightwad, a scrunger! She had the stingy type of mind that threads its horizon with a puckering string of which it keeps fast hold, rigidly excluding anything in the shape of a big, broad, progressive idea.

It came to Angela as clearly as daylight that she had cheated herself even more than she had cheated Merriweather. He had offered her something artistically fine and broad, beautiful in its individuality, unusual in conception. Intellectual jealousy had muffled her judgment and she had stifled her admiration, clinging to her own threadbare ideas with a pinchbeck conservatism. And where had she got off?

The story was told in the pages of The Exclusive. Now she imagined one of Merriweather's studies in place of the poor, inadequate design she had used. Why, it would have created a lot of comment! Ben's success with the other sort of work would have helped give the advertisement prestige. People turning from those fine pictures of Senator Gurt's home, from the lovely portraits of smart society matrons, to the merchandise pages, would have identified the artist at once.

And Angela had tried to tell Ben what a lot of good it would do him to attach his name to a Boggs advertisement! She had the grace to blush when she thought of that. Piker! There wasn't any other term that quite fitted. And her niggardly dealings with Ben were but one example. Doubtless it was her piking policy all along the line that stood in the way of real distinction in her advertising. She had tried to play sharp with everyone. She had browbeaten and bullied and bluffed and bought cheap, cheap, cheap—and she had got just what she had paid for.

She had been trying to lift Boggs' products to an exalted level, and she hadn't had brains enough to see she couldn't do it that way. She had stocked up the trade, and promised wonderful advertising. Now, as her mail all too abundantly testified, it appeared that the wonderful advertising wasn't panning out, and the big shipments of merchandise were going stale on the shelves. Pretty soon she would begin to hear of merchants who simply had to mark the goods down and clean them out at a loss. That was the only thing they could do; they couldn't look to Boggs' Bakeries, Inc., for relief or redress. Experience had taught them what they could expect in that quarter. Angela shuddered when she thought of the black eye her fine goods would get from these marked-down sales. Probably there wasn't a thing she could do now. The dealers would be too sore. Still ——

Angela, in the depths, went to the extreme of condemning her own ability. Yet she did possess plenty of business acumen. Her mistake had taken the form of an overreaching shrewdness, under the misguided impression that this was to be commended. Furthermore it had been her father's policy. He had built up a great enterprise through hard buying, hard selling, hard dealing of all kinds. And he was an old devil on wheels! Yes, he was! Angela knew everyone thought so. The little masked hold-up man named Self-distrust came and pointed a loaded gun at her head right there in Central Park, with people passing on foot, on horseback, in motors and horse-drawn vehicles and not paying the slightest attention to her predicament.

"Angela Boggs," he demanded, "how is the business of Boggs' Bakeries to be conducted in future? Are you going to try to perpetuate your old pirate of a father's nineteenth-century policies? Or are you going to keep the house out ahead of the procession by means of fair and square dealing, liberality, kindliness, truth-telling, coöperation and living up to obligations moral as well as legal? Are you going to hang a millstone round the neck of Boggs' Bakeries, Inc., and sink the poor old thing in a sea of musty, hidebound, dry-rotted selfishness? Or are you going to start today building up the kind of prestige that means a loyal following of storekeepers who will rise up and cheer or fight for you, whichever happens to be necessary?"

Having found herself thus confronted, Angela, with her lungs full of crisp fresh air and a brain functioning as it ought to function, made a noise that a sharp ear would have translated into "Do it now!"

Angela thereupon jumped to her feet so abruptly that her admiring enemy, the squirrel, which had stolen back to his station in the tree to have a second look—you couldn't blame him for that—almost tumbled off his branch, and scuttled away with a chattering squawk of terrified rage.

And the first thing Angela Boggs did upon emerging again at the Columbus Circle entrance of the park was to board a southbound Eighth Avenue car.

XXVIII

MERRIWEATHER, society photographer, had just got through with Mrs. Armbruster Benedict, who had brought to the studio her two children, a nurse and a governess, and kept Ben busy the entire morning. He felt that he had made many exceedingly satisfactory exposures, though Mrs. Benedict assured him that up to date no photographer had ever done justice to her youngsters.

Ben had some new equipment that tickled him immensely and greatly facilitated his work. He could do anything that could be done in indoor photography, he was sure.

The quaintly decorated gallery had vastly amused the little Armbruster Benedicts. But the delight of children in those crudely drawn figures had long since ceased to surprise B. Merriweather. The scenery, as he called it, was a distinct asset.

He bowed Mrs. Benedict and her collection of human beings to the top of the Matterhorn, promised early proofs and returned to the gallery. By golly, he was tired! A whole morning with a bunch of kids was some undertaking! Phew!

Blake, his assistant—no longer green—stated his intention of going out for the eats. Didn't it beat all how good business was, and how much it had growed since them days way back last spring when Miss Paul had first hired him? He wondered how Miss Paul got along in the movies. He'd recognized her in some pitchers, doin' small parts. But darn! She was good-looking enough and smart enough to be a star by this time. He guessed them producers didn't know a good thing when they had it.

"Aw, f'r Pete's sakes, go on and get your lunch!" snapped Ben.

The fellow was useful enough. But Lord, how he did babble! Ben prayed to be delivered from ever having another gabby guy round the studio.

Blake accepted the verbal stimulus to his departure with an equable good nature. He didn't mind the boss' yammering much. Them temperamental ducks was like that—you had to humor 'em. He clattered down the stairs whistling.

Ben didn't feel very chipper. He was tired and sort of blue. He had worked tremendously hard all summer, and didn't see any prospect for a vacation ahead. It had been a mighty trying season, though interesting.

Marjie needn't have worried about Ben's backbone. Left to his own resources, he had made up his mind to go ahead and succeed anyhow. He'd show 'em! In particular, he'd show Marjie Paul!

For a person of Ben's indolent inclinations it was far from easy to fulfill this resolution. It was like pulling teeth some days. But other days his work was a joy to him. He had to learn that he must not allow his moods to govern him. Usually when a mood—we might call it a muse, if photography had one—when a mood was coy Ben could cajole it from its hiding place by going to work as if he didn't miss it. Moods and muses are like that. They are like a child that won't talk. Express your doubt as to its possession of a tongue and it immediately waxes eloquent. A moose or a

(Concluded on Page 113)

ADAMS
Pure Chewing Gum

All Flavors
One Quality

Adams Black Jack
Adams Chiclets
Adams Pepsin
Adams Spearmint

Adams California Fruit
Adams Yucatan
Adams Sen Sen
Adams Clove

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

Most of the monarchs of the speedway, the daredevil pilots of the air and the engineers of America's most costly cars agree in their selection of spark plugs: they use AC. You as a motorist can be certain that the plug which merits the approval of such experts will serve you best also. Dealers everywhere sell "The Standard Spark Plug of the World."

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

These Manufacturers Factory Equip Their Products With AC Spark Plugs

PASSENGER CARS

Ace
Alsace
American Beauty
Anderson
Apperson
Argonne Four
Bell
Bellanger Freres (France)
Birch
Bour-Davis
Bradley
Buick
Cadillac
Cameron
Case
Chandler
Chevrolet
Cleveland
Cole
Comet
Commonwealth
Daniels
Davis
Dodge Brothers
Dort
Essex
Gray Dort (Canada)
Hamlin-Holmes Front Drive
Hanson Six
Hatfield
Haynes
Hudson
Hupmobile
Jackson
Jordan
Kenworthy
Kissel Kar
LaFayette
Leach Power-Plus Six
Liberty
Locomobile
Melbohm
Marmon
McLaughlin (Canada)
Meteor
Mitchell
Monroe
Nash
National
Nelson
Oakland
Oldsmobile
Packard
Paige
Pan
Paterson
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Pitcher
Porter
Premier
Reo
Re Vere
Roamer
R & V Knight
Saxon
Scripps-Booth
Walden W. Shaw
Sheridan
Singer
Standard Eight
Stanwood
Stearns-Knight
Stevens-Duryea
Stewart
Tarkington
Texan
Vogue
Westcott

COMMERCIAL CARS

Ace
Acme
Ahrens-Fox Fire Trucks
American-LaFrance
Apex
Ateo
Available
Avery
Bell
Beta
Bollstrom
Bradley
Bridgeport
Brinton
Brockway
Buffalo
Chicago
Collier
Comet
Dart
Defiance
Denby (Canada)
Dependable
Diamond T
Diehl
Dodge Brothers
Duty
Elmira
Federal
Frontmobile
F-W-D
Gary
Golden West
Gramm-Bernstein
G & J (Canada)
G M C
Hahn
Hall
Harvey
Hendrickson
Hewitt-Ludlow
Highway Knight
Hurlburt
H R I
Independent
Italia
J & J
Kalamazoo
Karavan
Kearns
Keystone
Kissel
Kleiber
Klemm
Koehler
Low-Bed
I M C
Maccar
Melbohm
Master
Maxim
Menominee
Moreland
Napoleon
Nash
Nelson-LaMoon
Netco
Noble
Old Reliable
Oldsmobile
Oneida
Oshkosh
O K
Packard
Paige
Parker
Patriot
Pierce Arrow
Pittsburgher
Ranger
Reo
Reynolds
Riker
Robinson Fire App.
Rock Falls
Rowe
St. Cloud
Sandow
Sanford
Schwartz
Signal
Sterling
Stewart
Stoughton
Sullivan
Super
Texan
Tiffin
Titan
Tower
United
Universal
Urana
Walter
Ward-La France
Watson
White
White Hickory
Wichita
Wilson
Wolverine

MOTORCYCLES

Briggs-Stratton Motor Wheel
Excelsior
Henderson
Johnson Motor Wheel

TRACTORS

Advance-Rumely
Appleton
Avery
A & T
Bates Steel Mule
Berman Garden
Boring
Buffalo
Bullock Creeping Grip
Case
Clark
Comet
Dart
Do-It-All
Eagle
Flour City
Holt
Howell
Knox
La Crosse
Lauson
Linn Road
Minneapolis
New Britain
O K
Oldamar Garden
Pioneers
Samson
Sawyer-Massey (Can)
Spry Wheel
Stockton
Togo
Topp Stewart
Turner-Simplicity
Ursus
Wetmore

ENGINES

Associated
Beaver
Bessemer Gas-Kero
Buda
Buffalo
Capital
Continental
Curtiss
Doman
Duesenberg
Eclipse
Fairmont Railway
Falls
Friable
Galloway
Gray
G. B. S
Hall-Scott
Herschell-Spillman
J. V. B. Marine
Knox
Luthrop Marine
Midwest
Milwaukee Gasolene Locomotives
Minneapolis
Red Wing Thorobred
Roberts
Rutenber
Scripps
Speedway
Sterling
Straubel
Trego
Union Marine
Van Blerck
Veeras
Vim
H. J. Walker
Weber
Weidely Bulldog
Wisconsin
Wooler)
W. S. M

FARM LIGHTING PLANTS

Automatic
Daytonlite
Delco-Light
Dynelectric
Electron
Fairbanks
Genco Light
Globe Light & Power
Lalley-Light
Lucelite
Meverlite
Nan Ki Vel
Northlite
Owens Light & Power
Perfection
Powerlite
Ruco
United
Wesco

MISCELLANEOUS

Austin Mfg. Co
Domestic Engine & Pump Co
Ingersoll-Rand Air Compressors
Kochring Road Pavers
Maytag Washing Machines
Mudge Railway Cars
Perfect Power Sprayers
Sullivan Portable Air Compressors
Wade Drag Saws

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Concluded from Page 110)

mude—mood, I mean—that suspects it isn't necessary, gets nosey and sneaks back into the picture. Sit still and look wistful, and the dog-gone little critter will tantalize you for days at a time. To make it serve you cast a doubt upon its ability to inspire. That'll fetch it!

Mrs. Calverton was a great help to Ben. She brought him many a client, turned many a commission his way. She arranged for him a most profitable relation with The Exclusive. The publishers of that magazine didn't ask him to work for nothing in return for the prestige their periodical brought him. They paid him real money. Ben consulted Mrs. Calverton frequently. She was a clear well of information. She told him a score of things he needed to know about composition, decorative handling, color masses. Mrs. Calverton was a clever and artistic woman, a woman of unequaled *savoir*, of the most amazing facility, and she became rather fond of Ben, who in turn paid her the compliment of a reverent affection.

One subject that was never discussed between Ben and his mentor was that of the missing retoucher. Ben suspected Mrs. Calverton might be seeing Marjie, but he did not ask. And he could not know that Marjie, piqued by his failure to hunt her up and make at least the beginnings of peace overtures, had instructed her friend not to mention her name to her former employer. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Calverton was not long in getting out of touch with Marjie—the latter was so busy and preoccupied. On the eve of her departure for the Pacific Coast she dropped Mrs. Calverton a line, but she reiterated her desire that the elder woman say nothing of her to Merriweather.

Ben was not stubborn enough to deny that he missed Marjie horribly. Often in the midst of an important sitting he would glance over his shoulder toward the retouching desk, half expecting to see the girl's sunny head shining in the shadows. Her chair would either be empty or occupied by the garrulous Blake, and Blake did not suspect how many hearty kicks he escaped simply because Ben was practicing the difficult art of self-control.

Gee-whiz! He had certainly been sincere when he had written that letter asking Marjie to marry him. And only think what a lot of satisfaction she would take in his prosperity! She would have claimed all the credit, of course, but what of it? He would have been willing to give it to her if she had only been on the level with him! That was a darn funny thing, the way she had beaten it, leaving only that measly little note in the appointment book about the keys.

Sometimes Ben was tempted to ask Budd to tell him something about Marjie—Budd could find out from Ted. Stubbornly, however, he kept his tongue in leash. Maybe he would weaken some day—but not now. She had given him a raw deal. No telling what she'd do if she ever got the upper hand again.

Ben was wont to pour a grist of such thoughts through his mental sieve in the hope of gleaning some grains of comfort, but he never did. Still he kept on fruitlessly ruminating, especially on a day when he felt glum and dispirited.

Now after Mrs. Armbruster Benedict and her crew had left and he had an hour's freedom from Blake he sat down and indulged in a spell of dark-brown gloom. That is, he started to do so. The bell tinkled, and he rose with a grunt of impatience. Darned if he was ——

Before he could open the reception-room door it swung toward him.

Marjie Paul stepped into the gallery.

"Hello, Ben," she said almost as if she were just coming back from lunch. "How're you getting along?"

"Hello, Marjie Paul," replied Ben. "Where've you been?"

"California."

"That so? Like it?"

"Oh, sort of. Nice climate, but it isn't New York."

"It ought to feel thankful."

"New York's all right. Aren't you going to ask me to sit down? How'd you like the way we fixed up the studio?"

"Fine, Marjie. At first I thought it was fierce, but Mrs. Calverton explained ——"

"Don't you think she's lovely?"

"Great! Say, Marjie."

"What, Ben?"

"What did you—what made you—how did you hap ——"

"What am I doing here? Well, I was going to ask you for a job."

"No, that wasn't what I meant. I thought you had a job."

"I did. Hundred a week."

"Well, haven't you got it now?"

"No, I got tired of being bossed round. My Lord, those directors think they know it all!"

"What do you mean? You're tired of the movies? Well, I couldn't pay you a hundred dollars a week—or half of it."

"I wouldn't expect you to. But, Ben, I'm tired. There's things I don't like about moving pictures that make the money too small to hold me. I'm not cut out for it. All I know is retouching, and the only one who knows I can retouch is you—see?"

"Well, Marjie, I could give you a job—I'd like to. To tell you the truth, I never got over missing you. But I want to know one thing and I want to know it before you come back here with me. What made you blow the way you did, and never give me a word of warning or explanation or ——"

"Ben Merriweather, I wrote you ——"

"Little scrap of paper in the appointment book. That's a healthy letter!"

"Why, that wasn't it! I sent you a long letter upstate two or three days before I left."

"Honestly?"

"As I live and breathe, Ben!"

"Never got it—never heard a line from you."

"Well, then, why for goodness' sake didn't you look me up?"

"After you'd acted that way? Maybe I ought to have, but I was pretty mad; and besides, I figured you didn't want to see me."

"Ben, have you the courage to admit it when you've been wrong?"

"If anyone can show me where I'm wrong I'll admit it as quick's the next fellow."

"All right, Ben—so will I. And I confess I was wrong. But I honestly did write you. As long as you don't know what was in the letter I won't bother to tell you. But the reason I've come here is to say that I blamed you for a lot of things that I had no business to blame you for. But the letter you wrote me from Slow River Brook stirred me all up; and I was tired, and the prospect of going on and on holding your nose to the grindstone the rest of my life didn't look very alluring to me. I made up my mind, too, that in time you'd get awfully tired of my nagging."

"Nagging? Why, Marjie Paul, you never nagged me in your life! Didn't we always get along as nice and smooth as a pair of old shoes? I'll say we did! Never spoke a cross word."

"Ben, you're an awful chump to talk that way. But listen! What do you suppose ever became of that letter of mine?"

"Oh, you never put any stamp on it, or you addressed it wrong, or you gave it to one of those brothers of yours to mail and he lost it, or the rural-free-delivery fellow up country lighted his pipe with it—or you never wrote it."

"Ben, I swear I did!"

"Well, it never reached me, and consequently I haven't had any answer to that question I asked you."

"Ben Merriweather, you never asked me any question. That was what made me mad—you assumed too much. That was why I left so suddenly. I just thought the best thing for us both was for me to get out. You'd discover how well you could get along without me, and I'd make myself famous."

"Are you famous?"

"Not so you would notice it. When they wanted someone to dress up like a parlor maid and come in making signs that look like 'Madam, luncheon is served,' I got the job. That's as near fame as I ever came or ever will come."

"So that's half of your reason gone blooey. The other half was that I'd find out I could do without you. Well, I've found out I can't. So you see, you're a bum reasoner. You better let me give you a little advice after this, Miss Paul. I ——"

The bell rang.

"Aw, you go, will you, Marje? I'm sick of 'em."

Marjie Paul laid aside her hat quickly and went into the reception room. Ben—suppressing a wild desire to shout and break up furniture—waited. Presently Marjie came back.

"It's—who do you suppose?"

"Oh, Mrs. Cal ——"

"No—Miss Angela Bogga."

"It isn't!"

"Yes, it is; and she says she'd like to see you personally; and for me to say, if you want to know what about, that she'd like to buy those special studies you made for her last spring that she didn't care for at the time—the ones you originated yourself. And she says if you and I haven't any engagement she hopes we will both dine with her to-night. Now, Benuel, trot right along and tell her those pictures will cost her five hundred each; I've a hunch from the way she talks she'll be only too glad to pay it."

"By George, I will, Marje! Say, I'm glad you're back! If you hadn't come I'm afraid I'd have let her have 'em too cheap—maybe for three hundred apiece. Shall we go to dinner with her?"

"No, tell her to come to dinner with us."

"All right!"

Ben disappeared through the reception-room door. Marjie wandered idly about the gallery, a little smile of satisfaction curling the soft lips. Ben and Angela would be in at once of course. Miss Bogga would want to see the pictures again before closing the deal.

"Gee!" mused Marjie Paul. "Isn't it great to be my own boss and"—the smile became a grin—"and Ben's?"

(THE END)

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EAGLE SHIRTS of EAGLE SHIRTINGS

THE HELL DIGGERS

(Continued from Page 9)

Slowly Old Wade's massive figure stiffened, his shoulders squaring defiantly. For years he had waited for that final death clinch with the X. Y. Z. It had become his one great desire. Nightly he had prayed that he be spared to wrest final victory from the earth-destroying monsters, to see with his own eyes the dismantling of those ravenous giants. This starving out of the enemy had called for perseverance, for infinite patience. But unless all signs failed the ultimate reward was near, much nearer than he had ever dared dream. He dropped the curtain and stood for a moment with his powerful arms lifted aloft, his shaggy head thrown back.

Then he turned back into the room and sank grimly into the upholstered depths of his chair. In his old eyes there blazed a new light, the fierce joy of battle. The long days of inactive waiting were past or passing. His hour of triumph was at hand. Strategy would be needed to meet the last frantic onslaught of the trapped X. Y. Z. The attack would come, that much he felt sure of. The X. Y. Z. would go down fighting, clawing, biting, scratching to the last. But in what form—from which direction—would the attack appear, he questioned himself. Would it be the stealthy, snakelike bite from ambush, a sneaking blow like the downward sweep of a guttersnipe's blackjack in the dark, or a manlike smash from the front?

Not much chance for the latter, Old John decided, his weather-beaten jaws tightening on his cigar. Calthorpe Masters, general manager of the X. Y. Z., had the voice of a fighter but the heart of a coyote. His attack would be elaborately planned and cunningly executed. Strategy alone could parry it—strategy and eternal watchfulness

Hour after hour Old John Wade bulked grimly in his chair, patiently searching the dim channels of his imagination, for Old John's religion was entirely practical. The Almighty was a staunch ally if one held up his own end.

Suddenly a light footfall sounded on the veranda and a sharp knock jarred its way into his dreams. He glanced inquiringly at the clock. Eleven o'clock! A strange hour in that locality for anyone to call.

"Come in!" he called gruffly.

The door swung open to frame in the path of light the figure of a young giant in muddy boots and grease-stained khaki. Old John's face clouded.

"Your memory this bad, Teddy?"

The construction superintendent of the X. Y. Z. stepped into the room, closed the door behind him and leaned back against it half defiantly.

"No, there's nothing the matter with my memory. It's unusually good—to-night."

He brushed a hand across his flushed face, and his eyes sought and held a small picture on the mantel—a framed photograph of an oval-faced, brown-eyed girl.

"Then perhaps you'll ——"

"I will! But first I want a few minutes' talk with you. Of course if you prefer holding it outside ——"

"No use. You're wasting your time. I've said my last word on that subject."

"Partly correct," explained Teddy. "The subject you refer to was settled—quite firmly and undeniably settled two months ago by your daughter. Just what hand you had in shaping her decision I can only guess, and ——"

"Not necessary. I positively forbid her marrying you—or ever seeing you again."

The engineer's face darkened.

"Let's leave that until later. What I came for to-night was another matter."

"You mean ——"

"Your fight with the X. Y. Z."

The construction man advanced toward the library table, stripping the newspaper wrapping from a bundle which until now he had carried clasped under his arm.

"I want you to look at these drawings," he announced calmly. He spread the roll of blue prints on the table and weighted the corners with books. "They cover my ideas on a resoiling dredge—one that will leave the ground in practically its former condition."

Old Wade's figure stiffened aggressively. So this was the X. Y. Z.'s scheme—a compromise! He turned fiercely on the engineer.

"You Heard, Honey?" He Asked, the Fierceness of His Expression Melting

"If that's what you came for you can just trot back and tell Masters that it's going to take more than a few lines on a piece of blue-tinted paper to trick me into surrender."

His jaws clamped down on his cigar.

"Masters did not send me. He has nothing to do with this. The company knows nothing about this new design." Teddy tapped the drawings with a finger. "This is my own idea—every bit of it."

Despite a certain convincing ring to the tone, Old Wade's grim posture did not relax.

"You mean to tell me," he demanded, his eyes boring fiercely into Teddy's flushed face, "that the X. Y. Z. did not send you to me?"

"Yes!" The engineer bit off the word. "Furthermore I don't care to have Masters know I've been here."

"But why bring these things to me?" The old man's fist crashed down on the blue prints. "Why don't you take them to the company? I'm not a dredgeman, thank God!"

The engineer winced under the inflection. When he spoke it was as though he searched his mind for each word and forced his tongue to utter it.

"To-day for the first time I regretted that I was one. I've worked for two months on these drawings—nights and Sundays, my own time. I said nothing to anyone of what I was doing. This afternoon I carried my plans to Masters' office intending to turn them over to the company. Masters was out. As I started to leave, Hoskins, the bookkeeper, stopped me to ask about the cost of a low-pressure pump. We stepped into the vault to look up some figures. I poked a roll of papers off a top shelf—a sheaf of blue prints. As I stopped to pick them up I noticed that old Hoskins' face was strangely pale. He also made a dive for the scattered papers. I picked up one and my eyes fell on the caption: 'Side Elevation of Four Stacker Type Resoiling Dredge.'"

"Your dredge?" asked Old Wade sharply.

"No, but it was a practical reclamation idea. I took time to find that out despite old Hoskins. He confided that it had been there for three years."

"Three years?" questioned Wade.

The engineer's eyes blazed.

"Yes—just think of it! For three years we've been turning things upside down and all that time a good workable reclamation plan was locked up in that safe."

The lines about Old Wade's mouth deepened.

"It's taken you a mighty long time to learn some very obvious things."

"But I'm awake now. The company's not going to get my new design to pack away on the shelf."

"Yes, they will—just the same way they got those other plans. The law gives them control over all ideas you develop while in their employ. You can't beat them."

"I don't want to," protested Teddy. "I've been on their pay roll for eight years. Personally I owe the X. Y. Z. the same loyalty that every employee owes his employer. If they will use my new resoiling dredge I want them to have it. But I'm not going to see it buried. That's why I want your help."

"My help?" Old Wade bristled suspiciously.

"Yes; I want you to take my drawings, have them copied and submit them to the company. No one knows they are mine."

Old Wade's grizzled head shook emphatically.

"But just think what a weapon you'll have!" argued Teddy. "Why, the X. Y. Z. won't dare refuse to use it—to compromise with you!"

"Compromise!" roared Old Wade, suddenly aflame, his suspicions an absolute certainty. "Who said I was looking for a compromise? Look here!" He turned, walked heavily across the room and stood beneath a large gold-framed painting—the picture of a vineyard, its fruit-laden rows stretching away to merge in the background with an orchard.

"That was once one of the finest vineyards in the state," he rumbled, a deep note of reverence in his voice. "What is it to-day? A barren waste of cobblestones! A scab on the face of the earth! A man-made hell! And you talk to me of compromise—with men who did that thing!"

"But you sold the ground," protested Teddy.

Old Wade whirled on him like an enraged lion.

"How dare you, an X. Y. Z. man, speak of that trickery? Yes, it was trickery—the most contemptible trickery!" He pointed a trembling finger at the painting. "For thirty years I tilled that ground. Then one day a stranger came looking for a ranch, a place to build a home, he said. My vineyard was just the place he'd been looking for. He selected the site for his house, showed me the plans. I must sell—money was no object. All this was before anyone in this community ever heard of a gold dredge. I sold him the east three hundred acres. Months passed, but work on his grand home did not start. Then there came one day large gangs of men and horses and tore a huge hole in the ground. After them came creaking loads of great timbers. And on the sides of the wagons was painted in red—the blood they wring from the ground—'X. Y. Z. Gold Dredging Company.'"

The old man brushed a shaking hand across his eyes as though to wipe away the clinging vision of that scene.

"From that day I prayed I might live to see the dredges consumed in their own created hell. The X. Y. Z. ground was triangular, with the river on one side, the hills on the other and my remaining acres at the base. I saw my chance. I organized the farmers whose places lay beyond mine—and the X. Y. Z. was doomed."

He threw back his grizzled head and his voice lifted to a tremendous bellow.

"Now I've got you and your dredges!" He thrust out his two huge hands, wrists touching and palms extended, with the fingers curving inward. "Like that!" he thundered. His hands snapped together, the fingers interlocking like the toothed jaws of a trap. "And you have the nerve to talk to me of compromise, after all these years of waiting! Look at me!" He flung out his big arms, his shaggy head held defiantly erect. "Look at me! Then go back and tell Masters I don't look like that kind of a fool!"

For a long minute the construction man stared grimly at the old man. Then he seemed suddenly to reach a decision.

"You're worse than a fool," he said bluntly, harshly, as though he deliberately pointed each word and jabbed it in. "You're a hypocrite! You've brooded over this thing until your vision is warped. Possibly you have trapped the X. Y. Z. Maybe you can force them to dismantle their three dredges. For a time you may even stop dredging in this valley. But even if you succeed in that you've failed. This isn't the only dredge district. In what way will your victory here aid other farmers in other valleys who are fighting to save their lands? None! That's why if you refuse to present my plans to the company, if you fail to use your power to force them to demonstrate the success of my resoiling

(Continued on Page 119)

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AND THE PURSUIT OF
HAPPINESS."

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(Continued from Page 115)
idea and bring about its general use through public sentiment, you're a hypocrite!"

Old Wade's face flooded an angry purple.

"You—you whippersnapper! I'll—I'll ——"

He broke off, threw back his head and laughed. "You're improving. Masters himself couldn't have done better. Another year or two and you'll give him a run for his money—you're the better actor."

The young man's face flamed a hot scarlet.

"I'll show you!" he barked. "You don't own the other farmers in this valley." He rolled up his drawings and strode to the door. "And you may find out you don't own your daughter."

"We'll see!" The old man's tone dropped to a dangerous low pitch. "And you can tell Masters that the old man is awake—that he knows he's got him licked."

The door crashed shut. Old John Wade turned to see a kimono-shrouded figure slip waiflike down the stairs.

"You heard, honey?" he asked, the fierceness of his expression melting.

"Part of it, daddy," explained Dora. "I didn't mean to listen, but your loud voice woke me." She came and sat on the arm of Old John's chair. "Worried, daddy?" she asked.

The old man nodded slowly.

"It's a dangerous time to change our method of attack against the X. Y. Z. It may be just what Masters wants. But a good many of the boys are getting restless, demanding more aggressive action, and are looking toward Hiram Griffin for it. I can't make them see that we've got the company licked—if we hold on and sit tight. Now I'm afraid this firebrand engineer may touch them off."

"But I wouldn't worry about Teddy," insisted Dora. "He's square, daddy. I just know he is!"

The vehemence of her defense brought a deep wrinkle to Old John Wade's forehead.

"Run back to bed, dear," he suggested softly. "I want to think."

And the old warrior did think—of many things, chief of which were ruined vineyards, resoiling dredges and a fire-eating engineer who had dared call him a hypocrite.

III

LIKE other wise men of his kind, Calthorpe Masters, general manager of the X. Y. Z. Gold Dredging Company, admitted there were many tricks in all trades, especially in the gold-dredging business. What was more, he unblushingly acknowledged he knew them all, every one of the common variety—and a few select ones of his own. And having reached that stage of mental congestion, he assimilated new ones much after the way a muzzle-loading shotgun acquires its load—by having them rammed down, capped and fired by concussion. Whereupon he never failed to explode with a tremendous bang of self-applause.

Outfitted with a patent silencer, Masters' efficiency would have been zero. For not unlike a German street band, whose theory is that a loud trombone deadens a multitude of sour notes, he considered noise the most vital part of his business assets. But the time had now arrived when no amount of tromboning would suffice. Sprawling in his office chair, he nervously shifted his wrathful gaze from the mass of blue-print drawings to his watch. Ten o'clock! Abruptly a prickly sensation crept up his spine. At three that afternoon Hiram Griffin and his delegation of farmers would call for the company's decision on their new resoiling dredge. Five hours until the crash. The manager slumped lower in his chair. His last defense line had been cut. Further stalling, he knew, would prove useless. There had been a hungry gleam of anticipation in Hiram Griffin's eyes when he had grudgingly consented to the last extra week of grace.

"Geemus-creemus," the manager groaned to himself for the hundredth time, "but I'd like to know who started this thing!"

The reclamation dredge was a cleverly planned attack. Almost overnight, it seemed, the farmers had abandoned their policy of watchful waiting for an open offensive. Masters scowled at the drawings. The thing was perfect—had even passed the expert scrutiny of Teddy Darmon. The principle of sorting and grading the cobblestones, casting them out with the smallest on top, packing them down under high water pressure and covering them with the nongold-bearing topsoil from ahead of the dredge was painfully practical. There wasn't the slightest mechanical slip—the smallest loophole through which the company might crawl. The work bore the earmarks of an old-timer, an experienced dredgeman. Where had the farmers got hold of it, Masters asked himself over and over.

One thing was certain. If the X. Y. Z. turned down the resoiling-dredge proposition the farmers would move heaven and earth to rouse public sentiment—to force the legislature to adopt the dredge-control bill compelling the use of the expensive resoiling method. And what surer way than for the farmers to build and demonstrate the resoiling dredge themselves, providing they could get an experienced dredge engineer—and the money? There was a fence that would stop them—the money, about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Masters estimated, to build a complete new dredge. The farmers would have a merry job raising that much cash, especially as many of them were already mortgaged to the limit—a fact on which the company kept close check, as mortgages sometimes meant foreclosures, and that route had yielded the X. Y. Z. several choice pieces of dredge land in the past.

Suddenly Masters sat stuffy erect, clawing for the call button under his desk. He pressed it three times. Old Hoskins, the bookkeeper, answered almost immediately.

"How soon can you get me a complete list of mortgages recorded against the farmers of the antidredging crowd?" he demanded aggressively.

"At once, sir. Just as quickly as I can get the records from our vault and compute them, sir. About five minutes. I'll hurry, sir."

"See that you do," growled Masters, making a complimentary note of his own shrewdness in ordering complete files kept on the enemy's financial resources.

While he waited he carefully checked over the daring scheme that had flashed from his subconsciousness. Only one detail seemed to be missing. Mentally he dumped out his prize bag of tricks and pawed them over. Gleefully he seized upon one that would fill the gap. It was old—moss grown, but it would be new to Hiram Griffin and his yaps. He gave Hoskins' neat report a quick appraising glance, shoved it into his pocket and reached for his hat.

"Get the president's office on the wire. Tell Mr. Renny I'm driving into town," he ordered. "Say it's very important." He flung himself through the door, calling over his shoulder, "I'll be back shortly after lunch. Have Teddy Darmon waiting in my office. Don't forget!"

Old Hoskins did not forget. At two-thirty that afternoon Teddy Darmon sat in Masters' office puffing impatiently on his pipe and trying to figure out what scheme had galvanized the sonorous manager into such sudden action. He glanced at his watch. Another half hour and Hiram Griffin with his committee would call for Masters' decision on the resoiling dredge. The engineer grinned expectantly.

Suddenly the powerful beat of a fast-driven car sounded from down the road, its vibrant throb growing rapidly nearer. Teddy reached the window as a dust-covered roadster careened round the last turn and skidded to a stop before the office, the radiator hissing angrily.

"Must be something big on," he muttered to himself, turning to meet the stocky-built man who hurried in.

"We've got 'em, Ted!" boasted Masters, confidently using the plural pronoun. He turned the key in the door and carefully closed the transom.

"You were right after all, Ted. You're going to get a chance to build this new resoiling dredge."

The engineer's eyes widened in surprise, a pleased grin breaking at the corners of his mouth.

"Then the company has decided to use it?" he exclaimed. "I knew they would if ——"

"Company nothing!" roared Masters. "Say, do you think we're going to spend a hundred and twenty thousand dollars to rebuild our three boats and increase our digging costs fifty per cent just because a bunch of sap-headed, sentimental farmers object to the way we run our own business on our own ground? I should say not! You're going to build it for the farmers—going to help our worthy neighbors demonstrate their magnificent reclamation idea."

The manager leaned back and grinned sardonically.

"But I don't understand!" protested Teddy, hardly able to grasp the unexpected turn of affairs.

"Simple," explained Masters. "The company's going to loan you to the farmers. You see, they've threatened to build the boat if we turned it down, so we want them to have a competent engineer, a dredgeman of unquestioned ability. A poor construction job might leave some doubt of the practicability of the new design—that is, if it should fail," he added meaningly.

An expression of understanding flashed across the engineer's face.

"But who will finance it?" he asked.

Masters spread his hands in a mock benevolent gesture.

"Oh, the company will arrange that—anonymously, of course, for owing to the late unpleasantness and their suspicious dispositions the farmers might be prejudiced against our philanthropy."

He leaned back and searched the construction man's countenance for any sign of disapproval. But a mask had dropped across Teddy's face.

"I understand," he agreed. "These farmers, who own fairly rich dredge ground, are to be baited into mortgaging themselves to the breaking point to build their resoiling dredge, believing that its operation will repay their investment."

Masters nodded triumphantly.

"And the good old-fashioned engineer they get will hate the newfangled contraption so badly he'll double building costs and put the darned thing together so that it'll never work," he bellowed, dropping his cautious air and coming boastfully into the open. "Then we'll step in, pick up the pieces, junk their confounded resoiling mess and go on dredging in the good old way—on the clan's own ground."

He leaned forward and thrust his face closer to Teddy's.

"Won't sell us their ground, eh? Well, by gad, they'll give it to us! Say, you couldn't ask for a better wallop at Old Wade, could you?"

"Is—is he in this?" The question was startlingly abrupt.

"Not openly."

Masters disliked to admit that the absence of Old John Wade from the clan's delegation and the promotion of Hiram Griffin to the spokesman's place was causing him some worry.

"Now the matter of getting you the job is going to require shrewdness," the manager hurried on. "They're a suspicious bunch, but I've got it framed so they'll offer you the job—beg you to take it. Griffin and his crowd will be here at three. I'll keep them waiting in the outer office. You and I will be in the middle of a hot dispute over this new dredge. I'll leave the transom open and we'll talk loud. Those yaps will listen with their eyes popping out. You'll call me some hard names—not too hard, you understand."

Teddy nodded, his eyes lighting up.

"I'll retaliate by firing you," went on Masters. "You'll come back at me hotter than ever, pound the desk, rave like you were about ready to explode. Think you can get away with it?"

"I'll—I'll try to," agreed Teddy.

"I'll follow you to the door," continued Masters. "Then, I think, to make it all look real, you might take a poke at me—not a hard one, just a playful wallop. Be rather a convincing finish, don't you think?"

"Oh—oh, sure!" assented Teddy a bit eagerly. "A very necessary finish considering the—er—suspicious farmers."

Masters folded his arms contentedly.

"The rest will be a cinch. Those yaps will separate us. We'll both be hollering for blood." The manager flung out his arms in an elegant gesture of finality. "Presto, everything is fixed! You are in the confidence of the clan."

"But what do I get out of this?" questioned Teddy, adding a little realistic touch of his own.

Masters hesitated a second.

"Hadn't thought of that," he lied. "Well, considering the—the personal satisfaction you're going to get I should say about five thousand would be right."

"Yep, it's plenty—considering the other inducements you speak of. Three o'clock, eh?" Teddy crossed his long legs and lighted his pipe. "Might as well wait here."

Masters settled complacently into his chair, blowing congratulatory smoke rings at the ceiling. The farmers' coup had been a close squeak, but there were tricks in all trades if one but used his brains. Lucky those farmers didn't know what a real jam the company was in—just how little workable ground they had left. One thing only bothered him. Everything now depended on how successfully Teddy acted his part. He seemed so dumb at times.

"Geemus-creemus," Masters grunted, "I hope you put pep into this—make it sound real! Those yaps are a suspicious gang."

"I will," replied Teddy emphatically.

He did—with a knowledge of his rôle that gave Masters no just grounds for complaint. From the moment old Hoskins, the lookout, reported the farmers' committee was arriving Teddy turned loose a verbal cyclone that swept everything before it.

On the blood-curdling details of that hurricane let silence mercifully rest. Sufficient to say that while the storm howled and roared within the private office the committee, with one exception, clung to their chairs in breathless amazement. The calm one was Hiram Griffin, who for some unknown reason smiled wisely and did not seem greatly impressed.

Then the office door crashed back and Teddy stood framed in the opening, his figure half crouching, with one long arm, fist doubled, held close to his side.

"You're fired!" bellowed Masters, advancing into the doorway. "Get out, and get fast!" His left eyelid flickered slightly.

"I'm going," growled Teddy, his tone dropping to a low, dangerous pitch. "But you're going to get yours—get it right, you cheap frame-up crook!"

Masters saw it coming, but before he could duck or raise his shoulder Teddy's huge fist arched in a full-arm uppercut that crashed full on Masters' jaw, picked him up and skidded him across the office like a tenpin.

"How's that for a convincing finish?" grunted the engineer savagely.

But his words were lost in the crash that terminated Masters' flight across the room. The manager shook his head like a swimmer coming to the surface, untangled himself from two chairs, a filing cabinet and a waste-paper basket, and with a tremendous bellow of blind rage charged like an enraged bull.

As Masters plunged in Teddy took a lightning step forward and to the right, caught Masters' battering-ramlike head full on his left shoulder and straightened the manager's bulk with a pile-driver left uppercut. Masters grunted painfully, his knees sagged and he threw his arms round Teddy's shoulders and clinched, holding on grimly and shaking his head from side to side, trying to clear his befogged senses.

Teddy held him long enough to ask confidentially: "Do you think I'm putting it over? Nice little playful wallop, eh?"—then jarred him loose with a rapid series of short-arm jabs to the midsection and sent him reeling back across the desk with a straight left smash.

With the first blow the delegation as one man had leaped for the private-office door. But they found Hiram Griffin's figure planted firmly therein.

"Keep out of this!" he yelled threateningly. "If they want to fight among themselves let 'em go! I'll wallop the first one that tries to interfere!"

Masters, despite his many faults, was not yellow. He saw Hiram Griffin blocking the door and heard Griffin's words. Realizing that he was trapped, he fought in the only way he knew—short, savage rushes, full swings and then a clinch, trying by superior weight to wear down the engineer—to tire him, to rob those endless, bone-racking blows of some of their sting.

But he might as well have tried to tire a granite statue or pin the drivers of an engine as to smother those tearing jolts to his stomach and jaw. The advantage of his forty pounds weight was chaff before the irresistible sweep of the engineer's dammed-up bitterness. And ever in his ears rang Hiram Griffin's repeated warning: "Keep back, boys! This goes to a knock-out!"

Masters fought with the blind ferocity of despair. He rushed, jabbed, clinched whenever the opportunity offered, but he couldn't escape the never-ending series of racking uppercuts and straight-arm jabs, or deaden that low-pitched voice that taunted him in the clinches.

"The way to trim a frame-up crook is to frame with him. Five thousand and personal satisfaction! What? Tired again?" as Masters clinched and held on desperately.

Teddy fought his way out of the bearlike hug, held Masters straight with a series of

(Continued on Page 122)

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The following letter explains itself. It needs no introduction:

Larus & Bro. Co.,
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Gentlemen:

The purpose of this letter is primarily one of congratulation and appreciation from one of the, I hope, millions of smokers of Edgeworth Tobacco.

I have tried most all brands but eventually I went "back home" again and smoked good old Edgeworth. 'Twas a lucky day when I discovered the "blue tin" years ago. I wish to express my particular appreciation for the reliable quality of tobacco you put into Edgeworth. *One can always be sure that the next can will be as good as the last.*

I am a draughtsman. Edgeworth is the draughtsman's favorite tobacco. In 8 cases out of 10, in our place, the boys smoke Edgeworth. In future advertisements, I think it would be a good stunt if you featured the engineer and draughtsman as users of your tobacco—or rather as Edgeworth being their favorite brand. We have to think and scheme and invent—and Edgeworth, I am sure, has been a modest "godfather" to many great feats of engineering.

Not being a "heavy" smoker, my tin lasts me quite a while and the tobacco is apt to get dry and lose some of its good flavor.

Here's what I did to overcome that. I took a piece of white blotting paper and fitted it snugly into the inside of the cover. Then I applied a few drops of water and lo, I had a perfect pocket humidor. It works great; a drop of water now and then, and I get the mellowest tobacco out of that can to the very last crumb—*smokes fit for a king.*

I thought I might give you the benefit of this experience in appreciation of past pleasures and comforts Edgeworth has given me.

I believe, if you introduce it as a regular feature you'll be away ahead of the other fellows. Try it yourself and see how good it is.

With the best wishes for continued prosperity, I am,

Respectfully yours,

Edgeworth doesn't delight everyone's taste. But it may please you.

Just send us your name and address on a postcard. If you feel like doing us a favor, send us also the name of the dealer to whom you will go for supplies, if you like Edgeworth. We will send you without charge samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice comes in flat cakes, cut into thin, moist slices. One slice rubbed between the hands fills the average pipe.

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For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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short-arm jabs, then muttered, "Cheer up! There's a long rest coming!"

Masters sensed the end. He staggered in and clung tightly to the engineer's twisting shoulders. But he felt his grip loosening. In utter desperation he dropped his right fist for a straightforward blow from his knees, a deliberate foul. It was a mistake. He immediately realized it and tried desperately to regain the temporary safety of the clinch. Then suddenly he felt his body stiffen as though in a vise. An unseen hand seemed to clutch him from behind, lift him clear of the floor, jerk him across the room and drop him—into space.

There followed an interval of blackness, and then Masters became slowly conscious of a growing realization that he ought to get up—that someone was insisting he do so. Painfully he opened his eyes. Hoskins was trying to lift him into a chair. The office was empty. Masters' puffed and cut lips twisted into a weak sneer.

"You—you think I'm licked, don't you. You can't deny it, Hoskins. You think I'm down and out! Well, let me give you a tip, Hosky. Listen carefully. Never tell all your scheme to anyone—not all of it. Always keep an ace in the hole, Hoskins. That's me! That's my motto! Remember, Hosky! Good old ace in the hole—and you're never licked!"

He slumped down on his desk.

IV

TEDDY DARMON, ex-construction superintendent of the X. Y. Z. Gold Dredging Company, had stood for a long tense moment gazing down on the huddled form of the defeated Masters, the flame of his wrath flickering lower and lower to reveal the twisted, blackened framework of opportunity, now a worthless hollow wreck, fire swept by his consuming anger.

"You've certainly made a nice mess of things!" his conscience snarled at him.

And in that instant Teddy sensed the grim emptiness of his victory. If only he had played Masters' game, permitted the X. Y. Z. to finance the building of his new dredge, how easily he could have demonstrated its success, roused public sentiment and crushed the X. Y. Z. under the wreckage of its own diabolical plot!

But now Masters' figure, slumped down against the wall, seemed to leer at him. The manager was undeniably the real victor. He had stepped upon his own carefully baited trap and escaped with only a good thrashing—a cheap price for such a colossal blunder.

"But I gave that loud-mouthed crook a licking he deserved," Teddy argued with himself.

"Fool!" insisted his conscience. "Hypocrite! This was not the time for personal revenge!"

The engineer winced. It was the same accusation he had so glibly hurled at Old John Wade—Old Wade, whose iron-willed determination had never yielded an inch during all the years of the conflict. The memory of his words rose to prick him. He had preached to Old Wade of what a great weapon the resoiling dredge would be against the X. Y. Z. And when that weapon, double edged by Masters' revelations, had been placed securely in his own hands he had dulled it hopelessly by a minute's selfish indulgence.

Teddy turned sharply on his heel, rushed past Hoskins, who was edging into the office, shouldered his way through the knot of men gathered in the yard, shook off Hiram Griffin's detaining hand and stalked across toward where his own small car was parked. He wanted to get away—beyond the possibility of someone's trying to congratulate him—beyond the accusing vision of that stark, charred structure of what might have been, sagging grotesquely over the ashes of his dreams—the months of planning, his efforts to prove to Dora that even the destruction-saturated soul of a hell digger was not beyond regeneration.

"Wait a minute!" someone called from behind. "I want to talk to you."

Teddy recognized Hiram Griffin's voice, hunched his shoulders and waited. But Griffin did not make the mistake of trying to congratulate the engineer. Instead he took Teddy firmly by the arm and walked him toward the machine. Neither spoke until they reached the side of the car.

Then Griffin said, "From what I just witnessed, I take it that you have sort of fired yourself, as it were." His tone was dead serious, but there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"Remarkably good guess," growled Teddy. "Licking the boss isn't the customary way of getting a raise in salary."

Griffin grinned broadly, despite his efforts to control his facial muscles.

"Perhaps not. But in this case it gets you a job. The Farmers' Consolidated Dredging Company needs a construction engineer."

"The—the what?" gasped Teddy.

"The Farmers' Consolidated Dredging Company," repeated Griffin, smiling openly. "Thought it would surprise you. You see, I'd known the X. Y. Z. outfit too long to think much of your missionary scheme of giving them a chance to use your resoiling dredge. So I suggested to the other ranchers that the right way was to build the boat ourselves, demonstrate it, put the screws on the state legislature and let that august body ram the reclamation idea down the X. Y. Z.'s throat. The boys agreed with me, but there was a hitch about getting an engineer to build the dredge for us. You see—well, we were—that is—well ——"

"Suspicious of me," Teddy was surprised to hear himself suggest.

"Well, sort of," admitted Griffin sheepishly. "You'd been with the X. Y. Z. quite a spell, and for a dredgeman to turn suddenly reclamationist did look just a bit—well, suspicious."

The engineer leaned against the car and laughed—laughed uproariously, sarcastically. With grim detail his mind registered the psychological part of Masters' scheme—the effect the fight was to produce on the unsuspecting onlookers. He had forgotten that in the sweep of his own emotions. Then he sobered abruptly as he began to grasp for the first time the depths of fiendish cunning that lay beneath Masters' veneer of noise and bluster. His capacity for intrigue was uncanny—dangerous as a rattlesnake.

"Say," he demanded, "don't you realize that fight was a frame-up?"

"Not all of it," chuckled Griffin. "I savvy where the make-believe stopped and the real began."

"But it was framed to get me into your confidence."

"It did," grinned Griffin reminiscently.

"And Masters planned to bait you into building the dredge. I was to be the wrecker, he the buzzard, and ——"

"Fine!" returned Griffin. "We'll let him pick the X. Y. Z.'s bones when we get through with 'em."

"But you won't be able to get capital."

"Leave that to us. The X. Y. Z. doesn't own the earth. We're going to have a meeting at the schoolhouse to-night."

Teddy threw up his hands. There was no arguing down Griffin's optimism.

"It's a great chance," Griffin was saying, "and a great risk. We'll have to match wits with that wily, unscrupulous Masters. But the end justifies the danger."

Teddy nodded. It did. The issue was greater than any one man's or group of men's worldly fortunes.

"Has Wade agreed to your hiring me?" he asked.

Griffin's face clouded.

"No, Wade is not in this. He has deserted us." His voice was edged with genuine grief.

A sudden weight of responsibility descended on Teddy's shoulders. His new resoiling dredge that was to stop the destruction of the land had proved a boomerang—it had split the ranks of the defenders of the land—had unconsciously done what the X. Y. Z. had tried to do for years. Teddy's shoulders squared. He must stand in that breach—must take Wade's place in the line. The enemy must not pass because of his act.

"I'll stick to the last kick," he promised Griffin. "We'll play our cards close. We'll have the ground thoroughly prospected so as to build and start our dredge in the richest spot. I'll get Pete Bundy to do the prospect drilling—he's straight. I'll build the dredge carefully. We won't take any chances. We won't fail!"

Griffin's hand gripped the engineer's shoulder.

"We can't afford to fail," he said grimly. "We won't! Our cause is just!"

FOR the twentieth time that day Old John Wade laid down his pruning shears and gazed intently across the field toward where the Farmers' Consolidated Dredging Company's resoiling dredge thrust its newly painted superstructure above the rim of its nest in the lower corner of Hiram Griffin's east forty, and for the twentieth time deep wrinkles creased Old Wade's forehead.

The new dredge, after running a few days, had been shut down for more than seven hours. This fact itself did not indicate serious trouble. Possibly some minor adjustment of new machinery. But two hours ago Teddy Darmon's familiar roadster had careened hurriedly down the road, and instead of turning toward town had plunged eastward in the direction of the X. Y. Z. company's office—a strange direction to go for help.

In half an hour the roadster had returned at an even more furious pace—a speed that caused the passenger Teddy had picked up to cling to his seat in a frightened, crouching position. The man had looked like Pete Bundy, the driller who had sunk the prospect holes for the Farmers' company, but the speed of the machine had blurred definite recognition. And during Teddy's absence several of the stockholders' cars had driven hurriedly down the road to the new dredge. But so far none of them had come back. Wade picked up his shears determinedly.

"It isn't my funeral," he grunted.

But nevertheless as he worked he stopped from time to time to stare quizzically toward the dredge. Extraordinary events were happening there, he felt sure. Perhaps vital problems were being discussed, momentous decisions being reached. And he, John Wade, who for years had guided the destinies of the farmers' clan, was pruning grapes. A lump rose in the old man's throat and his shoulders sagged. He felt old, tired—lonesome.

Then abruptly his heart missed a beat. Three men had left the dredge and were walking hurriedly across the field toward him, gesticulating excitedly among themselves. The wrinkles in Old Wade's forehead deepened. He identified the tall, wiry form of Hiram Griffin and the rolling, bow-legged walk of Jim Hays, another ringleader in the clan's revolt. The third was Jess Clueny, a vindictive little man whom he had never trusted. Old Wade's figure stiffened. It must be serious for that precious trio to swallow their pride and seek his counsel. For since that day some months back when he had received the definite news of the formation of the Farmers' company, had read the list of stockholders and had realized that with unanimous accord the other members of the clan had followed Hiram Griffin, the new leader, the old warrior had seemed to grow more embittered each day and his criticism of his former friends more caustic.

"Serve 'em right if the X. Y. Z. does lick 'em, the smart Alecks!" he had repeated to everyone who would listen. "They're trying to beat the X. Y. Z. at its own game. They're farmers, not dredgemen!"

And when, after weeks of careful prospect drilling to determine the richest starting point, the new dredge had begun to take shape and the old man had suddenly come to realize that the dead line he had drawn years before between his land and the X. Y. Z.'s had at last been crossed his bitterness seemed to be boundless.

"The X. Y. Z. will lick 'em," he had boasted openly, not caring who heard. "Those fellows will never finish building their dredge."

And shortly gossip had it that the split in the clan had widened into an open feud. But the new resoiling boat had steadily neared completion. Apparently the X. Y. Z. had given up the fight, and Old John Wade actually appeared disappointed.

"Don't crow too loud," he had warned his critics. "There's a hen on somewhere. The X. Y. Z. isn't down and out, not by a jugful. Griffin and that bunch will get theirs—or my name isn't John Wade."

Now the old man stared at the trio bearing down upon him, arguing among themselves. Unless all signs failed, the X. Y. Z. had struck—struck just as he always knew it would. But why had it waited until the new dredge was completed?

Griffin's tumultuous opening cleared the mystery.

"We're ruined, John," he gasped, his voice cracked and harsh. "The X. Y. Z. got to Pete Bundy, our drill man. Pete salted the prospect holes. We've been tricked into building our boat a half mile from pay dirt, in ground that won't pay even our power bill. It'll cost a fortune and take months to work our boat that distance. There isn't a cent in the treasury. We're done—down and out!"

(Concluded on Page 125)

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There are many reasons for the big sale of Leak-Proof Rings. The iron from which they are made is melted in the first Electric Furnace used in this country for making piston ring metal. It is more uniform and elastic and better suited to piston ring wear. Another reason is the Leak-Proof two-piece design. It produces equal radial pressure; it presses against the cylinder wall so evenly that gas can't waste past these rings at any point. It is all compressed into power.

Still another point is their availability. Leak-Proof Rings are made to fit any gas engine. Repairmen always have the proper sizes in their shops or can get them promptly from their jobber's complete stock.

Write for this Piston Ring Manual

"To Have and to Hold Power"—An explanation of the principles of power production that made gas engine history. Address Dept. B.

For Motors that "pump oil" use

A McQuay-Norris Supergroove ring in the top groove of each piston controls any excessive flow of oil and with McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings in all the lower grooves makes an ideal combination for complete compression and power.

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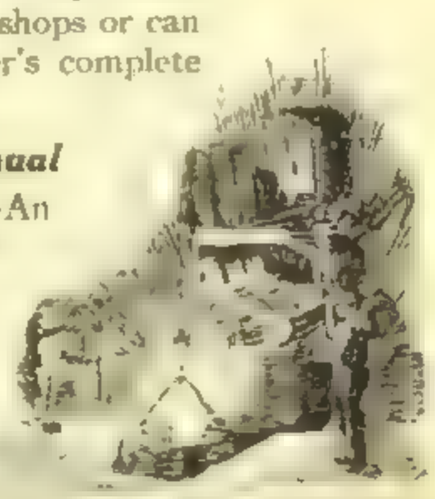

The McQuay-Norris Electric Furnace Pouring McQuay-Norris Metal

(Concluded from Page 122)

Old Wade's hands clenched and his eyes hardened. Not a word did he utter.

"We were bluffed into hiring an X. Y. Z. engineer," put in Jim Hays fiercely. "I told Hiram to watch that crook."

Griffin whirled on his fellow stockholder.

"It's a lie!" he flared. "Teddy is square. He couldn't watch everything. Bundy salted with gold from the X. Y. Z.'s dredges. How was Teddy to detect it? Doesn't Bundy himself admit he was watched closer than on any other job?"

"Has Bundy confessed?" questioned Wade, grimly recalling Teddy's flying trip eastward and his hurried return.

"Everything! Teddy found him working on the X. Y. Z.'s Number Two boat, licked the crew of huskies that Masters had hired against such a possibility, dragged Bundy off by the nape of his neck, brought him back and shook the whole story out of him," explained Griffin. "He tried to get Masters, but his car wasn't fast enough," he added regretfully.

"And a lot of good all that's going to do us," sneered Hays. "It's Bundy's word against the X. Y. Z. Can't prove anything." He glanced toward Jess Clueny for support, but the third member of the mourners' committee was very busy with his own thoughts.

"Well, we at least know where we stand," retorted Griffin. "Now we've got a correct log of the prospect work. If we can raise enough additional capital to work our boat that half mile we'll beat the X. Y. Z. That's why we came to you, John," he added, turning to Wade.

Old John Wade seemed fairly to bristle.

"You came to me for help—for money?" he roared with unnecessary loudness. "Say, you've got a nerve!"

"Forget it, John," pleaded Griffin. "We've borrowed on everything but our souls to build the dredge. The X. Y. Z.'s got our mortgages and notes. They'll take every foot of ground we own—our stock, crops, even our furniture—everything! Our dredge isn't all paid for. Unless we can get fifty thousand dollars we're ruined."

There followed a moment of tense silence. The three members of the committee studied Wade's glowering countenance for some hopeful sign of relentment. But the old man's expression was hard, forbidding.

"Nice mess you've made," he growled. "Well, it serves you right. You wouldn't listen to me. I had the X. Y. Z. licked, but you weren't satisfied. You wanted action. I reckon you've got it. You'll have to paddle your own canoe."

"But—but, John," whined Jess Clueny, taking an interest in the proceedings for the first time, "you're going to help us, aren't you? You're not going to watch the X. Y. Z. swallow us, are you?"

"I am—with pleasure. I've been anticipating that event for some months. Besides I haven't got fifty thousand—or five."

"But your place is clear," pleaded Clueny. "You can borrow enough to keep us going."

Old Wade shook his head emphatically.

"But think what the X. Y. Z. will do to you after they get us!" protested Griffin. "Why, you'll be living in the middle of their rock pile, even if they don't get your land."

The old man thrust out his jaw.

"It will cost the X. Y. Z. a fortune to rock me in. The only way they can get round my ground into yours is to wreck their dredges and move 'em. Think of it! A hundred thousand—maybe a hundred and fifty—just because one poor old fool had sense enough to keep out of your dredge company. X. Y. Z.'s got you fellows, but they haven't got me. Mark that down in your book!"

Jim Hays took a step forward, his fist clenching savagely, but Griffin took him firmly by the arm, and without another word of protest led him away. He recognized the absolute finality of Wade's tone.

Following the trio's departure, Wade went on with his pruning as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened, but he kept a watchful eye on the silent dredge. Presently his vigilance was rewarded. Jess Clueny's machine rattled up the road and took the left-hand turn toward town. A frown of disappointment puckered Old John's forehead, but he did not relax his watching. Fifteen minutes later the car reappeared coming back, and in the interval the top had been put up and the right-hand side curtains fastened on; and instead of turning toward the Farmers' dredge it traveled on toward the X. Y. Z.'s office.

Old Wade smiled grimly, wiped his pruning shears on his trousers leg and muttered to himself: "I knew it, the skunk! He's reporting to the X. Y. Z."

VI

OUTSIDE a little country schoolhouse a mile away from the silent dredge of the Farmers' Consolidated Dredging Company a full dozen hard-faced, burly built men lounged in all the expressive postures of studied indolence. Within the small schoolroom Calthorpe Masters, enthroned in triumphant state behind the teacher's desk on the little raised platform to the right of the doorway, faced as strange a group of pupils as had ever gathered in that little room of learning—a score of grim-faced, haggard men, stockholders of the ill-fated Farmers' Dredging Company, their bodies squeezed into the small seats behind the tiny scarred desks where many of them had in years past wrestled with their first childish problems. To-day they had again come to learn another lesson in mathematics—the final terms the X. Y. Z. Gold Dredging Company was graciously willing to grant them in exchange for a prompt, unconditional surrender of their lands instead of waiting for the long-drawn-out foreclosure proceedings.

Behind Masters on the platform sat the balance of his paid bodyguard—six strong—lounging, like their fellows outside, in lazy attitudes. Masters had come at the farmers' invitation, and he was prepared for any eventuality.

"My offer is undebatable, gentlemen," Masters was saying. "I have given you the company's very best terms. It is final. Take it or leave it—it's really immaterial to the X. Y. Z. which you do."

"It's highway robbery," protested Griffin. "Why, our dredge alone is worth ten times that amount!"

"Not for junk. That is the only value we place on it," retorted Masters, growing bolder as he read the unmistakable signs of surrender on the faces before him.

Teddy Darmon, seated in the front row beside Griffin, sprang to his feet, his fist clenched.

"I suppose my resoiling dredge is the same kind of junk as those other plans locked up in your safe?"

"Oh, so you're the mysterious inventor!" taunted the manager. "A traitor to both sides, eh?"

Masters' guards leaped to their feet as Teddy started an infuriated lunge. But several pairs of hands from behind caught and held the engineer.

"Stop it!" muttered Griffin. "You'll only make things worse. We're trapped and there's no way out."

He leaned closer and spoke a few low words to the engineer. Teddy sank back into his chair. But the fire in his eyes did not die out. Then Griffin turned to Masters.

"Give us another forty-eight hours," he pleaded. "There's no need to rush us. It will take the X. Y. Z. months to dismantle and move their dredges round Wade's land. Let us have more time to consider this."

"Not an hour beyond five o'clock!" retorted Masters. He had anticipated this hour of triumph for some time, and he was determined to turn down the screws to the final thread. "Time in our business means dividends," he went on. "Our boats are not to be dismantled. They're going to move as they stand—dig their way in!"

The manager rose and faced his audience, a sardonic sneer twisting the corners of his mouth. The time for his coup de grâce had arrived.

"Yes, gentlemen," he crowed, "our dredges move as they stand. Listen!"

He held up a hand for silence. From the east there came the faint, coarse murmur of huge buckets grinding over the digging-ladder rollers. It was plain. Number Three dredge, which for the past several weeks had stood idle, with her nose poked against the boundary line of the forbidden ground, was digging.

"They're moving now!" bellowed Masters triumphantly. "One hour before I came to this meeting the X. Y. Z. Gold Dredging Company received a signed deed to a right-of-way strip across John Wade's ranch. Babylon has fallen, gentlemen! Number Three is digging across the line!"

There followed a long moment's dead hush. Then a low, ominous rumble seemed to vibrate upward as though from the ground beneath the building. It grew and swelled to an angry roar—a bedlam that drowned the sudden commotion just outside the front door.

"It's a lie!" bellowed Griffin, his voice battling against the uproar. "John Wade wouldn't sell us out! It's a trick! I tell you, it's a lie! I——"

He broke off abruptly. The noise had suddenly died away, and his last sentences had crashed like a thunderbolt in the silent room. Every eye was focused grimly on the door.

Masters turned. His face went white. In the doorway, flanked on either side by a burly guard, stood Old John Wade—the John Wade of old, his shaggy head held defiantly erect and his shoulders squared resolutely. And in that instant Masters felt a chill grip his heart. Why had Wade come here at this time, before these men he had tricked, these men whose remaining hope he had bartered away? Would the old man's gray hairs save him? He braced himself for the rush.

"Call off your hounds, Masters!" ordered Wade.

The guards dropped back. The old warrior stepped into the room. The silence became heavier—like the unnatural, lifeless hush that precedes the first warm drops of a summer thunder shower.

"Hiram," Old Wade said, looking Griffin squarely in the eye, "I haven't sold you out, because I had nothing that belonged to you or any other man. My ground is my own—to do with as I please."

He stopped and pulled a blue-tinted, oblong slip of paper from his pocket, and his manner seemed to change abruptly.

"Listen!" he roared. "You said I was a fool when I refused to mortgage my land to go into your dredge company. You said that, didn't you? Now look where you are! Taking orders from—from that thing!" He pointed an accusing finger toward Masters. "And look at this!" He waved aloft the blue-tinted certified check. "Fifty thousand dollars hard cash for a narrow right-of-way strip across my land. Easy money, eh?"

Masters glanced apprehensively toward the door. What was Wade trying to do? The old man must be crazy to come there with such boasts. Where was this madness going to end?

Griffin leaned forward and stared intently at the check. His eyes blazed dangerously. He had caught a glimpse of the signature—"X. Y. Z. Gold Dredging Company."

"So you've sold the X. Y. Z. the right of way to run their hell diggers into our land! You've——"

"Keep your shirt on!" thundered Wade. "I haven't sold the X. Y. Z. anything—they can use."

He stepped quickly forward and shoved the check into Griffin's hand.

"There's the fifty thousand you wanted so bad. I didn't have it. So I sold the X. Y. Z. a pig in a poke—a right of way they'll never need—now that the Farmers' Consolidated is on its feet again. I used Masters' own little pet scheme. I staged a fake fight to get myself into the X. Y. Z.'s confidence—to convince them I was bloodthirsty for revenge against you fellows. But I didn't make Masters' mistake. I didn't take anyone into my plan, so there was no danger of his spies reporting. I'm sorry I had to bulldoze you boys so hard." He whirled on Masters. "And you had better send word to Number Three to turn back. She's on her way, but she hasn't any place to go."

Teddy Darmon cleared the intervening space between himself and Masters in one lunge, aiming a terrific full-armed swing as he closed in. Behind him desks and chairs crashed as the stockholders of the Farmers' Consolidated charged the bodyguard as one man. And once again it was demonstrated that money is a poor incentive to a finish fight. For Masters' highly paid guard fought only a running fight—and Masters, always a slow runner, was left to bear the burden of the rear-guard action.

Thirty minutes later Old John Wade met Teddy Darmon trudging back along the road a mile and a half from the schoolhouse.

"Son," grinned the old man, "you look like a movie hero near the end of the fifth reel. Better run over to the house and let Dora patch you up. You know in all good picture plays the heroine always sticks court plaster on the hero's beaming face after he has thrashed the villain."

And Teddy replied as do most movie heroes: "Oh, I'm all right. Just tired. It was a Marathon—not a fight."

But, nevertheless, he followed Old John Wade's advice—even to the clinch at the end of the picture.

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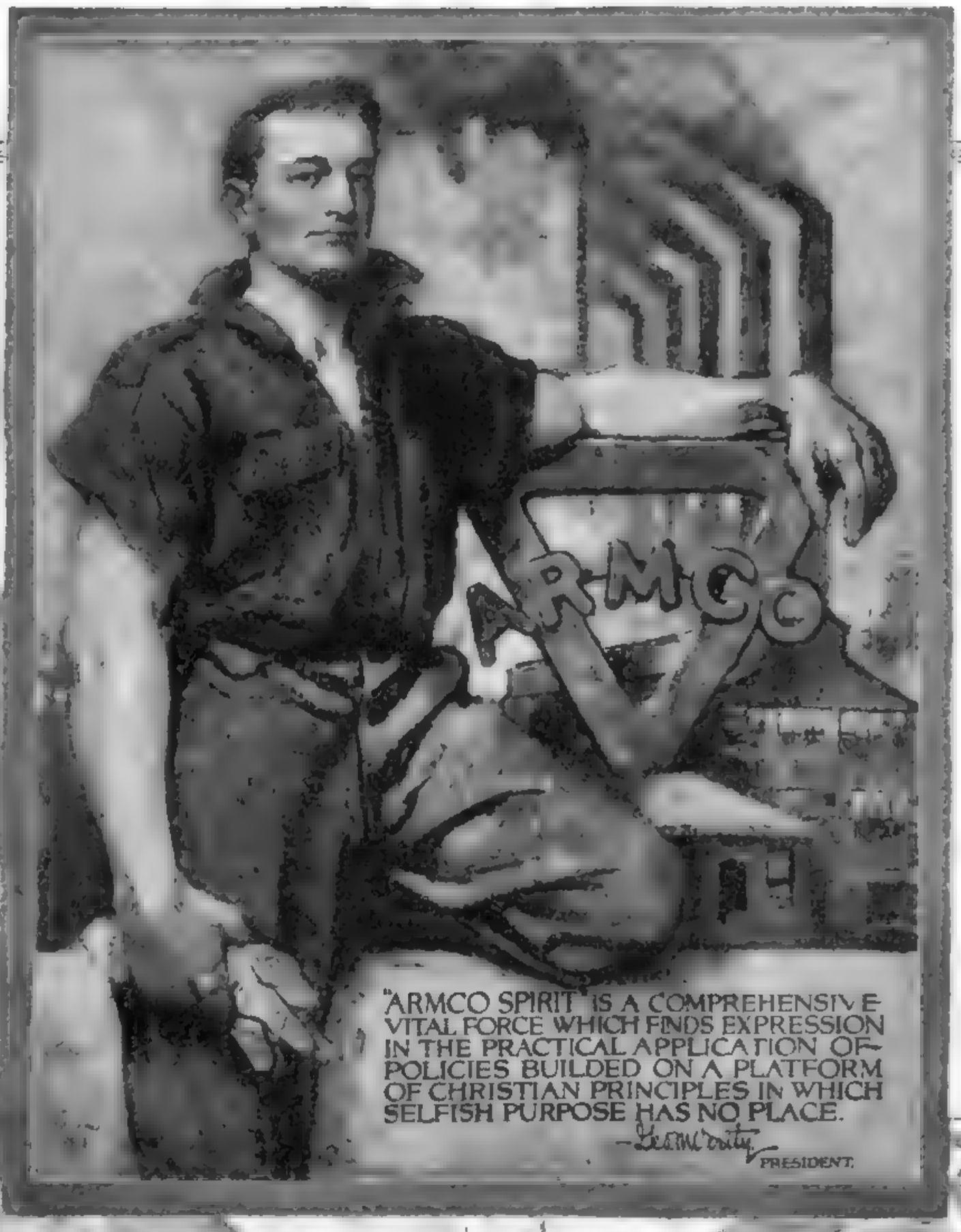
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LIFE IN VIENNA

(Continued from Page 15)

and within the second season we spent in Austria he was included in every shooting party the Emperor gave; much to his own delight, for he loved the long days in the open, the congenial companions and the fine opportunity to use his skill. He also valued the simplicity of relations so established, which gave him the opportunity to place a word now and again to the greatest advantage of the work he was in Austria to do.

An Emperor in shooting garb or a Minister of Foreign Affairs over a hunt picnic luncheon must necessarily be in less formal and less defensive mood to handle business; and they soon learned to trust and like the unpretentious, honest and very capable representative of America's interests in their empire.

Franz, the legation footman who had met us at the station on that morning of our arrival, was very much honored that my father, finding on inquiry he knew all about firearms, had promoted him to be his huntsman instead of looking farther afield for someone to fill the place. With delight the man would lay aside his livery and don homespun and leather clothes; and if my mother chanced to make some plan for the shooting days he would reproachfully say to her: "Excellenz forget; Excellenz and me, we go to shoot mit Majestat to-morrow—we make no calls." Franz was devoted to his Emperor and glad to be in the latter's neighborhood where he could see him; also he snobbishly enjoyed his rank of huntsman; but most of all he was intensely proud of my father's enormous bags, and counted the pheasants, hares or other game which were put out of commission with accuracy and a feeling of glory. Always on their return he would announce with grave triumph: "To-day Excellenz kill most hares," or "To-day Excellenz get next most hare. One other have much better luck, more hare run to him—Excellenz not miss!" But Franz liked the shorter announcement best and generally was lucky in being satisfied that his candidate had carried off the honors.

Besides these big shoots on the imperial estates, my father had opportunities, always seized, of getting chamois or capercaillie on the mountainous estates of various huntsmen he had met before elsewhere or in Austria since his arrival. Among these were Prince Henry Liechtenstein and Prince Montenuvo. The latter was head of the house descended from Napoleon's Austrian Empress and her second husband, whom she married after she returned to her home country on the Restoration in France Liechtenstein and Montenuvo had been in the United States on a shooting trip to the Rockies in my father's young days, and the latter had been a member of their party, so that they had chummed during weeks of rough frontier life.

The Friendship of Liechtenstein

When we reached Vienna they came to call at once. Prince and Princess Montenuvo were most friendly and charming, and invited my parents to their home. Afterward my father and Montenuvo did much shooting together. Liechtenstein had not married. He was one of the handsomest men in Austria, and one of the greatest sportsmen in the world, a younger son of the reigning house whose name he bore and honored. He used his sufficient income wandering, and when at home lived quietly in a small flat in his brother's palace. He rarely went about in society, and when he did go he dwarfed everyone by his size and his wit. A most cultured cosmopolitan, at home in Paris and London as well as in Vienna, he was content to live for books and sport, with an occasional romance which he managed to handle adroitly enough to avoid both scandal and broken hearts. He and my father had much in common in politics, their military life, books and travel as well as sport. They also had many friends in common, scattered about the world; and Liechtenstein made himself delightful to my mother and became a frequenter of her salon in an informal way. He had joined the Order of Malta or of St. John of Jerusalem, and could not marry, he said; and he would laugh and exclaim: "Why should I, Mrs. Grant? I am old, and my brother is married. He has five sons or more; surely that is enough!" But rumor had it that Henry Liechtenstein wandered and was a knight because of some fair lady whom he could not marry, but to whom for years he had given his allegiance.

If he wore such chains they must have weighed on him with no great burden, for he was cheerful company, and in the years I knew him I never saw him refuse to smile on an attractive woman. He made himself so attractive that many a feminine sigh went up to heaven over his traveling propensities and his evasions, which savored of a desire for escape. He was one of the most interesting and splendid figures in my impressions of Vienna, and my father and he were warm friends in their prime as they had been in youth. He introduced my parents into his family. Many of its members had never left their homes. They knew almost no foreigners and realized not at all what was going on in the great world outside. With a quaint expression of despair, when my mother would say: "How can you go away and leave such charming surroundings on long wild trips?" Liechtenstein would reply: "Yes, of course you are right, they are charming, but they are all my family here; and I must take the air sometimes and see those who are not my family. Here in Vienna I get into a cab on the Ring and say 'Take me home,' and the fiacre looks at me and drives to my door. It is not interesting to be with those who have all known you since you were born, and so though I like to be here I also must go away sometimes."

Years after we left Vienna I met Henry Liechtenstein in Paris, in the salon of a great beauty. He was a star in a most distinguished constellation and had kept his active brain and handsome figure, though his hair was white. We met as old friends, and I enjoyed his quaint conversation, which carried me back to my days of early youth. He showed real enthusiasm in asking for my parents, and he came to see me once or twice before I left Paris to talk of them and of old times again.

Later, on another trip, I saw his towering figure in the crowd on the Rue de la Paix—handsome still, but the face much aged. He recognized me and stopped to make the usual friendly inquiries. I told him I was departing that day for Russia. He said: "I am sorry, but give my friends there my remembrances and also messages to your dear parents from me when you write to them." And we passed on our several ways to meet no more, for shortly afterward I heard that Liechtenstein had died in Vienna. Since the war I have been glad he did not live to see the misery in his own country, his family scattered and sacrificed, and all his friends in the Allied nations grown to be the enemies of what he represented so well, for Liechtenstein stood for all that was best in Austria, under the old régime and traditions.

I remember once someone spoke before me of a marked trait, which Austrian servants showed, of agreeing with their masters, even to the point of asserting something of which they knew nothing or which they knew to be untrue, rather than to contradict or tell an unpleasant bit of news; and Liechtenstein showed great tolerance of what some other person present had dubbed the "Austrian people's tendency to lie." My father said, smiling: "But you yourself and your class never would lie. Why do you defend it in your people?" "Well," said Liechtenstein slowly, as if for the first time this point was brought up in his mind, "we of the nobility can't lie. We have the obligation to be different from our people and to realize more careful values—to be gentlemen; while our people are like children—they have many good traits and impulses, but not the obligation to be responsible or entirely truthful. Yet it is not wickedness when they do not tell the exact truth; it is more a desire to please or to be polite and amiable. Sometimes also it is due to fear, a luxury the aristocrat cannot permit himself."

Aristocracy at its Best

I began to understand that where nobility was not a matter of mere palaces and jewels, riches and power, but also a matter of bravery, honesty and loyal protection to those who had been confided to the aristocrats as their people; and who gave work and faithful devotion in exchange for protection and care to them and theirs in hard times or illness—it might be that though their ideals were not ours there was a good deal to be said for the beauty of their lives and traditions.

So I discovered little by little that the ancient ways have their qualities, charm and virtues as well as had our homeland, for which we claimed such high ideals. Both suffered by the fact that in reducing theory to practice, individual men contaminated ideals by their casual interpretations; but even if one loved the new world better it was no reason to accuse the old of all the vices; and as I grew to know Austria and the Austrians I grew also to love them and our life there. They seemed all to dislike the Germans, took great pains to use with affectation their own Viennese patois, which had a much softer sound than the

(Continued on Page 132)

Franzenering, Vienna

Grinnell Gloves

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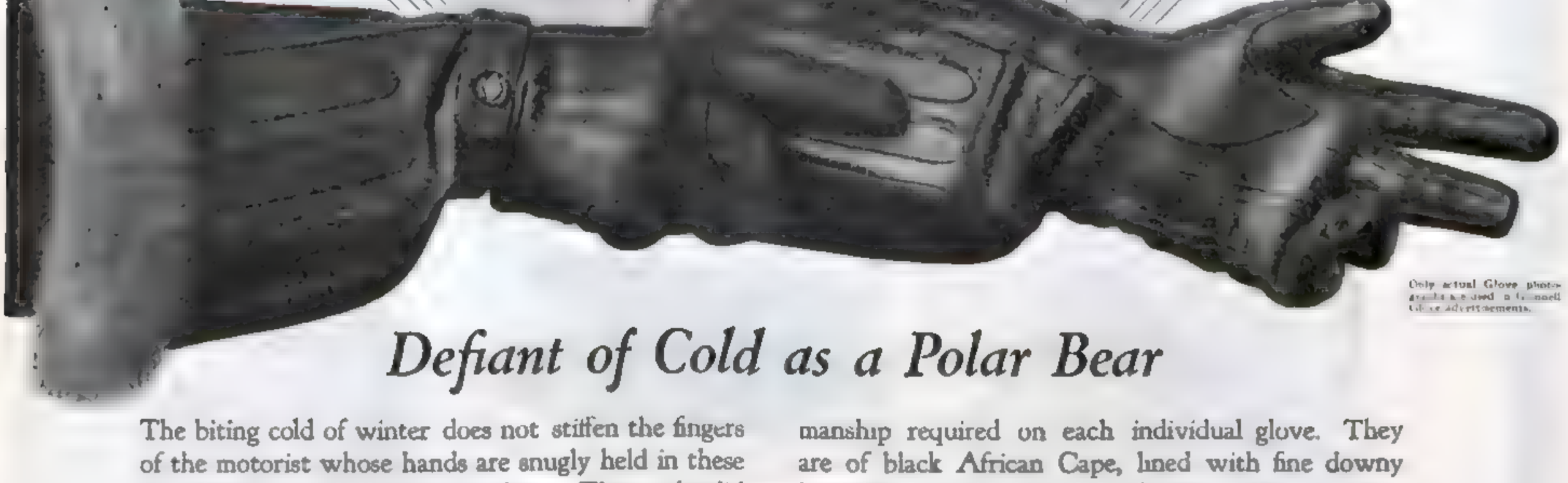

Only actual Glove photographs are used in Grinnell Glove advertisements.

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The biting cold of winter does not stiffen the fingers of the motorist whose hands are snugly held in these most luxurious of all motoring gloves. These splendid Grinnell creations command the favor of discriminating buyers who insist upon ultra style and quality with rugged durability. Like all Grinnell Gloves they have a sixty-four year old guaranty.

Gloves of this quality cannot be made in large quantities because of the extreme care and particular workmanship required on each individual glove. They are of black African Cape, lined with fine downy lambskin from the tips of the fingers to the top of the cuff and finished with a warm band of muskrat fur. Note the one piece design which eliminates seams at the wrist and increases comfort and durability.

Ask your dealer for these gloves now, so that he may order them for you if necessary. We will mail you our glove style book on request.

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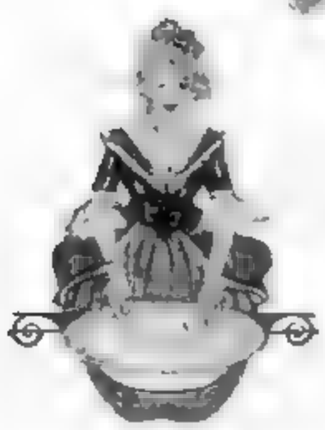
The Sediment Zone

The depression at the bottom of the tub is the Eden Sediment Zone—quiet water which traps all dirt and makes Eden-washed things cleaner.

The Eden driving mechanism is fully and safely enclosed and is packed in grease, which does away with all messy oiling.

Makes Clothes Cleaner

Eden



The ideal way of washing delicate things is the way the Eden washes everything.

Only the Eden has a Sediment Zone. It is a channel of quiet water into which all dirt falls and is trapped as soon as it is flushed out of the clothes. The dirt does not again come in contact with your wash.

The action of the Eden when washing is a gentle dipping up and down of the clothes in the sudsy water, just as a woman dips her fine laces up and down in a bowl. Dainty and heavy things are washed equally clean and without any wear and tear on clothes or your hands and back.

Any Eden dealer will demonstrate for you in your own home with your own wash just how thoroughly and quickly the Eden washes. He will do so gladly and with no obligation for you to buy. If you do buy an Eden, convenient terms will be arranged so that you can pay as you save.

Our free book, "An Eden in the Home," has helped many women solve one of the most trying problems of the home. Send for your copy today.

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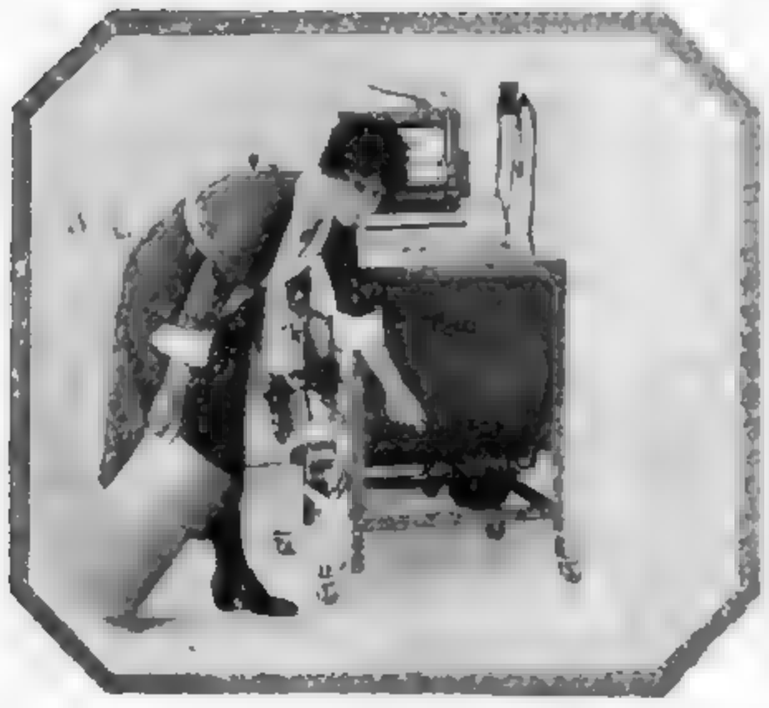


The Eden Automatic Clutch releases the motor if the washer or wringer is overloaded and prevents burnt-out motors and blown-out fuses.

The Safety Interlocking Swinging Wringer has five convenient locked positions. It cannot wring while swinging or swing when wringing—another Eden safety device.

(Continued from Page 128)

language of the northern Teutons. It was used in the small theater at both Baden and Bad-Vöslau, where, by the way, the performances were varied and first-class. It was used also at both the operettas, the imperial theater and the opera, where altogether classic programs were given by companies which were of the best in Europe. The Emperor and court spoke entirely in the same language used by the fiacre and market women, who had coined this soft, quaint Viennese idiom. Nothing pleased society more than for the stranger to affect their way of slurring and swallowing the words and softening the consonants or leaving them out, changing the terminations of the harsh German diminutives and saying *Mäderl* for *Mädchen* or *Lämperl* for *Lämpchen*, and so on.

We children took to the ways of the Austrians quickly and had an Austrian Fräulein Mitzi to teach us through the summer. In the autumn my brother entered the Theresianum, the great school founded by Maria Theresa for her nobility. It was difficult to enter and stay there because firstly the Austrian of given rank was the only candidate who was supposedly acceptable, and secondly the course was difficult for any outsider to follow. But a few exceptions had been made; and at the time my brother entered the young Egyptian who afterward became Khedive of Egypt was the only other foreigner in the Theresianum. He was in a class a year or two ahead of my brother, who, aged eight, was taken by us all one morning to begin his new life in the great building. Leaving him there to fight out his destiny among strange boys and teachers nearly broke my mother's heart at the last moment, and she always regarded the years he spent in the Theresianum as a terrible experience in her child's life, I think.

Delicate International Questions

Really it was difficult to fit oneself into the new ideas and ways and use a new language, and the course was a more serious one than that into which small boys in America plunge when they first go to school, but on the whole after a few weeks my brother liked his companions and teachers. At any rate, for four years he did well and seemed to have an excellent feeling for those with whom he worked.

My father's work at the legation was interesting always, while at times he transacted business of the utmost delicacy between his home Government and that of the Imperial Government of Austria. Two situations were especially thorny, which had been mishandled by bungling officials to the extent of causing a good deal of ill feeling between Washington and Vienna. Before we left home President Harrison and his Secretary of State had frankly told my father that they were sending him to fill a difficult place, firstly, because his father had been to Austria, well received by the Emperor and well known to the people; secondly, because he was known to have personal friends among the group in power, which would be conducive to his establishing warm personal relations, thus smoothing the way for his official work; and thirdly, because my father had been known to the President since boyhood, and his patience, good nature, justice and courage promised to be the qualities most necessary to handle any troubles that might arise.

One of these difficulties was what was known in the legation as the Pork Question, and it kept cropping up. Austria would not accept American pork, and American dealers resented it; and the discussions and retaliations which resulted were of far-reaching ramifications with a tragi-comic flavor that kept our personnel on the *qui vive* constantly, till finally the trouble was settled by a commercial agreement which my father brought to a triumphant close shortly before he left.

Another question was more grave to his mind, because the moral and the technical rights of it did not run together. It was, in a few words, this: Military service being general in Austria, all males of age had to be drafted for three or five years—whatever the term was—and lose that much valuable time from their commercial occupations. A clever ruse for defeating this was discovered and put into practice by a large number of young business men. Their scheme was to go to the United States, take out citizenship papers, then immediately return to the old country and go back into shop or factory; after which they had the great advantage over their neighbors of escaping not only military service early in life but also all the reserve calls which other men of their age answered through after years, while their rivals in business were obliged to drop their interests, spending anywhere from one to three months under arms. The Austrian subject who had remained patriotically at home and who did his duty was at a great disadvantage, and naturally protested.

Americans in Name Only

The Imperial Government protested also against the action of these technical American citizens, who served nothing in the world but their own selfish gains. They, when pursued, came to the United States Legation for protection, and were, of course, entitled to it legally. Yet they were not playing fair, for they were carrying out no duties as Americans, and generally they did not even speak English. They had transferred their allegiance merely to exploit their neighbors' better and more loyal patriotism; and in his heart my father felt against them, admitting the justice of the Austrians' plea. Nevertheless he was obliged to work for them.

The situation was further complicated by the fact that some of these particularly aggravating citizens of our country were Jews, so that the feeling against them was increased by racial and religious prejudice, which in Austria was very great at that time. The strong conviction also that while Austrians were carrying their burden of patriotic duties, to the disadvantage of their business, these pseudo-Americans were reaping money which fairly belonged to the others created hostility for a country which protected the renegades.

My father personally felt the situation was unfair, but his official duty was clear for the moment. Before he left Vienna much of the bitterness had been smoothed and some sort of arrangement had been brought about by which this special kind of American was finding it less easy to get his naturalization papers, which, once received, carried certain duties to America and disadvantages in Austria. This evened things up somewhat.

In the legation offices all went smoothly. My father liked his personnel, especially his naval and military attachés. The latter was an old comrade of his West Point days, and both had charming wives; so his official family was a gay and happy group.

The American colony in Vienna was quite large, but consisted almost entirely of students. Both the medical and the musical celebrities attracted them, and once there in the capital they led a pleasant life in a circle of their own, delighted with the gay populace, pretty national costumes, old buildings and inexpensive amusements their slim purses could command. My mother with her beauty and good spirits, and my father with his warm, simple manner, made them always welcome at the legation, where they seemed to feel much at home. One day in the week was set apart for them, a day convenient to their free hours and chosen by them, to come and sit about, listen to music, drink tea and exchange home gossip. Besides this, on New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July there were American parties at the legation with the doors thrown open to all. No invitations were made save the announcement put in a local English-printed newspaper.

These reunions drew practically every compatriot in Vienna, and all the officials of our legation and consulate turned out in their best clothes to celebrate. We children were also called into the party and made ourselves useful in the crowd, serving tea and cakes, bringing forward the shy, and learning to play host generally from the elders, who sent us about on a variety of quaint errands among unknown guests. The guests were very much pleased with the colonial furniture and other American souvenirs about, especially those my father had of my grandfather, and of the war days.

Aside from the colony of students, as I said before, there were few Americans who made Vienna their home, but through the spring and early summer and through the autumn months streams of tourists and travelers, going and coming from the Orient or from their cures at Carlsbad, at Marienbad or elsewhere, passed through our city, and always through my mother's salons. Three or four dinners a week with informal gatherings afterward were the average of entertainments at the legation, and many interesting people sat about the hospitable board of ancient colonial mahogany, bringing the latest news from American cities or passing opinions on the other legations which they had visited in the Balkans and elsewhere.

Strangely enough I rarely heard these compatriots of ours talk of the countries or the foreign peoples among which they strayed to while away their vacation time abroad. They seemed to keep to their American interests abroad and discussed mainly what compatriots they had met and the news in the last paper from home. If they had been presented at court somewhere their interest was not in the picturesque frame and the bigwigs among foreigners or the quaintness of the protocol by which ceremony followed ceremony. The main point was that So-and-so had also been presented, had worn such and such clothes or jewels and had looked this way or that. A strange mental attitude. I kept wondering why our society people who in their love of simplicity abolished all ceremony, felt a court presentation could mean so much in placing them socially at home, though it presented no special interest for the onlookers as a historical pageant. Occasionally there was comment, however, on how queerly things were done at such and such a court, or how funny this or that personage was in his costume or uniform.

All this was about thirty years before Americans from every part of our states had been presented at all the courts of Europe and the fact had become quite an ordinary experience. Also it was before the days when world war and suffering had made much in common between people who spoke different languages and who wore different clothes. Many of the travelers in those days were sorely disappointed when they learned no strangers were admitted to the Hapsburg Court save such as went to Vienna officially to represent their countries. Even many of these were weeded out for certain of the historic functions. It was a rule that at least left no heart-burnings or envy, since it was not in the power of the chief of any mission to obtain invitations for his compatriots, and he was thus saved in Vienna a responsibility, carried in other capitals, of deciding each season which half dozen of many candidates he would present to local sovereigns and which he would make into lifelong enemies because they were left out. That none could go saved all trouble, and during the court season Americans seldom came to Austria.

Parties at the Embassy

The only foreigners at court were the members of the diplomatic corps. Among this group in those years from 1889 to 1893 were some of the most brilliant men in Europe, those who then or since wielded great power. Many of the greatest among them made my mother's charming salon a constant meeting place. Once a week formally and nearly every day informally they came and sat, talked, smoked and drank their tea. My mother's youth and beauty in her position were unusual. My father, though young also, was quickly established among them as a great success in his diplomatic work with the Ballplatz. His standing with the Sovereign was fortunate, too, and the latter told various officials of my grandfather's visit to him as he explained having invited the young representative to so many imperial shooting parties.

My parents had luck, too, in further agreeable relations with the Austrian aristocrats, who received no diplomats as a rule but who were inviting this strange couple from so far away into their intimate family circle. All this by degrees became known and made an unusual background to the unpretentious couple who never pushed into their colleagues' amusements, going with pleasure whenever invited and winning immediate sympathy from the majority at their first meeting.

At the head of the corps of diplomatic representatives stood the magnificent figure of Monsignor Galimberti, soon afterward Cardinal, and the intimate friend of His Holiness. Galimberti was considered one of the handsomest, cleverest, most cultivated and affable men in Europe, and wielded immense power with His Apostolic Majesty, the Austrian Emperor, first son of the Church of Rome. Galimberti enjoyed society immensely, and always he played a great rôle, with his rank and brains and beauty of robes and face. A man somewhat over fifty with high-bred features and quick clear eyes, he led the conversation through the hours of recreation, and captivated all those who surrounded him, whether in his capacity of prelate or of man of the world, or as a statesman or merely a human being. He was quite simple and unpretentious, with a kindly word for the footman who took his cloak or the child who was presented to him. Italian by birth and traditions, he was cosmopolitan by education, quite unbiased, and he made himself sincerely admired. The Vatican, whose nuncio he was, won deep respect as one grew to know him. He found time often to stop in at my mother's for a chat, and the success of the Protestant American couple in winning and holding this great man's interest caused much talk, we heard, among their Catholic rivals for the prelate's attentions.

Count Nigra's Hospitality

Next came the Italian Ambassador, who in looks, charm, intellect and dignity was a social rival of the papal nuncio. The men, of course, politically belonged to different factions, though Count Nigra was a Catholic. But he represented the King, who in United Italy was the usurper of the Vatican's temporal power, according to the Pontiff. The Holy Father did not receive King Humbert or the beautiful Queen Margherita, and could not himself move beyond the gardens of the Vatican. Austria's Emperor, it seemed to me, was in a difficult position, for his title of Apostolic Majesty had been given him by the Roman popes centuries ago, and the Hapsburgs had always been the most enthusiastic supporters, and the "eldest children," of the Vatican, while, since the Triple Alliance had been inaugurated, the King of Italy and the German Emperor were Francis Joseph's allies, and officially his friends and associates, above all other sovereigns. Within the century and his own reign Germany had captured Austrian provinces in the north, while Italy had seized Tuscan and Venetian lands, and the old Grand Duke of Tuscany lived an exile in Vienna under the protection of his Hapsburg cousin.

Count Nigra was just the man to ease the strained situation. A man of international reputation for his suave and supple qualities of brain and manner, a man of wealth and culture, he made the Italian Embassy the scene of constant and most agreeable small parties. Bores were not admitted except at official affairs, and then they were so overbalanced by wits and beauties that they seemed unable to tarnish their surroundings, as elsewhere they could. Nigra, himself a delightful conversationalist, led off in the gayety of his feasts, and his *cordon bleu* was one of the best chefs in a capital famous for its admirable food. A series of official dinners occurred each year at the Italian Embassy, where the court and diplomatic corps were agreeably mixed, and at these presided in turn, once each, the wives of the host's colleagues. The wife of an ambassador or minister was glad always to mention she was to play hostess at the banquet of such a date. Therefore there was much conversation, some of it a little acid, when it was discovered by close observers that there had been three or four dinners in one season at which my mother had done the honors and that by degrees Count Nigra more and more frequently invited the pretty American lady to sit at the head of his great board.

Both my mother and father enjoyed the Italian's parties extremely, for they were favored soon by the friendship of all those same men and women whom Nigra had won, and consequently my parents felt much at home at these gatherings, which were made as informal as possible, in spite of their elegance, the beautiful appointments of flowers and silver and the damask and art collections with which the talented old bachelor surrounded himself.

It was amusing to notice how pleased people were by an invitation from him, and how the women prepared and reserved their best gowns for the frame of the Italian Embassy, while the men would speak of the good dinner to come, and the probably interesting talk. To Count Nigra's credit it must be said that in four seasons I never heard of anyone who was disillusioned by what he offered them in the way of entertainment. Aside from his superficial gifts the man was much admired and much beloved and made a place for himself in everyone's heart. I saw him often both before and after I made my début; and was really

(Concluded on Page 135)

GRIFFITH

Still feebly breathing was that fragile little body as he drew her into the saving shelter of his strong arms

Other Griffith Pictures:
The Birth of a Nation
Intolerance
Hearts of the World
Broken Blossoms
The Idol Dancer
The Love Flower

They Paid $10.00 a Seat

to see the New York opening at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre of

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S

magnificent elaboration of

"WAY DOWN EAST"

As a critic of national fame says: "Mr. Griffith's film version of 'WAY DOWN EAST' shows what genius can do with common clay.

"Into that respectable old melodramatic thriller of the ruined girl and the nameless child, he has breathed the glowing fire of art. In his hands it has become a great epic—the epic of a woman's soul.

"The old incidents are there. But just as inspired composers have sometimes taken tawdry street tunesand glorified them into symphonies of grandeur and power, so the golden alchemy of genius has transformed this sturdy old play.

"The story of a woman, it is more, the story of all women, and while few have been lured to the mock marriage, yet every woman has felt the straining battle of seduction in one form or another—the hot luring breaths of other deceits.

"And the wise ones will see that the thrills and laughs of the old play are but windows through which Mr. Griffith has looked into the soul of universal woman struggling towards the light—even as Pilgrim in Pilgrim's Progress."

A. L. GREY, Gen. Mgr.
Longacre Building, New York

PICTURES

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel

IT isn't absolutely necessary to re-paint your house every three or four years. It would undoubtedly look better and last longer if you did, but—

It isn't absolutely necessary to use the best grade of cylinder oil in your automobile. It would avoid many trips to the repair shop and much annoyance on the road, but—

It isn't absolutely necessary to equip your truck with Sewell Cushion Wheels. Of course, they would prolong its life and protect an investment of several thousand dollars, but—

It's a matter of judgment

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company
Detroit, U. S. A.

A Few Prominent Users of Sewell Cushion Wheels

Bell Telephone Co.
Edison Company
Marshall Field & Company
Ford Motor Co.
Sears, Roebuck & Company
Carnegie Steel Co.
Hudson Motor Car Company
Eastman Kodak Co
Continental Oil Co
National Cash Register Company
Washburn-Crosby Co.
Bethlehem Steel Company
Standard Oil Co.
Coca Cola Co.
Timken-Detroit Axle Company
Western Electric Company
Delco Laboratories
Dodge Brothers
Kingan & Co.
Liquid Carbonic Co.
Crane & Co.
Indian Refining Co.

Sewell Cushion Wheels

(Concluded from Page 132)

touched when months after I returned to America the mail one morning brought me a New Year's greeting with the best of wishes for my successful début, signed "Nigra."

After his signal services at the Hapsburg court, where he had established the best of relations between old and natural enemies, this distinguished diplomat received the recompense he merited at his King's hands, and was recalled to Rome to take over the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for Italy. Some years later he died in the full splendor of his powers, mourned by a host of friends the world over. Constantly in my after life I have found a bond with some stranger in a foreign country through our mutual admiration and fondness for Count Nigra.

Royal Cousins Disagree

Germany, the third member of the "Triplice," was represented at Vienna by the best they could send—Prince Henry Reuss, a cultivated and agreeable aristocrat, elderly and dignified, with a dominating situation. The embassy palace was in the new part of town and seemed showy, large, imposing, uninteresting and somewhat arrogant in its *nouveau-riche* gilding and its portraits of quite modern emperors. Prince Reuss and his wife were not themselves so modern as their surroundings. She was a born Princess of Saxe-Weimar, and though heavy, red-faced and typically German in looks and dress, her brains went far beyond the recipe of the young Emperor William for the women of his empire when he said they should be exclusively interested in their church, children and kitchens. Princess Reuss' ancestors had been among the small German sovereigns who cultivated the arts, and Goethe at Weimar had lived all the latter part of his life their protégé and educator. Her father, the then reigning Prince of Saxe-Weimar, had been own brother to the Empress Augusta, old William's wife, so that Emperor Frederick was Princess Reuss' first cousin, and William II was her second cousin. She had apparently no particular scruple in showing that she did not agree with various parts of her young sovereign's policy, or that she thought his attitude toward his parents and toward Bismarck all that was arrogant and lacking in the respect due them.

Finally, when Bismarck was summarily dismissed by William II he passed through Vienna on his way for a cure, and Princess Reuss chose this very conspicuous moment to make a demonstration by going to call on him, announcing to all her friends she did so because she had been brought up to see in him the genius who built Germany's greatness, for which good Germans should not be ungrateful. She added further spicy remarks, suggesting that in her opinion the German Emperor was overarrogant, ignorant and young, and should be shown how to behave. I fancy William II was already far beyond learning from anyone, least of all his cousin. Reuss himself made no sign, and one could only wonder how far his silence was official, and whether he approved or disagreed with his wife. He let her talk without protesting, certainly, and she went to call on Bismarck while he stayed shut up in the embassy.

Vienna talked and enjoyed the situation very much indeed, for I think honestly the gentle Austrians cared little for their northern allies. Doubtless Berlin talked also, for the upshot was that after a few months Prince Reuss, who was older than his wife by nearly twenty years, retired from the diplomatic service. They returned to Germany to educate their children a little before my father took us home to the United States.

Princess Reuss had the qualities of her race, for she was a fine musician, a serious reader and thinker, with an admirable practical mind and sincere convictions. My father always enjoyed talking with her, as did many of the other brainy men, who were always interested in her information and conclusions on the political questions of the day. She was a student of art and history, and could be very amiable and altogether simple, but she was immensely direct, thought it not worth while to make an effort when there was no feeling of sympathy behind it, and consequently ignored a good many smaller people when her smiling on them might have contributed to her general popularity or made the fêtes at the German Embassy shine more than their official style did in Vienna's season. She seemed a very devoted but somewhat severe mother, with three nice children, two sons and a daughter.

Twenty or more years after all this, in Russia, I met the latter again, a typical, gentle, round-faced girl, getting on in life, unmarried and with a subdued look. I no longer felt I knew her well enough to ask what her life had been, but I fancied it was not a gay one.

Outside the "Triplice" Ambassadors there were their rivals, though so excellent were social relations that no friction ever occurred. As an individual, first among these stood Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador, a bachelor, a student of people, history and politics, a man of immense distinction and charm of mind and manner. Rich, with collections of books, furniture and works of art, he represented the best great Russia could produce, and that meant of the finest in the world. Slav, artistic, supple, strong, amiable, simple, a delightful companion and a warm true friend, he was a most able aid to the Russian Emperor. Both the latter's simple splendid nature and his strength were felt; for Alexander III, the home-loving autocrat, was reigning then in St. Petersburg and made his power for good realized in wholesome fashion all over Europe. The ambassador was well surrounded by able men and attractive women in his embassy, and the latter received with him to perfection. We grew unaccountably intimate with them, as one does with Russians, who are always natural and charming, and for many years afterward we kept up the warm relations formed.

My father and Lobanoff corresponded after we left Vienna until the latter died. He had, like Nigra, been recalled to his own land to be made Prime Minister of Nicholas II. At the time of his death he still filled this post. Among his papers was found an analysis of his sovereign's character, judging the latter most exactly both in his qualities and his weaknesses. A portrait it was which afterward our Emperor unconsciously lived up to in every detail, showing what an admirable psychologist Prince Lobanoff was.

Future Relations

Very shortly before his death Lobanoff sent my father a fine photogravure of a painting of him which had just been completed. Then we heard of his death and thought the thread was broken, but years later my brother-in-law married the distinguished old man's grandniece, and I found myself surrounded in the latter's salon with Lobanoff souvenirs, some of which were gathered in Austria in the old days, when I had known him.

Prince Lobanoff's embassy chancellor was Prince Gregory Cantacuzène, a relation of my own future husband, and I knew his daughter well and was very fond of her in our youth, little dreaming we should be cousins some day or that our boys would be classmates at the Russian Imperial Lyceum. There were several other members of this Russian Embassy in Vienna whom I met again in my adopted home and with whom the relations established long before were taken up again with pleasure.

The English Ambassador was a sunny, agreeable, good-natured sportsman, Sir Augustus Paget—handsome, and friends with everyone, very keen about the shooting and the races, which were so good in Austria. He was well over sixty years old, but was learning to skate with enthusiasm and vigor, though he genially admitted he had had small pads put into the elbows of his skating jacket and into various vulnerable spots of his trousers as well, where experience had taught him it was wise to protect himself. Lady Paget had been, and was still, at fifty or more, a great beauty, with enchanting clothes and distinguished manners and conversation, and she made the embassy an attractive homelike meeting place to all Anglo-Saxons. She and my mother liked one another extremely.

The French Embassy was in a class by itself. Occupying the ancient and historic palace of the Lobkowitz family, their official parties were always well done and gay, with good music, fine silver, and so on, from the French Government's *garde-meuble*. Also there was a daughter in the house who dressed smartly; and, known as the possessor of a comfortable dot, she was sufficiently surrounded by the youthful diplomats, especially her father's various young secretaries. But there were few informal parties at the French Embassy. Albert Decrais, Ambassador, a short thick wine merchant of Bordeaux, might be a good man over his desk, but his lack of social talents prevented him from taking a place of importance among his colleagues, once the official bow and smile were accomplished. His wife was like himself, and remained mainly preoccupied by her homesickness for Bordeaux.

There was an amusing old Turk, too, who after some years of ambassadorship committed suicide one day. Everyone expressed official regrets and really felt rather sorry for his two sons; nice boys who had been brought up in Europe and were pleasant members of our small dancing class.

Members of Our Coterie

Among the ministers heading legations, old Count Bray, from Bavaria, eighty-four and an admirable shot as well as a cultivated, charming man of the world, had an agreeable situation, since he represented the Austrian Empress' native country. Also Mr. de Lowenörn, the Danish Minister, was a brilliant wit with a sharp tongue, who was much invited and had a particularly warm welcome in the agreeable small circle of which the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland were the center, the latter being the youngest daughter of the King of Denmark and sister to the then Empress of Russia and the Princess Alexandra of Wales. Lowenörn was therefore received at first on this account by the Russians and British too, and afterward by his own accomplishments and conversational talents held his place. He and my father became excellent comrades, and when later I found him representing his country at the court of St. Petersburg he had many pleasant memories of the days when he and my father had talked and smoked or played whist together in Vienna. The various Belgians were agreeable, and representing the father of the widowed Crown Princess Stéphanie, they were usually everywhere persona grata. Otherwise the diplomatic corps was composed of more or less average personalities, who made a neutral background for these particular stars in the firmament of our coterie.

We seemed to have many attractive people constantly at our house; and by the time I was old enough to be presented at court I had a number of well-disposed friends among my father's and mother's colleagues and among the *jeunesse dorée* which composed the groups of secretaries. I also had a lot of intimates among the young Austrian girls, usually so shy with foreigners that very generally I was the only non-Austrian in their midst; but their quaint typical ways were half their charm to me, and their sweet simple natures and manners led me to feel quite at ease and as if I were one of themselves.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

Chats with an EXPERT on FORDS
No. 2

"When a Ford owner tells me he doesn't have any ignition troubles, about nine times out of ten I'll find a well-oiled, standard type timer under his hood.

"But a lot of fellows don't seem to realize how important a timer is. If they did, they wouldn't use those complicated 'trick' timers that aren't built to stand the gaff.

"I always recommend the ***Milwaukee Timer.*** It's built Ford-style—simple and sensible. Only two moving parts and they're dandies."

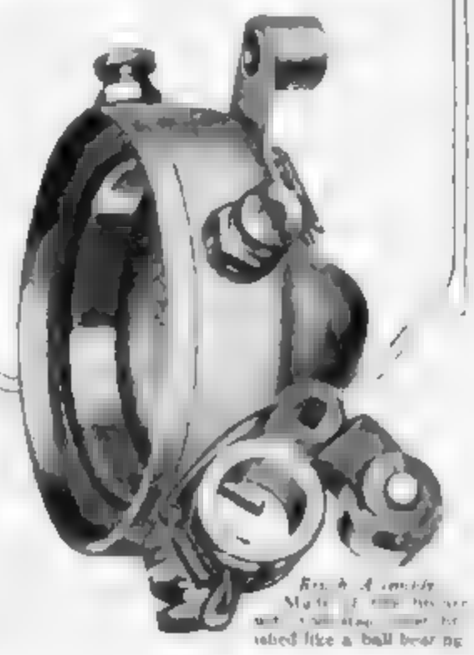
MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

is made by specialists with 15 years' experience. Over 3,000,000 Ford cars and Fordson tractors use the same type. It's a sure remedy for most ignition troubles—hard starting, uneven pulling, misfiring, rapid carbonizing.

Ask for a ***Milwaukee***—not just "a timer." The ***Milwaukee*** requires less care and is guaranteed to outwear any other made

Most good dealers sell the ***Milwaukee***; also 75% of all Automotive Supply Jobbers. It retails for $2.25. (500,000 sold in 1919—1,000,000 for 1920.)

MILWAUKEE AUTO ENGINE & SUPPLY CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
(Also Manufacturers of Guardian Bumpers)



LEADING UPWARD

With candidates who stand squarely for the Peace of the World and for Progress and Prosperity at Home

Governor James M. Cox

Photo © Baker

The Safeguard of Business

"By the enactment of the Federal Reserve Act the old system which bred panics, was replaced by a new system which insured confidence. It was an indispensable factor in winning the war and today it is the hope and inspiration of business."—Democratic Platform.

* * *

"The Federal Reserve Act was originated, advocated and made a law by a Democratic President and Congress, against the bitter protests of the Republican standpatters, who almost without exception, voted against it."—Governor James M. Cox's Speech of Acceptance.

Photo © International

What Cox and Roosevelt Stand For

"We advocate the immediate ratification of the Treaty without reservations which would impair its essential integrity; but do not oppose the acceptance of any reservations making clearer or more specific the obligations of the United States to the League Associates."—Democratic Platform.

* * *

"President Wilson, as our representative at the peace table, entered the League in our name, in so far as the executive authority permitted. Senator Harding, as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, proposes in plain words that we remain out of it. As the Democratic candidate, *I favor going in.*"—Governor Cox's Speech of Acceptance.

Governor Cox's Record in Ohio

Among the progressive measures which Governor Cox advocated and accomplished as Governor of Ohio, are:

Elimination of sweatshop labor.

Equitable Workmen's Compensation Law.

Establishment of child welfare department and codification of child laws.

Compulsory provision for mothers' pensions.

Additional pay for teachers.

Consolidation of small schools.

Establishment of domestic relations Courts.

Laws to prevent adulteration of foodstuffs and prevent price-fixing combinations. Adoption of model health code.

Consolidation for mutual operation of all recognized social agencies. (Accepted by other states as a model.)

Establishment of a bureau of juvenile research.

Creation of a state board to promote vocational education in public schools.

Vocational training for blind children.

Granting the inmates of children's homes the privileges of public schools.

Standing Squarely for World Peace, Through the League of Nations, for Keeping Faith with those who Fought and Died

Democratic National Committee

LOOKING FORWARD

The Democratic Party, on Its Record of National Performance, Asks Your Vote for Cox and Roosevelt

Nine Reasons for Voting for Cox and Roosevelt

They stand for peace and honor, through membership in the League of Nations.
They stand for reduction in the cost of living by prosecuting profiteers, readjusting taxes, the adoption of a budget system, and economy in government expenditures.
They are champions of the cause of women, the improvement of labor conditions, and the abolition of child labor.
They stand for the *rights of workers,* just legislation, industrial order and prosperity.
They represent a war record of unprecedented achievement unsmirched by scandals.
They assure free speech, a free press, and the full enjoyment of constitutional liberty.
Their election guarantees to the farmer freedom from the loan shark and helpful legislation for profitable production.
Their election stands for progress against reaction and the rule of the people against a Senate oligarchy.
Both Cox and Roosevelt are of tested executive ability with legislative records which assure economical, efficient and statesmanlike administrations.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Photo © Baker

Photo © International

Justice for Ex-Soldiers

"The Federal Government should treat with the utmost consideration every disabled soldier, sailor and marine of the world war whether his disability be due to wounds received in line of action or to health impaired in service; and for the dependents of the brave men who died in line of duty the government's tenderest concern and richest bounty should be their requital."—Democratic Platform.

"I feel deeply that the rehabilitation of the disabled soldiers of the recent war is one of the most vital issues before the people, and I, as a candidate, pledge myself and my party to those young Americans to do all in my power to secure for them, without unnecessary delay, the immediate training which is so necessary to fit them to compete in their struggle to overcome that physical handicap incurred while in the service of their government."—Governor James M. Cox's Speech of Acceptance.

Representation for Women

When told of the Tennessee legislature's ratification of the suffrage amendment, Governor Cox said: "The civilization of the world is saved. The mothers of America will stay the hand of war and repudiate those who trifle with a great principle."

"We advocate full representation of women on all commissions dealing with women's work or women's interests."—Democratic Platform.

The Budget System

"We favor the creation of an effective budget system, that will function in accord with the principles of the Constitution."—Democratic Platform.

"The answer to this is the budget system. No successful business enterprise of any size can operate without it."—Governor James M. Cox's Speech of Acceptance.

Business Rights for Farmers

"We favor such legislation as will confirm to the primary producers of the nation the right of collective bargaining and the right of co-operative handling and marketing of the products of the workshop and the farm."—Democratic Platform.

"Does anyone contribute more to the making and success of the railroads than the farmer, or to the creation and prosperity of the banks, or to the stability of manufacturing and trade units or to the agencies interested in exporting?"—Governor James M. Cox's Speech of Acceptance.

Protection of Child Life

"We urge co-operation with the States for the protection of child life through infancy and maternity care; in the prohibition of child labor and by adequate appropriations for the Children's Bureau and the Woman's Bureau in the Department of Labor."—Democratic Platform.

"The child life of the nation should be conserved; if labor in immature years is permitted by one generation it is practicing unfairness to the next."—Governor James M. Cox's Speech of Acceptance.

A Growing Merchant Marine

"We pledge the policy of our party to the continued growth of our Merchant Marine under proper legislation so that American products will be carried to all ports of the world by vessels built in American yards, flying the American flag."—Democratic Platform.

"We will soon have a merchant marine fleet of 11,000,000 tons aggregate, every ship flying the American flag and carrying in American bottoms the products of mill and mine and factory and farm. This would seem to be a guarantee of continued prosperity."—Governor James M. Cox's Speech of Acceptance.

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"Co-operative federal assistance is immediately required for the removal of illiteracy, for the increase of teachers' salaries and instruction in citizenship for both native and foreign born."—Democratic Platform.

"There must be an awakened interest in education * * * We owe too much to the next generation to be remiss in this matter."—Governor James M. Cox's Speech of Acceptance.

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Democratic National Committee

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Sheldon AXLE FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

STEPSONS OF LIGHT

(Continued from Page 35)

which matched his own. But Charlie did not wear a sympathetic look. He munched contentedly on a cheese sandwich.

"Never mind Travis," said the Merman. "Let him go. The little fool won't peach, and that's the main thing. I'm going after Dines now, if we did make a bad start. There's plenty of us here, and I can wake up two of my dealers who will stand hitched. And that ain't all. A bunch from the mines will drop down for a snifter at eleven o'clock, when the graveyard shift goes on and they come off. I'll pick out those I can trust. Some of 'em are tough enough to suit even Travis—though I doubt if they'd take any kinder to pool balls than you boys did—not till they got used to 'em. I don't blame you fellows. Billiard balls are something new."

"We want to get a move on, before the moon gets up," said Weir.

"Oh, that's all right! Lots of time. We'll stretch Mr. Dines, moonrise or not," said the Merman reassuringly. "But we'll meet the night shift at the bridge as they come off, and save a lot of time. Let's see now—Ames, Vet Blackman, Kroner, Shaw, Lithpin Tham ——"

On the refrigerator Charlie See put by his lunch. He fished out a tally book and pencil and began taking down names.

Charlie See raced to Perrault's door a little before eleven. He slipped in without a summons; he closed the door behind him and leaned his back against it. The waiting men rose—Perrault, Maginnis, Preiser and a fourth, whom Charlie did not know.

"Come on to the jail, Maginnis! The gang have closed up the Mermaid and they are now organizing their lynchin' bee. We've just time to beat 'em to it!"

"How many?" asked Perrault, reaching up for a rifle.

"You don't go, Perrault. This is no place for a family man."

"But, Spinal ——"

"Shut up! No married man in this. Nor you, Preiser. You're too old. Mr. See, this is Buck Hamilton. Shall we get someone else? Shaky Akins? Where's Lull?"

"Lull is asleep. Let him be. Worn out. Akins is—we've no time for Akins. Here's a plenty—us three, the jailer and Dines. Jailer all right, is he?"

"Any turn in the road. Do you usually tote three guns, young feller?"

"Two of these are momentums—no, mementos," said Charlie. "I've been spoiling the Egyptians. Spoiled some six or eight, I guess—and a couple more soured on the job. That'll keep. Tell you tomorrow. Let's go!"

"Vait! Vait!" said Preiser. "Go by my place—I'll gome vith you so far—science shall aid your brude force. Perrault and me, you say, ve stay here. Ve are not vit to sed in der vorevront of battles—vat? Good! Then ve vill send to represend us my specimens. I haf two lufly specimens of abbied psygology, galgulated to haf gontrolling influence vith a mob at the—ah, yes!—the zoological moment! You vill see, you vill say I am quide righdt! Gome on!"

"And they aim to get here sudden and soon?" Mr. George Gwinne smiled on his three visitors benevolently. "That's good. We won't have long to wait. I hate waiting. Bad for the nerves. Well, let's get a wiggle. What you got in that box, Spinal? Dynamite?"

Spinal grinned happily.

"Ho! Dynamite? My, you're the desprit character, ain't you? Dynamite? Not much. Old stuff, and it shoots both ways. We're up-to-date, we are. This here box, Mr. Gwinne—we have in this box the last straw that broke the camel's back. Listen!"

He held up the box. Gwinne listened. His smile broadened. He sat down suddenly and—the story hates to tell this—Mr. Gwinne giggled. It was an unseemly exhibition, particularly from a man so large as Mr. Gwinne.

"Going to give Dines a gun?" inquired Hamilton.

Mr. Gwinne wiped his eyes. "No. That wouldn't be sensible. They'd spring a light on us, see Dines, shoot him, and go home. But they don't want to lynch us and they'll hesitate about throwing the first shot. We'll keep Dines where he is."

He led the way to Johnny's cell. The conversation had been low-voiced; Johnny was asleep. Gwinne roused him.

"Hey, Johnny! When is your friend coming to break you out?"

"Huh?" said Johnny.

"If he shows up send him to the back door, and I'll let him in. We're going to have a lynchin' bee presently."

"Why, that was me!" said Charlie.

"Oh, was it? Excuse me. I didn't recognize your voice. You was speakin' pretty low, you see. I was right round the corner. Dog heard you, and I heard the dog. Well, that's too bad. We could use another good man, right now." Mr. Gwinne spoke the last words with some annoyance. "Well, come on—let's get everything ready. You fellows had better scatter round on top of the cells. I reckon the iron is thick enough to turn a bullet. Anyhow, they can't see you. I'll put out the light. I'm going to have a devil of a time to keep this dog quiet. I'll have to stay right with him or he'll bark and spoil the effect."

"They're coming," announced Spinal Maginnis, from a window. "Walkin' quiet—but I hear 'em crossin' the gravel."

"By-by, Dinesy," said See. "I've been rolling my warwhoop, like you said."

The jail was dark and silent. About it shadows mingled, scattered, and gathered again. There was a whispered colloquy. Then a score of shadows detached themselves from the gloom. They ranged themselves in a line opposite the jail door. Other shadows crept from either side and took stations along the wall, ready to rush in when the door was broken down.

A low whistle sounded. The men facing the door came forward at a walk, at a trot, at a run. They carried a huge beam, which they used as a battering ram. As they neared the door the men by the jail wall crowded close. The beam bearers increased their pace and heaved forward together.

Unlocked, unbolted, not even latched, the door flung wide at the first touch, and whirled crashing back against the wall; the crew of the battering ram, braced for a shock, fell sprawling across the threshold. Reserves from the sides sprang over them, too eager to note the ominous ease of that door forcing, and plunged into the silent darkness of the jail.

They stiffened in their tracks. For a shaft of light swept across the dark, a trembling cone of radiance, a dancing light on the clump of masked men who shrank aside from that shining circle, on a doorway where maskers crowded in. A melancholy voice floated through the darkness.

"Come in," said Gwinne. "Come in—if you don't mind the smoke."

The lynchers crowded back, they huddled against the walls in the darkness beyond that cone of dazzling light.

"Are you all there?" said Gwinne. His voice was bored and listless. "Shaw, Ellis, Clark, Clancy, Tucker, Woodard, Bruno, Toad Hales ——"

"I want Sim!" announced Charlie See's voice joyously. "Sim's mine. Somebody show me which is Sim! Is that him pushin' back toward the door?"

A clicking sound came with the words, answered by similar clickings here and there in the darkness.

"Tom Ross has got Sim covered," said the unhurried voice of Spinal Maginnis. "You and Hiram Yoast be sure to get that big fellow in front. I got my man picked."

A chuckle came from across the way. "You, Vet Vlackman! Remember what I told you? This is me—Buck Hamilton. You're my meat!"

"Oh, keep still and let me call the roll," complained Gwinne's voice—which seemed to have shifted its position. "Kroner, Jody Weir, Eastman, Wiley, Hover, Lithpin Tham ——"

The beam of light shifted till it lit on the floor halfway down the corridor; it fell on three boxes there.

From the outer box a cord led up through the quivering light. This cord tightened now, and raised a door at the end of the box; another cord tilted the box steeply.

"Look! Look! Look!" shrieked someone by the door.

Two rattlesnakes slid squirming from the box into that glowing circle—they writhed, coiled, swayed. Z-z-z—B-z-z-zt! The light went out with a snap.

"Will you fire first, gentlemen of the blackguards?" said Gwinne.

Someone screamed in the dark—and with that scream the mob broke. Crowding, cursing, yelling, trampling each other, fighting, the lynchers jammed through the door; they crashed through a fence, they tumbled over bowlders—but they made time. A desultory fusillade followed them; merely for encouragement.

XII

MR. BENJAMIN ATTLEBURY WADE paced a narrow beat on the matted floor. Johnny Dines, shirt-sleeved, in the prisoner's box, leaned forward in his chair to watch, delighted. Mr. Benjamin Attlebury Wade was prosecuting attorney, and the mat was within the inclosure of the court room, marked off by a wooden rail to separate the law's machinery from the materi—— That has an unpleasant sound. To separate the taxpayer from —— No, that won't do. To separate the performers from the spectators—that is much better. But even that has an offensive sound. Unintentionally so; groping, we near the heart of the mystery; the rail was to keep back the crowd and prevent confusion. That it has now become a sacramental barrier, a symbol and a sign of esoteric mystery, is not the rail's fault; it is the fault of the people on each side of the rail.

Mr. Wade had been all the long forenoon examining Caney and Weir, and was now searching the deeps of his mind for a last question to put to Mr. Hales, his last witness. Mr. Wade's brow was furrowed with thought; his hands were deep in his own pockets. Mr. Wade's walk was leisurely, important and fascinating to behold. His foot raised slowly and very high, very much as though those pocketed hands had been the lifting agency. When he reached the highest point of each step his toe turned up, his foot paused, and then felt furtively for the floor—quite as if he were walking a rope or as if the floor might not be there at all. The toe found the floor, the heel followed cautiously, they planted themselves on the floor and took a firm grip there; after which the other foot ventured forward. With such stealthy tread the wild beast of prey creeps to pounce upon his victim. But Mr. Wade never leaped. And he was not wild.

The court viewed Mr. Wade's constitutional with some impatience, but Johnny Dines was charmed by it; he felt a real regret when Mr. Wade turned to him with a ferocious frown and snapped: "Take the witness!"

Mr. Wade parted his coat tails and sat down; performing that duty with the air of a sacrament. Johnny did not rise. He settled back comfortably in his chair and looked benevolently at the witness.

"Now, Mr. Hales, about that yearling I branded in Redgate cañon—what color was it?"

Mr. Wade rose, indignant.

"Your Honor, I object! The question is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial. Aside from its legal status, such a question is foolish and absurd, and an insult to the court."

"Why, now, I didn't object to any of your foolish and absurd questions all morning." Johnny's eyes widened with gentle reproach. "I let you ask all the questions you wanted."

Mr. Wade's nose twisted to a triumphant sneer.

"'He who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client!'"

"I didn't want to take any unfair advantage," explained Johnny.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" expostulated the court.

"You gallows meat!" snarled Wade. "You dirty ——"

Johnny gave a friendly warning. "He means you, too," he whispered.

The gavel fell heavily. The court rose up and the court's eyes narrowed.

"This bickering has got to stop! It is disgraceful. I don't want to see any more of it. Mr. Wade, for that last remark of yours you ought to pay a heavy fine, and you know it very well. This prisoner is being tried for murder. That does not make him a murderer. Your words were unmanly, sir."

"May it please the court," said Wade, whitefaced and trembling with rage, "I acknowledge myself entirely wrong, and I beg the court's pardon. I own that I was exasperated. The prisoner insulted me grossly."

"You insulted him first. You have been doing it right along. You lawyers are always browbeating witnesses and prisoners. You get 'em where they can't talk back and then you pelt 'em with slurs and hints and sneers and insults. You take a mean advantage of your privileged position to be overbearing and arrogant. I've watched you at it. I don't think it is very sporting to say in the court room what you wouldn't dare say on the street.

"But when someone takes a whack at you—wow! that's different! Then you want the court to protect you." He paused to consider.

The justice of the peace—Judge Hinkle, Andy Hinkle—was a slim, wizened man, brown handed, brown faced, lean and wrinkled, with thin gray hair and a thin gray beard and faded blue eyes which could blaze blue fire on occasion. Such fire, though a mild one, now died away from those old eyes, and in them crept a slightly puzzled expression. He looked hard at Mr. Wade and he looked hard at Mr. Dines. Then he proceeded:

"Mr. Wade, this court —— Oh, let's cut out the court—that makes me tired! 'This court fines you twenty-five dollars for contempt of court.' How would that sound?"

Wade managed a smile, and bowed, not ungracefully. "It would sound unpleasant—perhaps a little severe, sir."

The court twinkled. "I was only meaning how silly it seemed to a plain man for him to have to refer to himself as the court. I'm not going to fine you, Mr. Wade—not this time. I could of course, but I won't. It would be unfair to lecture you first and then fine you. Besides, there is something else. You have had great provocation and I feel compelled to take that into consideration. Your apology is accepted. I don't know who began it—but if you have been insulting the prisoner it is no less true that the prisoner has been aggravating you. I don't know as I ever saw a more provoking man. I been keepin' an eye on him—his eyebrows, the corners of his eyes, the corners of his mouth, his shoulder-shrugging, and his elbows, and his teeth and his toes. Mr. Wade, your moldy old saw about a fool for a client was never more misplaced. This man can outtalk you and never open his mouth. I'd leave him alone if I was you—he might make a fool of you."

Johnny half opened his mouth. The judge regarded him sternly. The mouth closed hastily. Johnny dimpled. The judge's hammer fell with a crash.

"I give you both fair notice right now," said Judge Hinkle, "if you start any more of this quarreling I'm goin' to slap on a fine that'll bring a blister."

Johnny rose timidly and addressed the court:

"Your Honor, I'm aimin' to 'tend strictly to my knittin' from now on. But if I should make a slip, and you do have to fine me—couldn't you make it a jail sentence instead? I'm awful short of money, Your Honor."

He reached behind him and hitched up the tail of his vest with both hands, delicately; this accomplished, he sank into his chair, raised his trousers gently at the knee and gazed about him innocently.

"My Honor will be ——"

The judge bit the sentence in two, leaving the end in doubt; he regarded the prisoner with baleful attention. The prisoner gazed through a window. The judge beckoned to Mr. Gwinne, who sat on the front seat between See and Hobby Lull. Mr. Gwinne came forward. The judge leaned across the desk.

"Mr. Gwinne, do you feed this prisoner well?"

"Yes, sir."

"About what, now, for instance?"

"Oh—beefsteak, ham and eggs, *enchiladas*, canned stuff—most anything."

"Mr. Gwinne, if I told you to put this prisoner on a strict ration, would you obey orders?"

"I certainly would."

"That's all," said the judge. "Thank you. Mr. Dines, you may go on with the case. The witness may answer the question. Objection overruled. State your question again, Mr. Dines."

"Mr. Hales, will you tell His Honor what color was the calf I branded in Redgate Cañon, day before yesterday, about two o'clock in the afternoon?"

"I don't know," answered Hales sulkily.

"Oh! You didn't see it, then?"

(Continued on Page 143)

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(Continued from Page 139)

"No."

"Then you are not able to state that it was a calf belonging to Adam Forbes?"

"No."

Johnny's eyes sought the window. "Nor whether it was a calf or a yearling?"

"Of course not."

"Did you see me brand the calf?"

"I did not!" Hales spat out the words with venomous emphasis. Johnny was unmoved.

"Will you tell the court if the brand I put on this heifer calf or bull yearling was my brand or Adam Forbes' brand?"

The gavel fell.

"Objection!" barked Wade.

"Sustained. The question is improperly put. The witness need not answer it. The counsel for the defense need not continue along these lines. I am quite able to distinguish between evidence and surmise, between a stated fact and unfair suggestion."

"Does Your Honor mean to insinuate ——"

"Sit down, Mr. Wade! Sit down! My Honor does not mean to insinuate anything. My Honor means to state that you have been trying to throw dust in my eyes. My Honor wishes to state that you should never have been allowed to present your evidence to a jury in any such shape, and if the prisoner had been represented by a competent lawyer you would not have been allowed ——"

The judge checked himself; his face fell; he wheeled his chair slowly and glared at the prisoner with awful solemnity. "Dines! Is that why you made no objections? So the prosecuting attorney would queer himself with this court by attempting unfair tactics? Answer me, sir!"

"But is it likely, Your Honor, that I could see ahead as far as that?"

"Humph!" snorted His Honor. He turned back to the prosecuting attorney. "Mr. Wade, I am keeping cases on you. Your questions have been artfully framed to lead a simple old man astray—to bewilder him until he is ready to accept theory, surmise and suggestion as identical with a statement of facts or statements purporting to be facts. I'm simple and old, all right—but I never did learn to lead."

Mr. Benjamin Attlebury Wade sprang to his feet.

"Your Honor, I protest! You have been openly hostile to the prosecution from the first."

"Ah!" said the judge mildly. "You fear my remarks may unduly influence my decision—is that it? Calm yourself, Mr. Wade. I cannot say that I blame you much, however. You see, I think United States, and when I have to translate into the customary idiomcies of the law I do a bum job." He turned his head and spoke confidentially to the delighted court room. "Boys, it's gettin' me!" he said. "Did you hear that chatter I put out, when all I wanted to say was that I still knew sugar from salt and sawdust from cornmeal—also, in any case of extreme importance, as herinbefore mentioned, and taking in consideration the fine and subtle nuisance of delicate thought, as it were, whereas, being then and there loaded with shot and slugs, I can still tell a hawk from a handsaw. Why, I'm getting so I talk that jargon to my jackass when I wallop him over the place made and provided on him, the said jackass, with a *curajo* pole!

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do—the first man I catch voting for me next year I'm going to pat him over the head with a pick handle. You may proceed with the case, Mr. Dines."

"This is an outrage!" bawled the furious and red-faced prosecutor. "This is an outrage! An outrage! These proceedings are a mockery! This whole trial is a travesty on justice!"

The gavel banged down.

"This court is now adjourned," announced Judge Hinkle.

He leaned back in his chair and sighed luxuriously. He took out a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and polished them; he held them poised delicately in one hand and beamed benevolently on the crowded court room.

"We have had a very trying forenoon," observed Mr. Hinkle blandly. "Perhaps some of us are ruffled a little. But I trust that nothing which has happened in this court room will cause any hard feeling of a lasting character. And I strongly advise that under no circumstances will any of you feel impelled to take any man and put his head under a pump, and pump on his head. This court will now come to order!" The gavel rapped smartly. "Mr. Dines, as I remarked before recess, you will now proceed with the case."

"I'll not detain you long, Mr. Hales," said Johnny. "I didn't bother to cross-examine the previous witnesses"—he smiled upon Caney and Weir—"because they are suffering from the results of an accident. In the mines, as I hear. Mining is a dangerous business. Very. Sometimes a man is just one-sixteenth of a second slow—and it gets him trouble. I understand, Mr. Hales, that you three gentlemen were together when you found the murdered man?"

"Yes."

"You had been prospecting together?"

"Prospecting, and looking for saddle thieves."

"Did you find the saddle thieves?"

"No; I told you once."

"No," said Johnny; "you told Mr. Wade. Find any mines?"

"Yes."

"Good prospect?"

"I think so."

"Um—yes." Johnny hesitated, and fell silent. Hales fidgeted. "And the murdered man," began Johnny slowly, and stopped. Hales heaved a sigh of relief. Johnny darted a swift glance at the judge. "And the murdered man had been shot three times?"

"Three times. In the back."

"The shots were close together?"

"Yes. My hand would have covered all three."

"Sure of that?"

"Positive."

"In your opinion, these shots had been fired at close range?"

An interruption came. Four men trooped into the door, booted and spurred; three of the John Cross men—Tom Ross, Frank Bojarquez, Will Foster—with Hiram Yoast, of the Bar Cross: four fit to stand by Cæsar. A stir ran through the court room. They raised their hands to Johnny in gay salute; they filed to a bench together.

Johnny repeated the question: "You say, Mr. Hales, that these three shots had been fired at close range?"

"The dead man's shirt was burned. The gun must have been almost between his shoulder blades."

"Was there any blood on Forbes' saddle?"

"I didn't see Forbes' saddle," growled Hales; "or Forbes' horse."

"Oh, yes. But in your opinion, Forbes was riding when he was killed?"

"In my opinion he was."

"What makes you think so?"

"We found the tracks where Forbes was dragged, twenty feet or so, before his foot come loose from the stirrup, and blood in the track all the way. I told all this before."

"So you did, so you did. Now about these wounds. Did the path of the bullets range up or down from where they entered the body."

"Down."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes."

"Did you examine the body?"

"How else would I know? Of course I did."

"Show the court, on your own body, about where the wounds were located."

"They went in about here"—indicating—"and come out about here."

"Thank you. Then the shots passed obliquely through the body, entering behind, somewhere near the left shoulder blade, and coming out at a point slightly lower, and under the right breast?"

"About that, yes."

"All indicating that the murderer rode at his victim's left hand, and a little behind him, when these shots were fired?"

"I think so, yes."

"And that the gun muzzle must have been a little higher than the wounds made by the entering bullets, because the bullets passed through the body with a slightly downward trend?"

"That is right."

"How big was the murdered man?"

"He was a very large man."

"Very heavy or very tall?"

"Both, I should say. It is hard to judge a dead man's height. He was very heavily built."

"You lifted him?"

"I turned him over."

"How tall was he, would you say?"

"I tell you, I don't know." Hales was visibly more impatient with each question.

"Of course you don't know. But you can make a guess. Come, give the court your estimate."

"Not less than six feet, I should say. Probably more."

"Did you see Adam Forbes' horse—no, you told us that. But you saw my horse when you arrested me?"

"Yes."

"Was my horse a small horse or a large one?"

"A small one."

Johnny rose and strolled to the window. "Well, about how high?"

"About fourteen hands. Possibly an inch more."

"Would you know my horse again?"

"Certainly."

"So you could swear to him?"

"Yes."

"What color was he?"

"A *grullo*—a very peculiar shade of *grullo*—a sleek, glossy, velvety blue."

"Was he thin or fat?"

"Neither. Smooth—not fat."

"Did you notice his brand?"

"Of course."

"Describe it to the court."

"He was branded K I M on the left hip."

"On which side did his mane hang?"

"On the left."

"Thank you. Now, Mr. Hales, would you describe me as a large man or a small one?"

Hales looked an appeal to the prosecutor.

"I object to that question improper, irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial. And that is not all. This man, this man Dines, is arguing the case as he goes along, contrary to all rule."

"I like it that way," observed the judge placidly. "If he makes his point as the evidence is given, I'm not likely to miss any bets, as I might do if he waited for the summing up."

"I objected to the question," snapped the prosecutor. "I demand your ruling."

"Has the defense anything to offer? That question would certainly seem to be superfluous on the face of it," said the court, mildly.

"Your Honor," said Johnny, "I want to get this down on the record in black and white. Someone who has never seen me may have to pass on this evidence before we get done. I want that person to be sure of my size."

"Objection overruled."

"Please describe me—as to size—Mr. Hales!"

"A very small man," answered Hales sullenly.

"In your opinion, when I shot Adam Forbes did I stand on my saddle? Or could I have inflicted a wound such as you have described by simply kneeling on my saddle ——"

"I object!"

"—— if Adam Forbes rode a horse big enough to carry his weight, and I rode a horse fourteen hands high?"

Wade leaped to his feet and flung out his hands. "I object!" he shrilled.

"Objection sustained. The question is most improper. I shall instruct myself to disregard it in making my decision."

"That's all," said Johnny Dines, and sat down.

"Any more witnesses for the prosecution, Mr. Wade?"

"No, sir. The prosecution rests."

The judge turned back to Johnny. "Witnesses for the defense?"

"Call my horse," said Johnny Dines.

"Your Honor, I object! This is preposterous—unheard of! We will admit the height of this accursed horse as being approximately fourteen hands, if that is what he wants to prove. I ask that you keep this buffoon in order. The trial has degenerated into farce-comedy."

"Do you know, Mr. Wade, I seem to observe some tragic elements in this trial," observed Hinkle. "I am curious to hear Mr. Dines state his motive in making so extraordinary a request from the court."

"He's trying to be funny!"

"No," said the judge; "I do not think Mr. Dines is trying to be funny. If such is his idea, I shall find means to make him regret it. Will you explain, Mr. Dines? You are entitled to make a statement of what you expect to prove."

Johnny rose.

"Certainly. Let me outline my plan of defense. I could not call witnesses until I heard the evidence against me. Now that I have heard the evidence, it becomes plain that, except for a flat denial by myself, no living man can speak for me. I was alone. When I take the stand presently, I shall state under oath precisely what I shall now outline to you briefly.

"On the day in question I was sent by Cole Ralston to Hillsboro to execute his orders, as I will explain in full, later. I came through Mac Cleod's Park, started up a Bar Cross cow and her unbranded yearling, and I caught the yearling at the head of Redgate. While I was branding it, a big man—I have every reason to believe that this man was Adam Forbes—came down the cañon. He rode up where I was branding the yearling, talked to me, smoked a cigarette, gave me a letter to mail, and went back the way he came. I went to Garfield. My horse had lost a shoe, as the witnesses have stated. I nailed on a fresh shoe in Garfield, and came on. I was arrested about dark that night while on the road to Hillsboro. That is all my story. True or false, I shall not vary from it for any cross-examination.

"I shall ask Your Honor to consider that my story may be true. I shall ask Your Honor to consider that if my story is true no man may speak for me. I saw no other man between Upham and the Garfield ditch—twenty-five miles.

"You have heard the prosecution's theory. It is that I was stealing a calf belonging to the dead man—branding it; that he caught me in the act, and that I foully murdered him. If I can prove the first part of that theory to be entirely false; if I can demonstrate that even if I killed Adam Forbes I certainly did not kill him in the manner or for the motive set forth by the theory of the prosecution—then you may perhaps believe my unsupported statement as to the rest of it. And that is what I can do, if allowed the opportunity. I cannot, by myself, now or at any other time, absolutely prove my statement to be true. I can and will prove the theory of the prosecution to be absolutely false. To do that I rely upon myself—not upon my statement, but upon myself, my body, so much flesh and blood and bone, considered as an exhibit in this case, taken in connection with all known or alleged facts; on myself and my horse; on Adam Forbes' dead body and on the horse Adam Forbes rode that day; on the Bar Cross yearling I branded day before yesterday, a yearling that I can describe in detail, a yearling that can be found and must be found, a yearling that will be found following a Bar Cross cow. I have no fancy to be hanged by a theory. I demand to test that theory by facts. I demand that my horse be called to testify to the facts."

"Mr. Gwinne, you may call the prisoner's horse," said the justice. "Spinal, you may act as the court's officer while Gwinne is gone."

"His name is Twilight," added Johnny, "and he is over at the Gans stables."

"I protest! Your Honor, I protest against such unmitigated folly," stormed Mr. Benjamin Attlebury Wade, in a hot fury of exasperation. "You are making a mockery of the law! There is no precedent on record for anything like this."

"Here's where we make a new precedent then," observed the court cheerfully. "I have given my instructions, and I'd be willing to place a small bet on going through with my folly. I don't know much about the law, but the people who put me here knew I didn't know much about the law when they elected me—so I guess they aimed to have me get at the rights of things in my own way." He twisted his scanty beard for a moment. "Not that it would make any great difference," he added.

A little wearied from the strain of focalized effort, Johnny looked out across the blur of faces. Hobby Lull smiled at him, and Charlie See looked hardihood like his own. There were other friendly faces, many of them; and beyond and above them all shone the faces of his straining mates, Hiram and the three John Cross men.

"Judge, may I speak to the prisoner?" asked Hiram Yoast. He tugged at a grizzled forelop.

"You may."

"Old-timer," said Hiram, "we didn't hear of you till late last night. We had moved on from Hermosa. That's all, Your Honor. Thank you."

"Will the learned counsel for the defense outline the rest of his program?" inquired the judge, with respectful gentleness.

"He will," said Johnny. "I'll have to ask you to continue the case until tomorrow, or maybe later—till I can get some of the Garfield men who can swear to the size of the horse Adam Forbes rode. Then I want ——"

Charlie See rose.

"I offer my evidence. I slept with Adam Forbes the night before he was killed; and I saw him start. He rode a big horse."

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"Thank you," said Johnny. "I'll call you after a while. Get yourself a reserved seat inside here. I knew Adam Forbes rode a big horse, and I can describe that horse—if Adam Forbes was the man I met in Redgate, which I've never doubted. A big blaze-faced bay with a Heart-Diamond brand. This way." He traced on the wall a heart with an inscribed diamond. "But I want to call the men who brought in Adam Forbes. I want to question them about all the tracks they saw, before it rained. So you see, Your Honor, I'll have to ask for a continuation. I can't afford to be hanged to save the county a little money."

"You'll get your continuation."

"But that isn't all. That yearling I branded—he was from the river *bosques*, for he had his tail full of sand burs, and the bunch he was with was sure snaky. His mammy's a Bar Cross cow and he's a Bar Cross bull—and so branded by me. He'll be back with her by this time. He had all the Hereford markings, just about perfect. His mammy wasn't marked so good. She had a bald face and a line back, all right, and white feet and a white belly. But one of her stockings was outsize—run clear up her thigh—and she had two big white spots on her ribs on the nigh side. I didn't see the other side. And one of her horns drooped a little—the right one. I would like to have you appoint a commission to bring them into court, or at any rate to interview them and get a statement of facts."

"That's reasonable," said the judge. "Application granted." He called to Tom Ross. "Tom, that's your job. You and your three peelers find that Bar Cross cow—objection overruled—and that bull yearling. Mister Clerk, you may so enter it, at the charge of Sierra County."

Wade was on his feet again.

"But, Your Honor," he gasped, "those men are the prisoner's especial friends!"

"Exactly. That's why they'll find that calf. Results are what I'm after, and I don't care a hang about methods." He frowned. "Look here, Mr. Wade—am I to understand that you want this prisoner convicted whether he's guilty or not?"

"No, no, certainly not. But why appoint those four men in particular? There is always the possibility of collusion."

Judge Hinkle's face became bleak and gray. He rose slowly. The court room grew suddenly still. Hinkle walked across the little intervening space and faced the prosecutor.

"Collision, perhaps you mean," he said. His quiet, even voice was cutting in its contempt. "What do you think this is—a town full of thugs? I want you to know that those four men stand a darn sight higher in this community than you do. Sit down—you're making an indecent exposure of your soul!"

As he went back to his desk, an oldish man came to the door and caught Hobby Lull's eye.

The man beckoned. Hobby rose and went to the door. They held a whispered council in the anteroom.

Judge Hinkle busied himself with the papers on his desk for a moment. When he looked up his face had regained its wonted color.

"Here comes Gwinne with the horse," announced Hobby Lull from the anteroom.

"Mr. Dines, how does your client propose to question that horse, if I may ask?" inquired the judge.

"I propose to prove by my horse," said Johnny, "that though I may have murdered this man I certainly did not shoot him while I was riding this horse. And I depend on the evidence of the prosecution's witnesses"—he smiled at the prosecution's witnesses—"to establish that no one rode in Redgate that day except me—and them! If the court will appoint some man known to be a rider and a marksman, and will instruct him to ride my horse by the courthouse windows, we can get this testimony over at once. It has been shown here that I carried a .45. Set up a box out there where we can see from the windows; give your man a gun and tell him to ride as close as he likes and put three shots in that box. If he hits that box more than once ——"

"Gun-shy?" said Judge Hinkle.

"Watch him!" said Johnny rapturously.

The judge's eye rested on Mr. Wade with frank distaste.

"We will now have another gross instance of collusion," he announced. "I will call on Frank Bojarquez to assist the court."

Francisco Bojarquez upreared his straight length at the back of the hall.

"Excuse, please, if I seem to tell the judge what he is to do. But what Mistair Wade says, it is true a little—or it might seem true to estrangers. For us in Hillsboro, frien's togethair, eet does not mattair; we know. But because the worl' ees full of estrangers—theenk, Judge Hinkle, eef it is not bes' that it ees not a great frien' of the preesoner who is to examine that horse—what? That no estranger may have some doubts? There are so many estrangers."

"Humph! There is something in that." The justice scratched his ear. "Very well, George Scarboro, stand up. Are you acquainted with this prisoner?"

"No, sir."

"You are one of the Arizona Rangers?"

"I am."

"Slip your saddle on that blue horse. You know what you have to do?"

"Yes, sir."

Scarboro departed, and half the court room went with him. Five minutes later he rode the Twilight horse, prancing daintily under the courthouse windows. The windows were lined with faces. Johnny, the judge and Wade had a window to themselves, within the sacred railing. But Spinal Maginnis did not look from any window. Spinal was looking elsewhere—at Caney, Weir and Hales.

The ranger wore a loose and sagging belt; his gun swung low on his thigh, just at the reach of his extended arm. As he came abreast of the destined box Scarboro's arm flashed down and up. So did Twilight.

A pistol shot, a long blue streak, and a squeal of anguish ascended together, hopelessly mingled and indiscriminate, spurning the spinning earth. It launched toward outer space in a complex of motion upward, sidewise, forward and inside out, shaming the orbit of the moon, nodes, perturbations, apsides, syzygies and other symptoms too luminous to mention; but perhaps apogee and acceleration were the most prominent. A clatter, a pitch, an agonized bawl, a sailing hat, a dust cloud, a desperate face above it, with streaming hair.

The marvel fell away down the hill and left a stunned silence behind. And presently a gun came down.

"Do you want to cross-examine the witness?" inquired Johnny.

Wade threw up his hands.

"Well!" he said. "Well!" His jaw dropped. He drew Johnny aside and whispered: "See here, damn you—did you kill that man?"

"No, I didn't," whispered Johnny. "But you keep it dark. It's a dead secret."

The roaring crowd came in with laughter and shouts. As they found seats and the tumult quieted Johnny addressed the judge.

"Shall I take the stand now, Your Honor, or wait till after dinner? It's late, I know but you'd believe me better right now ——"

"Wait a minute, Andy!"

A man rose in the crowd—a tall old man with a melancholy face—the same who had summoned Hobby Lull to the door.

"Why, hello, Pete! I didn't see you come!" said the judge.

"That's funny, too. I have been here half an hour. You're getting old, Andy—getting old!"

"Oh, you go to thunder! Say, can you straighten up this mess?"

"I can help, at least—or so I believe. I was with the search party."

"Well, who calls this witness—the defense or the prosecution?" inquired the court.

"Oh, let me call myself—as the friend of the court, *amicus curiæ*, just as they used to do in England—do yet, for all I know. I've not heard your evidence—though I saw some just now, outside. But I've got a few facts which you may be able to fit in somewhere. I don't know the defendant, and am not for or against the prosecutor or for anybody or anything except justice. So I'll take it kindly if you'd let me tell my story in my own way—as the friend of justice. I'll get over the ground quicker and tell it straighter. If anyone is not satisfied they can cross-examine me afterwards, just as if I had been called by one side or the other."

Judge Hinkle turned to Wade. "Any objections?"

"No," said Wade. "I guess justice is what we all want—results, as you said yourself."

He was a subdued man. His three witnesses stirred uneasily, with sidelong glances. Spinal Maginnis kept a corner of his eye on those witnesses.

"Suits me," said Johnny.

(Concluded on Page 147)

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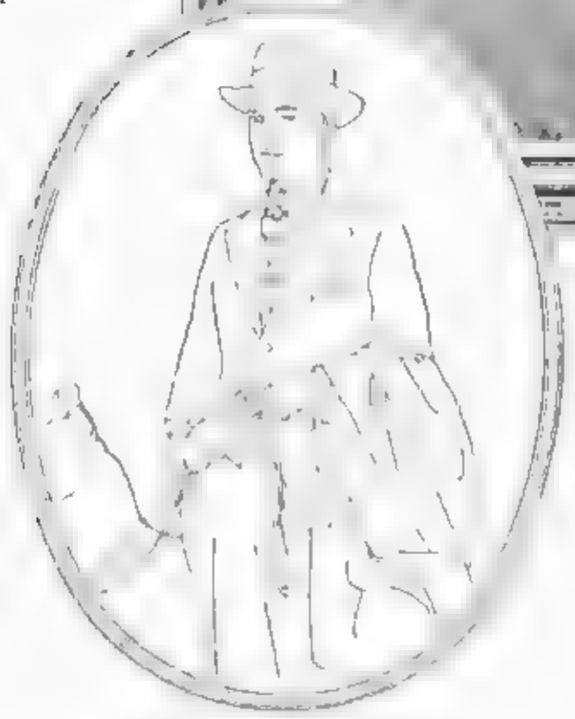

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(Concluded from Page 144)

"I got to get me a drink," whispered Caney, and rose, tiptoeing. But Maginnis rose with him.

"Sit down, Mr. Caney," he said. "You look poorly. I'll fetch you some water."

Pete Harkey took the stand and was duly sworn. He crossed his legs and addressed the judge:

"Well, we went up in Redgate, Dan Fenderson and I and a bunch. We thought there was no use of more than one coming here to-day, because we all saw just the same things."

Hinkle nodded. "All right, Pete. Tell us about it."

"Well, now, Andy—Your Honor—if it's just the same to everybody, I'll skip the part about the tracks and finding Adam until cross-examination. It's just going over the same old ground again. I've been talking to Hobby, and we found everything just about as you heard it from these boys." His eye shifted toward the witness bench. "All except one little thing about the tracks, and that was done after the murder, and might have been happen-so. And I was wanting to hurry up and get back to Garfield to-night. We're going to bury Adam at sundown."

"All right, Pete. But we'll cross-examine you—if not to-day, then to-morrow. It pays to work tailings, sometimes."

"That's queer, too. I was just coming to that—in a way. Mining. Adam went up there to prospect for gold—placer gold. When the big rain came, the night he was killed, all tracks were washed out, of course. We hadn't got far when dark came—and then the rain. But yesterday I went combing out the country to look for Adam's outfit of camp stuff, and also to see if perhaps he had found any claims before he was killed. And I found this."

He handed to the judge a small paper packet, folded and refolded, and wrapped round with a buckskin string. The judge opened it.

"Coarse gold!" he said. "Like the Apache gold in the seventies! Pete, you've got a rich mine if there's much of this."

"It is rich dirt," said Pete. "I got that from less than a dozen pans. But it is not my mine."

"How so?"

"I got home late last night. This morning I looked in all the pockets in the clothes Adam was wearing. Here is what I found in his vest." He handed to Hinkle a small tobacco sack, rolled to a tiny cylinder.

"The same kind of gold—big as rice!" said Hinkle. "So Adam Forbes found this?"

Caney's hand crept under his coat.

"Judge for yourself. I found three claims located. Three. But no name of Adam Forbes to any notice. One claim was called the 'Goblin Gold ——'"

Charlie See rose up as if he were lifted by the hair of his head.

"The other names, Pete! Not the locators. The claims—give me the names of the other two claims!"

"'Nine Bucks' was one—and the 'Please Hush.'"

Charlie turned and took one step, his tensed weight resting on the balls of his feet, his left arm lashed out to point. All eyes turned to the witness bench—and two witnesses looked at one.

"Caney!" thundered Charlie See.

Leaping, Caney's arm came from his coat. See's hand was swifter, unseen. In flashes of fire and smoke Caney, even as he leaped up, pitched forward on his face. His arm reached out on the floor, holding a smoking gun, and See's foot was on the gun.

A dozen men had pulled down Toad Hales and Jody Weir. Gwinne's gun was out.

"Stand back! The next man over the rails gets it!" Maginnis jumped beside him. The shouting crowd recoiled.

"Sit down! Sit down, everybody!" shouted the judge. He pounded on his desk. "Bojarquez! Ross! Foster! Come up here. I make you deputies. Get this crowd out or get order."

The deafening turmoil stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

"Gwinne, arrest those two men for the murder of Adam Forbes," ordered Hinkle.

"Well, gee-whiz, I'd say they was under arrest now. Here, gimme them." He reached down and handcuffed Weir and Hales together. "How's Caney, Dines? Dead?"

Johnny knelt by the fallen man. "Dead as a door nail. Three shots. Did he get you anywhere, See?"

"No. He was just one-sixteenth of a second too late." Charlie See looked hard at the cylinder of his gun. He had fired only two shots. "Pete, it's a wonder he didn't hit you. You was right in line."

"I wasn't there," said Pete dryly. "Not when the bullets got there. Not good enough."

Gwinne and Maginnis took the two prisoners to jail by the back door.

"Now for a clearing up," said Judge Hinkle. "You seem to have inside information, Mr. See. Suppose you tell us what you know about it?"

"No chance for a mistake, judge. I had a long talk with Adam the night before, about a lost gold mine at Mescalero. And three of the phrases that we used back and forth—it seems he picked them out to name his find. 'Goblin Gold,' I used the word 'gobbling' gold—joking, you know. And the story was about 'nine bucks'; and it wound up with an old Mescalero saying, 'Won't you please hush?' It wasn't possible that those three names had reached the papers Pete found, except through the dead man's mind. Adam called these three men to witness for him, likely. Then they killed him for his mine. They destroyed his location papers, but they kept the names. Easier than to make up new ones. That'll hang 'em."

"Sounds good. But how are you going to prove it? Suppose they get a good lawyer and stick to their story? They found a mine, and you got in a shooting match with Caney. That don't prove anything."

"Well, I'll bet I can prove it," said Johnny Dines. "Ten to one, that letter Forbes gave me to mail was his location papers. He seemed anxious about it."

"Did he say anything about location papers? Was the letter addressed to the recorder?" demanded Pete.

"Look now!" said Johnny. "If this theory of See's is correct, and if that really was location papers in the letter I mailed—why, that letter won't get here till two o'clock this afternoon, whether it is the location papers or what. And the postmaster and the recorder are both here in this court room, judge. Gwinne was pointing out everybody to me, before you called court. So they can mosey along down to the post office together—the postmaster and the recorder. And when that letter comes you'll know all about it."

"Ah, that reminds me," said the judge—"the case of the Territory of New Mexico vs. John Dines is now dismissed. This court is now adjourned. John Dines, I want to be the first to congratulate you."

"Thanks, Judge. Hiram," said Johnny, "Cole told me to report to you. He said I was to go to the John Cross pasture and pick me a mount from the runaways there."

"But, Johnny, you can't ride those horses," said Bojarquez.

Johnny flushed. "Don't you believe it, old hand. You're not the only one that can ride."

Bojarquez spread out his hands. "But bareback? Where ees your saddle? And the Twilight horse? The bridle, he ees broke. Scarb'ro's in Chihuahua by now."

"Dinner's on me," said Johnny.

Charlie See drew Johnny aside and spoke to him in confidence.

"How does it happen you know so pat just when a letter gets to Hillsboro when it is posted in Garfield?"

"A letter? Oh—Hobby Lull, he told me."

"Yes, yes. And what was the big idea for keeping still about that letter while they wove a rope to your neck?"

"Why, my dear man," said Johnny, "I can't read through a sealed envelope."

Charlie sniffed. "You saw a good many things mighty clear, I notice, but you overlooked the one big bet—like fun you did! Caney and Weir and Hales—don't you suppose they knew that letter was on the way? And that it was never to reach the recorder?"

"Since you are so very shrewd," said Johnny, "I sometimes wonder that you are not shrewder still."

"And keep my mouth shut? That's how I shall keep it. But I just wanted you to know. You may be deceiving me, but you're not fooling me any. Keep your secret."

"Thank you," said Johnny, "I will."

"Good boy. All the same, Hobby and I will be up at the post office. And I know now what we'll find in that letter you mailed. We'll find Adam's location papers, with them three murderers for witness."

And they did. They found something else too; a message from beyond the grave that in his hour of fortune their friend did not forget his friends.

They buried Adam Forbes at sundown of that day. No thing was lacking; his friends and neighbors gathered together to bid him Godspeed; there were love and tears for him. And of those friends, three were all road stained and weary; they had ridden hard from Hillsboro for that parting; Lull and Charlie See and old Pete. It was to one of these that all eyes were turned when the rude coffin was lowered into the grave.

"Pete?" said Jim-Ike-Jones.

And old Pete Harkey stepped forth and spoke slowly, while his faded old eyes looked past the open grave and rested on the hills beyond.

"More than at any other time we strive to center and steady our thoughts, when we stand by the loved and dead. It is an effort as vain as to look full and steadily at the blinding sun. I can tell you no thing here which you do not know.

"You all knew Adam Forbes. He was a simple and kindly man. He brought a good courage to living, he was all help and laughter, he joyed in the sting and relish of rushing life. Those of you here who were most unfriends to him will not soon forget that gay, reckless, tender-hearted creature.

"You know his faults. He was given to hasty wrath, to stubbornness and violence. His hand was heavy. If there are any here who have been wronged by this dead man—as I think most like—let the memory of it be buried in this grave. It was never his way to walk blameless. He did many things amiss; he took wrong turnings. But he was never too proud to turn back, to admit a mistake or to right his wrongdoing. He paid for what he broke.

"For the rest—he fed the hungry, helped the weak, he nursed the sick and dug graves for the dead. Now, in his turn, it is fitting and just that no bought hand dug this grave, but that his friends and his foes did him this last service, and called pleasant dreams to his long sleep.

"We have our dear dreams, too. It can do no harm to dream that somewhere down the skies that brightness and fire and light still flames—but not for us.

"It is written that upon Mars Hill the men of Athens built an altar 'to the Unknown God.' It was well builded; and with no misgiving we leave our friend to the care—and to the honor—of the Unknown God."

He stood back; and from the women who wept came one who did not weep, dry-eyed and pale; whose pitying hand dropped the first earth into the grave.

"Stardust to stardust," said Edith Harkey.

That night Pete Harkey stood by the big fireplace of the big lonesome house.

"Shall I light the fire, Edith?"

"Not to-night, father."

In the dimness he groped for a chair; he took her on his knee, her arms clung fast.

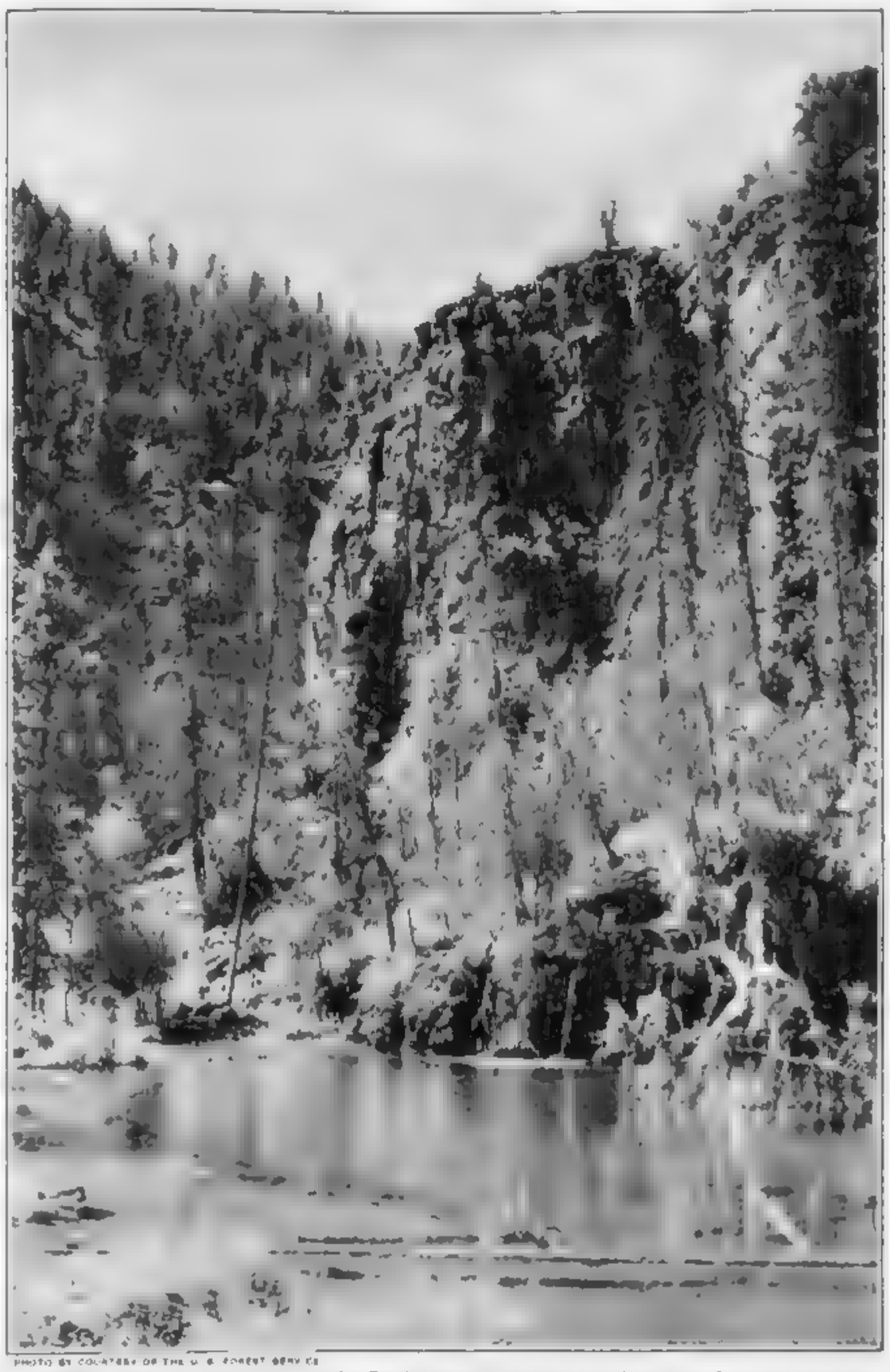
"Is it well with you, Edith?"

Then in the clinging dusk she dared the truth at last; to ears that did not hear. For his thought was with the dead man. She knew it well; yet once to tell her story—only once! Her voice rang steady, prouder than any pride: "I have loved Greatheart. It is well with me."

"Poor little girl," he said. "Poor little girl!" The proud head sought his breast, and now her tears fell fast.

And far away, Charlie See rode south through the wizard twilight. There was no singing now. For at the world's edge some must fare alone; through all their dreams one unforgotten face—laughing, and dear, and lost.

(THE END)



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Hanging Lake Looking West to the Rock Cliffs, White River National Forest, Colorado

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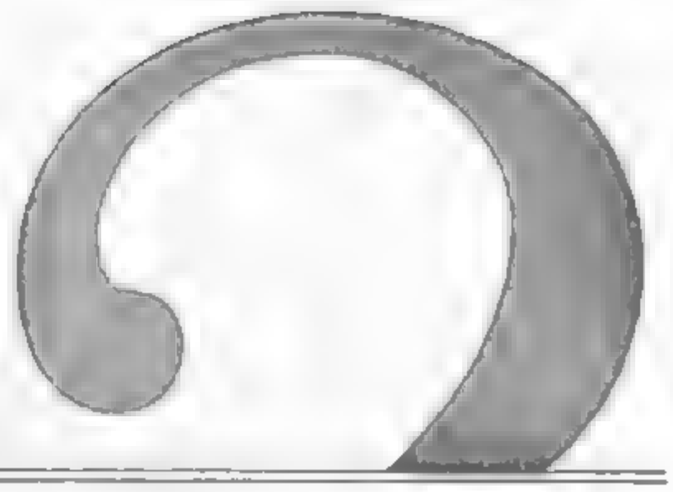

WITH one motion this new vise can be completely opened or closed without rotating the screw handle. A touch on the trigger disengages the screw so that the jaw slides freely in either direction, like opening or closing a drawer. Other vises require one full turn of the handle for each quarter-inch of jaw movement. With the Quick-Acting Vise the handle is used only to lock and release the work.

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Branches in all Principal Cities — Dealers Everywhere

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUSINESS AND DESIRES

(Continued from Page 17)

"Good! That's right, boy. Telephone at once for forty French polishers to come down in taxicabs. There's a telephone in that little room by the lavatory."

Mr. Binspit eventually found himself caught up in the whirl of his client's enthusiasms. He telephoned for nearly a hundred workmen to come down at once in taxicabs. He gave instructions that no one was to leave the premises of Bole & Binspit and that all salesmen and workmen on outside jobs were to report instantly. Then he took Frederick's shorthand notes and went away in his car, leaving Frederick to act as a kind of foreman of the whole undertaking.

When his chief had gone Frederick wandered through the rooms, planning the campaign. He left Mr. and Mrs Flaxton whispering together in the hall. He had not been left to his own devices for ten minutes before a car drove up to the door and there was a violent ringing of the bell. He walked through into the hall, feeling that it was perhaps his place to open the door, but Mr. Flaxton had forestalled him. He observed a young, fair and pretty girl in a great fluster of excitement.

The first words she uttered were: "Well, pop, nothing been heard of the count?"

"Not a sign."

"Who the "

Frederick was conscious of being scrutinized by startled eyes.

Mr. Flaxton glanced abruptly over his shoulder and ejaculated: "The upholsterer's man. They've promised to make good by three o'clock."

"Fine! But, say, did you ever ——"

As Frederick withdrew to the inner room he distinctly caught the phrase: "Most extraordinary resemblance."

It was not his business to take an excessive interest in his clients' affairs and conversations, and he was just measuring the width of the bay in the second drawing-room when he saw another car drive up and three Chinamen get out. One was gorgeously appareled, obviously a potentate of some sort accompanied by two secretaries. They rang the bell, and he heard Mr. Flaxton admit them.

"Sixteen feet three inches by five feet four and a half," murmured Frederick, making a note in his book. Then he looked up and found Mrs. Flaxton standing at his elbow. She appeared agitated. She beckoned him to accompany her into the farther room.

When they arrived there she whispered: "Hide your notebook, Mr.—er ——"

"Smith, madam."

"Mr. Smith, do not be alarmed about anything. You shall be well recompensed for any inconvenience. Something unexpected has happened. There is no time to enter into details, but for certain purposes, which are very urgent—very pressing—we may wish to pass you off as someone you are not. Quite temporarily, you understand."

"Yes, madam."

"Thank you very much. Hullo, what's this?"

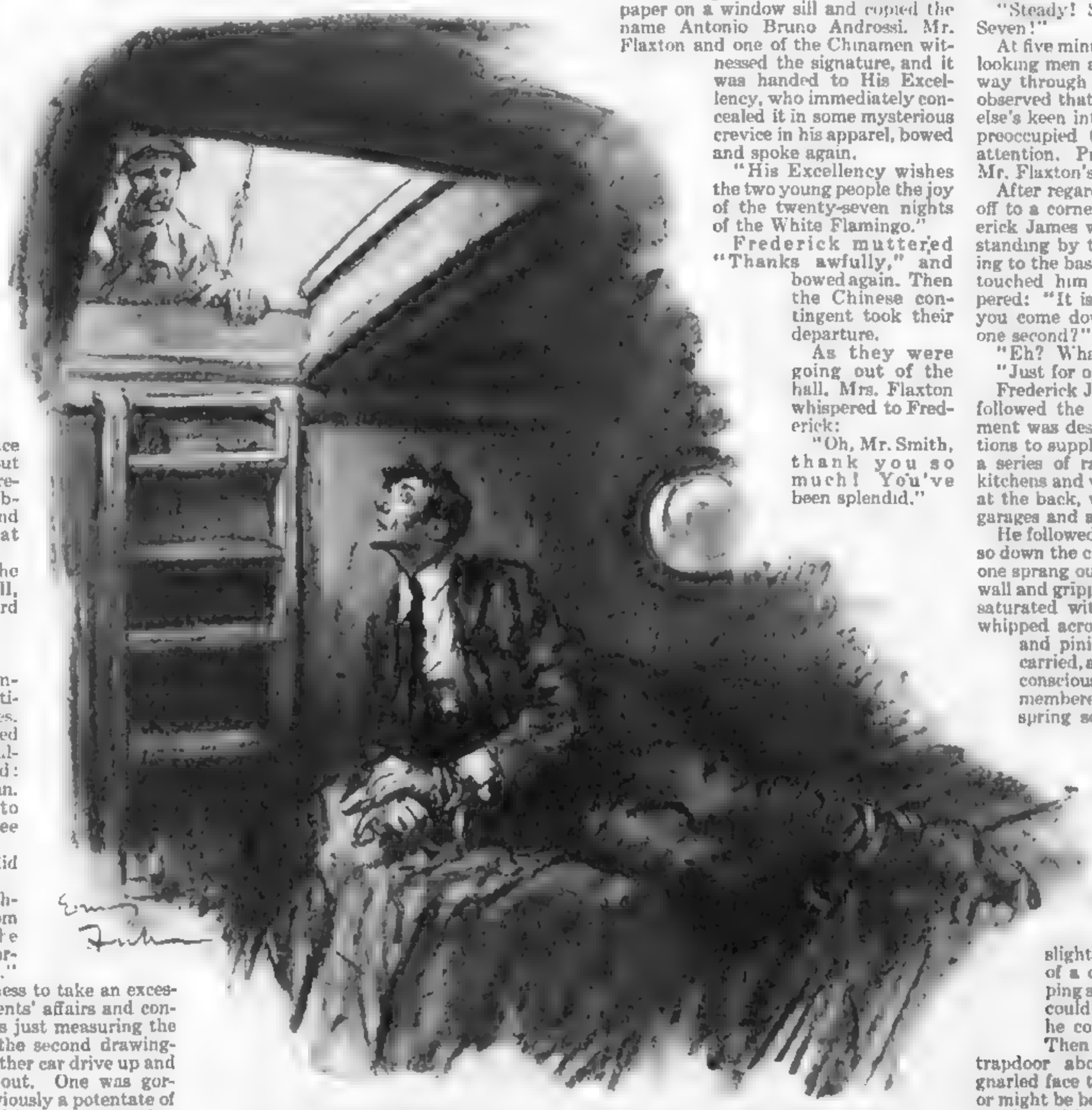
A line of taxis began to stream up the drive. It was the vanguard of the army of French polishers and workmen.

"My, we must keep this bunch out for a bit! Mr. Smith, please run and tell them to wait on the tennis court. Tell them we're not quite ready for them. But in the meantime wait till I have got His Excellency out of the way. I won't be two minutes."

"Yes, madam."

The bell began to ring, but Frederick waited discreetly for three or four minutes; then he went out and faced a small crowd of men with carpet bags, in the porch.

"I say, you fellows," he said, "the guv'nor's not quite ready yet. He says will you hang round over by that tennis court. Watkins, will you stay here and tell the others as they come up?"



Frederick James Eagerly Sucked in the Draft of Fresh Air. Then He Called Out: "I Say, What's the Game?"

As he closed the door he heard the men lighting their pipes and shuffling up. He turned. Mrs. Flaxton was awaiting him.

"Come," she said.

He followed her upstairs. His Excellency—whoever he was—was seated on a packing case, fanning himself, and all the rest were standing in respectful attitudes.

Mrs. Flaxton took his arm and led him up to the group. Then, bowing very low, she said: "Your Excellency, this is Antonio, the son of Count Androssi."

One of the secretaries interpreted the introduction. His Excellency bowed to Frederick. Frederick, who felt it his duty to live up to his instructions, bowed low in response.

There was a whispered confabulation in Chinese, then the interpreter said: "His Excellency would be glad to have an assurance from Signor Antonio Androssi that he formally waives his claim."

Mr. Flaxton turned and gripped Frederick's forearm, in the meantime giving him a comprehensive glance.

"Of course he does. On the contrary, Signor Antonio is now my daughter's fiancé. Isn't that so?"

"That's right," said Frederick.

"His Excellency would be glad to have the assurance in writing."

"Of course, of course!"

A sheet of foolscap was produced, and Mr. Flaxton wrote down the following:

"I, Antonio Bruno Androssi, of Vallombrosa, do hereby formally waive my claim to the hand of Rhoda Mallesta, and to all rights in the island kingdom of Paray."

"Here you are, my son," said Mr. Flaxton, handing Frederick the document and a fountain pen. Frederick balanced the paper on a window sill and copied the name Antonio Bruno Androssi. Mr. Flaxton and one of the Chinamen witnessed the signature, and it was handed to His Excellency, who immediately concealed it in some mysterious crevice in his apparel, bowed and spoke again.

"His Excellency wishes the two young people the joy of the twenty-seven nights of the White Flamingo."

Frederick muttered "Thanks awfully," and bowed again. Then the Chinese contingent took their departure.

As they were going out of the hall, Mrs. Flaxton whispered to Frederick:

"Oh, Mr. Smith, thank you so much! You've been splendid."

"That's all right, madam. Now what about these carpets?"

"Just two minutes."

By this time the park was beginning to assume the character of a military dump. Motor vans were drawn up in line. Taxis were standing two deep by the outside rails. Workmen were lying about in luxurious attitudes among the flower beds. When the car with the Chinamen had departed Frederick was instructed to call the men in and impress them with the urgency of the work. Half an hour later Mr. Binspit returned. The curtains of Lord Gastwych Saint James happened to fit admirably. The house resounded with the blows of hammers and the swish of brushes and the groan of heavy furniture being carried hither and thither. A dozen men were detailed for each room. At first there seemed to be no disposition to hurry at all. The British workman deeply resents any attempt at speeding up.

The popular commentary was: "What's this blinking job all about, anyway?"

Then Mr. Flaxton rushed round and announced that there would be a bonus of sixty pounds to be divided among the twelve men whose room was finished first. This considerably accelerated matters. By half past one the carpets were laid, the staining was done, the curtains were up and the furniture was being rushed in at dangerous speed.

Frederick James walked hither and thither, saying quietly: "Righto! Steady! Steady!"

The Flaxton family went in their car to get lunch at a hotel in Richmond, and Mr. Binspit did the same. Frederick James was too occupied to think about food.

"Steady! Steady! That's right! Room Seven!"

At five minutes to two four dark, foreign-looking men appeared. They pushed their way through the throng. Frederick again observed that he was an object of someone else's keen interest. He was, however, too preoccupied to pay the foreigners much attention. Probably they were friends of Mr. Flaxton's.

After regarding him furtively they went off to a corner to whisper together. Frederick James was extremely busy. He was standing by the top of the staircase leading to the basement when one of these men touched him on the shoulder and whispered: "It is very, very important. Will you come down to the basement just for one second?"

"Eh? What for?"

"Just for one second."

Frederick James looked annoyed, but he followed the man downstairs. The basement was deserted. They had no instructions to supply anything for it. There was a series of rambling stone corridors and kitchens and wash houses leading to a yard at the back, where there were stables and garages and a kitchen garden.

He followed the man for twenty yards or so down the corridor, when suddenly someone sprang out from behind a break in the wall and gripped him from behind. A cloth saturated with some pungent liquid was whipped across his face. He was gagged and pinioned. He felt himself being carried, and he knew that he was losing consciousness. The last thing he remembered was being on a comfortable spring seat and hearing the sudden whir of a self-starter in a car.

"They'll never get the job done without me," he thought, and then he swam away into some dark void.

The next thing he was acutely aware of was that the spring seat had become unaccountably hard. It was swaying slightly, too, not at all the motion of a car. There was a gentle lapping sound quite near his head. He could hear the rumble of voices, but he could not hear what was said.

Then a face appeared through a trapdoor above him, an old, battered, gnarled face that might be flesh and blood or might be beaten copper. The jaws were moving with the slow circular movement of the tobacco chewer. One eye surveyed him; the other seemed to be looking over the owner's shoulder.

The voice said: "Hullo, Dago. Parley Italiano, huh?"

Frederick James eagerly sucked in the draft of fresh air. Then he called out: "I say, what's the game?"

The face above turned sideways, and addressed some unseen person:

"The blighter's awake. He talks English."

Another face appeared, a younger one, with a black beard and a deep scar on the left jaw. It must have been a very small boat, and it was apparently not moving.

Frederick James repeated: "What's the game, you chaps?"

The swivel-eyed man replied: "The game's all right, my lad. We're waiting for the guv'nor's orders to get way on."

"Where are we going?"

The two faces continued chewing, and the black-bearded man expectorated over the edge of the boat. They were apparently not unfriendly, only somewhat callous and utterly bored with having to hang about. The swivel-eyed man regarded him thoughtfully, then withdrew. Then the head of the black-bearded man appeared.

(Concluded on Page 154)

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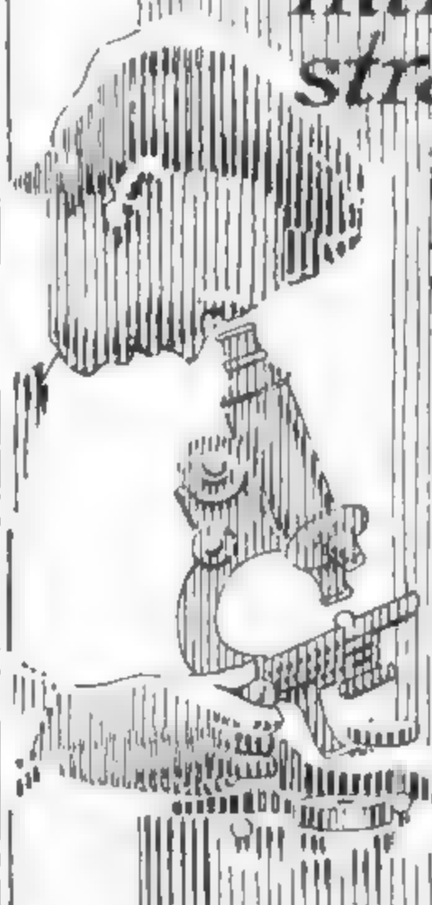

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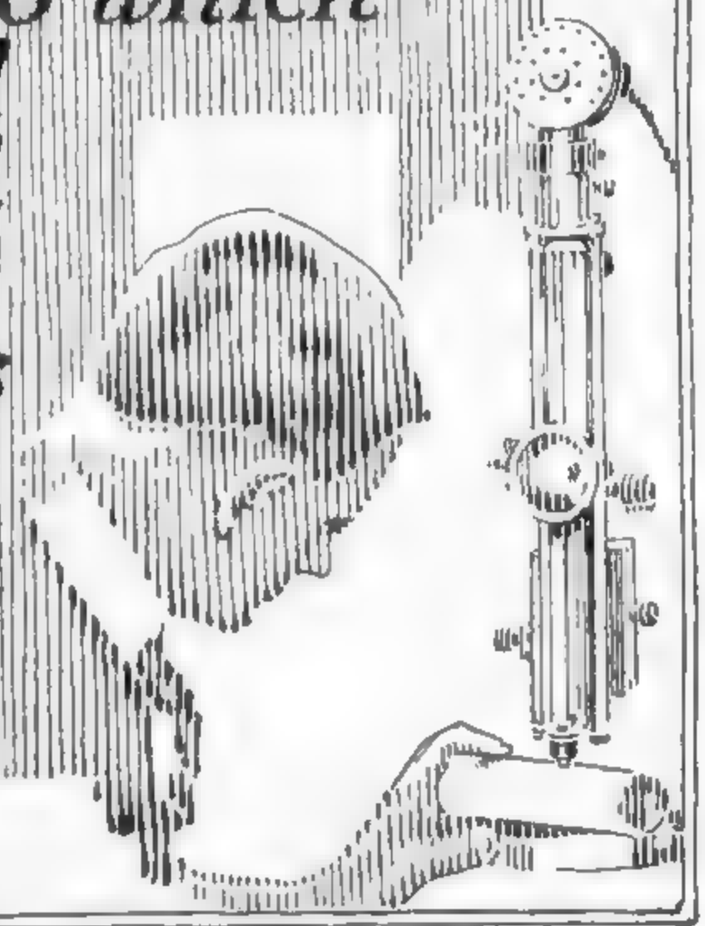

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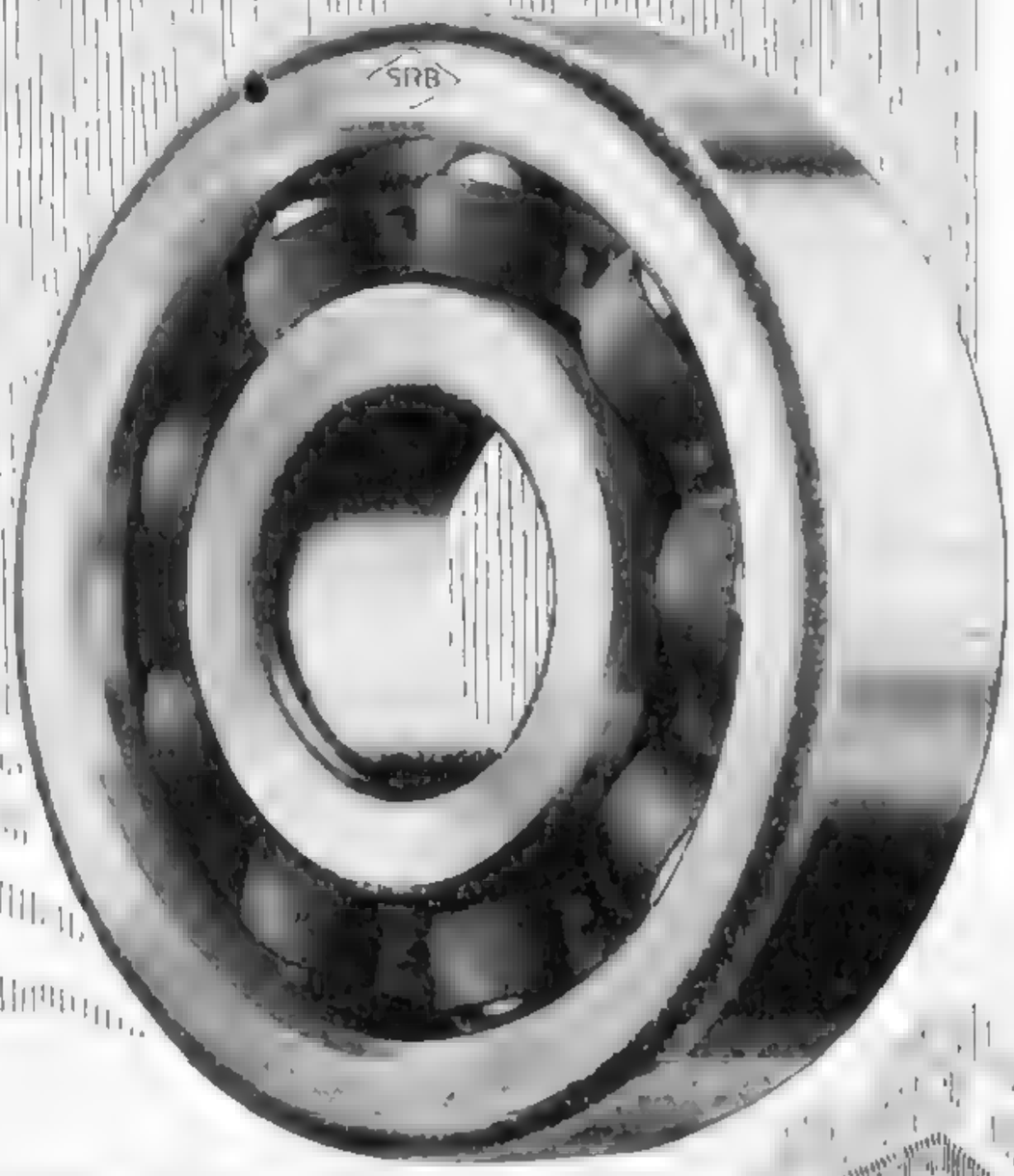
supervision at their own plants.
The high standards of quality maintained in the manufacture of

SRB
Single Row Double Row
ANNULAR BALL BEARINGS

and the scrupulous care exercised to insure unvarying uniformity explain the fact that S.R.B. Bearings are found in those automobiles, trucks and tractors whose names are instantly thought of as leaders in their respective fields. The same is rapidly becoming true as regards the leading makes of high speed industrial equipment, machines and motors.



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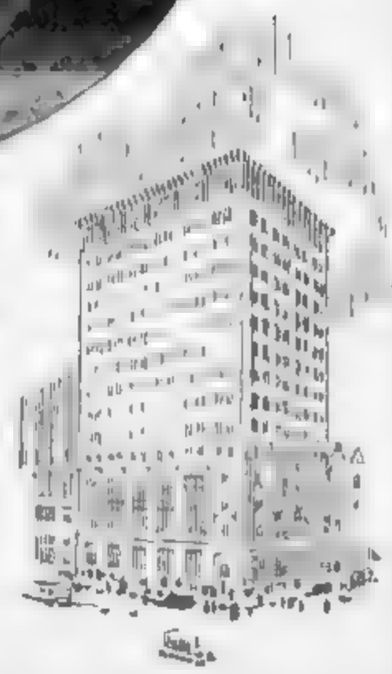


(Concluded from Page 151)

"Where are we going?" again asked Frederick.

The black-bearded man studied him for several minutes, but said nothing. He also withdrew, and Frederick heard them talking together above.

"It's a bit thick," thought the junior furniture salesman. "One has to do things to oblige a client, but—reely!"

His arms and legs were pinioned, and the plank was very hard. He had had nothing to eat or drink since breakfast, but what he felt most in need of was information. As quietly as he could, he sat up on his haunches, then rolled over and got to his knees. They had left the hatch open, and he strained his neck at an uncomfortable angle trying to get his ear to the open without showing his head.

At first he could not catch what was said; then he distinctly heard Swivel-Eye say: "When you've been with the guv'nor as long as I 'ave, mate, you won't ask too many questions."

There was a silence; then the black-bearded man remarked: "Well, I'll bet yer a thousand quid to quartern of unsweetened that this bloke isn't a Dago at all."

There was another pause, and then the other answered: "All I can say is, if 'e ain't there'll be the devil to pay when the guv'nor turns up."

"What d'you think's the game this time?"

"I know nothin'. All I know is, we pick up the Zephyr to-night after sundown, when she's cleared port, and we stow away these barrels of what they call potash and what other folks call dope, and we tumble the lot—including this guy—into the hold, and then clear. Them was the guv'nor's instructions."

"Where's it for?"

"Cape Horn. Pacific route to some blinkin' little port in the Malay Straits. They won't make it for two months—if then."

A terrible temptation came over Frederick James to thrust his head through the opening and exclaim: "Look here, that's a bit thick! I can't go out to the Malay Straits. I've got to meet the missus at six o'clock at an A. B. C."

But he restrained himself. The need for caution and information was very great. The black-bearded man was laughing.

"The guv'nor won't half be pleased if he finds out in two months' time that they've got the wrong guy. Lumme, what a game! What's the back of it all, Pete?"

"Bizness!"

"Bizness! 'Ow d'you mean—bizness?"

"Bizness is at the back of most things. Look 'ere! 'Ere's a guess. Mind you, I know nothin'; nothin' at all, see?"

"I ain't a blabber."

"Supposin' yer take two groups of what they call interests grabbin' on the same claim. This potash-dope line, d'yer see? The Androssis and the guv'nor on one side, and this 'ere American and the Barocchis on the other. It's known that the big bug on the whole scheme is this Chink—what's 'is name?—Ah Seng Tse. He 'ands round the concessions and that. See? But 'e wants to keep a grip on the place 'isself. This island where they make the 'eadquarters, you know—Paray, isn't it?

"The Androssis want to butt in, and the chance comes to work this blitherin' son of a goat off on the woman who's practically the queen of the island. See? But the young count is a bad boy. 'E's off somewhere chasing some fairy from a chorus. The American sees 'is chance and cuts in. Blows the gaff on 'em all. Cuts Androssi out, announces 'e's marryin' 'is daughter—anythin' just to quieten the Chink, throw sand in 'is eyes. Cuts in with a new claim for concessions. The Androssis are in Paris huntin' up the son and heir. But someone gets wind of it. Some of his gang cop the lad, smuggle 'im off, and there 'e is—bound for 'is blinkin' island kingdom and 'is bloomin' princess. Mind yer, I know nothin'; nothin' at all."

Frederick James thrust his head boldly through the opening and said: "I say, you chaps, I've had no dinner. Is there any chance of getting a cup of tea?"

"Well, I'm blowed!" remarked Swivel-Eye. Then he nodded and said: "Certainly, My Lord. 'Orace, put the kettle on the lamp and make 'Is Lordship a cup of tea."

To Frederick's surprise 'Orace did as he was bidden. The two seamen grinned, and Swivel-Eye muttered: "You're a rum 'un, you are. Better lie down and not show yer 'ead above deck. Yer never know when the guv'nor's going to blow across."

"But, look here, can't you chaps let me go? It don't matter to you, does it?"

"When you see the guv'nor you'll know why we can't let you go. What do you say yer name is?"

"Frederick James Smith. I'm an assistant salesman to Messrs. Bole & Binspit."

"Sounds familiar. Better keep yer yarn ready to tell the guv'nor."

"Where are we?"

"We're lying up—waiting the guv'nor's orders."

It seemed hopeless to try to get any more information out of his captors. He waited patiently. In a few minutes the man with the black beard handed him down a cup of tea. His wrists were tied, but his hands were sufficiently free to grip the cup.

When he had drunk it the black-bearded man actually handed him a cigarette and lighted it, at the same time adding: "Mind you put that out when the guv'nor comes. 'E don't like smoking in the stateroom. Yer might spoil plush carpets."

Frederick thanked him and smoked in silence. Barely ten minutes elapsed before there was a sound of oars rattling in rowlocks, and the lapping increased in violence.

One of the men called down to him. "'E's coming. Pull yerself together."

When the face of the guv'nor appeared above the hatch Frederick instantly realized the force of Swivel-Eye's remark as to not letting him go. It was an enormous, puffy face, with protruding eyes, a square jaw and deep, malevolent eyes.

A voice said: "Sit up, please!"

Frederick James did as he was told. The other glanced at him, and then his face changed color. The center of his face seemed to go white and the outside rim of it scarlet, and then the voice rang out. Frederick James had always contended that for foul language and profanity the furnishing trade was not to be beaten; but in the brief minute that followed he realized that his colleagues were merely amateurs at the game. He had never heard such a rich, fruitful and varied vocabulary. The anger was not expended on Frederick himself, or even on the two seamen, but on some unfortunate individual named Shale. The boat rocked with the violence of his anger and elocution. He drew back and growled at the others. Frederick reared himself up to listen. He heard Swivel-Eye say something, and then the thunder of the guv'nor's voice:

"I don't want him blabbing! Better cut his throat and throw him in the river!"

The wretched victim was left guessing as to the outcome of this command, as the three of them drew away to the stern of the boat and whispered.

"It's a bit thick," thought Frederick.

The discussion seemed to go on for an eternity. At length the face of the guv'nor appeared again, and an enormous hand came down and gripped him by the hair.

"Look here—you, you little boneheaded sewer rat! I'm sending you back. But not a word of this—ever, see? Not to—no one! It's no good your giving me your word of honor, because that wouldn't cut any ice at all. But if ever it comes out that you've blabbed a word I'll come for you from the ends of the earth. I'll put my foot in the small of your back and break you clean in half. Savvy?"

"All right, sir. Thank you very much."

The guv'nor withdrew, and the black-bearded man came down and released him. In less than five minutes he was in a dinghy being rowed in the direction of a group of deserted buildings. The black-bearded man rowed, and the guv'nor accompanied him. They landed and walked through two long, empty warehouses. At the end of the farther one was a yard, where they found a large car and a chauffeur. Frederick was told to get inside, and the guv'nor spoke to the chauffeur. To his relief he found that he was to go unaccompanied.

Just as they were starting the guv'nor put his head in the door and said: "You'll bear in mind what I said!"

And the expression on his face was a thing that Frederick James would be likely to bear in mind all his life.

The car glided off and turned westward. The pace increased as they reached the highroad. They passed through a busy, rather dirty town, which Frederick guessed to be Gravesend. They were in the outskirts of London in less than half an hour. It was exactly twenty-five minutes to six when they pulled up at the corner of Oxford Street. The chauffeur came round and opened the door.

"You get out here," he said.

Frederick did not require any encouragement. He hesitated whether he ought to offer the chauffeur a tip, but decided that if he did he could not give less than two shillings, and that disbursement might make him short for the evening's entertainment, so he nodded and said: "Good afternoon, sir. Thank you very much."

He walked round the corner and entered the premises of Messrs. Bole & Binspit. Everything seemed to be going on as usual. He walked through to Mr. Binspit's office and met that gentleman coming out. He was apparently in a genial mood.

He exclaimed: "Hullo, Smith! Are you better?"

"I'm all right, sir."

"Someone told me that you had fainted and had gone home in a cab."

Frederick equivocated.

"I'm better now, sir."

"A queer affair, that Richmond job. We got it done practically on time. Then the client didn't want it after all. It seems that someone who was expected didn't turn up, or came too soon or something. He settled up, though—every penny that we claimed."

"Oh!"

"Good night. You had better get on that Tilgate job to-morrow."

At five minutes past six Frederick found Gladys seated at their usual table in the A. B. C. in the Strand.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he said.

"It's all right. Been busy, dear?"

"Oh, yes. The usual thing—rush, rush, rush, all day. What you going to have? Poached eggs or sausage?"

"Sausage, I think."

"Righto! Pot of tea for two and two sausages, please, miss."

They ate their high tea in silence, finishing up with jam and buns.

"Milly called this afternoon," remarked Gladys. "She says Fanny Stone you know that red-haired girl you didn't like, used to giggle—she's got engaged to a feller in the city with pots of money."

"Reely?"

After a mature interval Frederick James indulged in further commentary:

"It's a rum thing—money and business. A chap was saying to-day business is at the back of all troubles, trying to get on and that. The things people do for money! You'd be surprised! Look at our line! I don't suppose anyone, 'cept p'raps a doctor, sees so much of the inner life of the rich as we do in the furnishing trade. The things we see! The way some of these rich folks go on! You'd never believe it! Of course, I never ask questions. A client's private business is none of mine. P'raps that's why I'm getting on a bit. But it's rush, rush, rush, all the time."

Frederick paid the bill and they walked out.

"Why, only to-day, you'd never believe what I've had to do."

"What have you been doing to-day?"

"Oh, it's just been one big rush! And I—I've waived a kingdom and refused the hand of a princess; got engaged to an American millionaire's daughter; been kidnaped; was nearly sent to China; was threatened with having my throat cut all in my spare time, like. You'd never believe it!"

"No, I certainly shouldn't!" Gladys screwed up her eyes. "You're a funny old thing! Why, look, Charlie Chaplin's on at that one!"

"Charlie Chaplin!" replied Frederick. "Oh, we get enough Charlie Chaplin in our business. I'd rather see something romantic. What about that one over there—Love—or a Kingdom? featuring Pauline Passionella?"

"All right, dear. Whichever you like."

As they walked toward the ticket office Frederick whispered: "Love—or a Kingdom? What do you think?"

She gave his arm a gentle pressure and they passed through.

Some still buy tires by guess

But thousands now watch mileage

Two Ways of Buying Tires

Do Our Costly Methods Pay?

The Miller Tire makers have been called extremists. Men for years have argued that our costly methods do not pay.

But mark the result. Miller Tires are everywhere discussed. Our doubled mileage has helped create a new criterion for tires. Thousands of large users who make comparisons have adopted Miller Tires. And in five years the general demand for Millers has multiplied 20-fold.

24-Year Standards

The Miller standards are 24 years old. For all that time we have specialized in fine rubber products. And we won supreme place long ago in some important lines.

Ten years ago we started to apply like standards to a tire. In five years we developed a great tire for that day, but in the next five we doubled our average mileage. And the cost of this betterment on one type alone was $1,136,000.00.

Thus the years have taught us a thousand lessons. And today's Miller Tire — twice better than five years ago — shows the concrete result.

FACTS

The C. J. C. Bus line, Santa Ana, Cal., reports four 36 x 6 tires run over 24,300 miles in daily service on a twelve passenger stage and still running.

Moss & Whitcomb, Martin, Tenn., say their business will be four times greater than two years ago after discarding twelve other brands of tires.

In Lebanon, Indiana, the number of users has doubled each year since 1916.

How Men Find Out

The best tire will win in the long run. Today, the country over, men are talking Miller Tires. Hundreds of thousands have already adopted them, and year by year these users bring us countless more.

Miller dealers are urging comparisons. They put Miller Tires opposite others. In Boston last year, on some hundreds of watched cars, the Miller excess mileage ran from 50 per cent to 75 per cent.

Thus men find out. Sooner or later you'll learn about Millers. Then you will try them, and the records probably will change your ideas about tires.

Tread Patented

Center tread smooth with suction cups, to firmly grasp wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the Road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

Miller Tires

CORDS — **Geared-to-the-Road** *Registered U. S. Patent Office* — **FABRICS**

Mileage Doubled at a Cost of $1,136,000.00

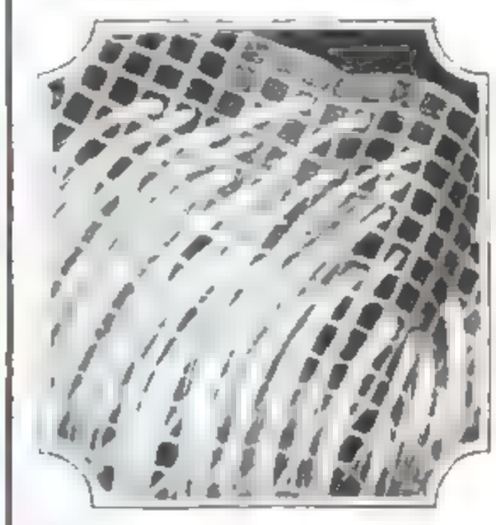
THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Also makers of Miller Inner Tubes, built layer on layer. The highest attainment in Inner Tubes, red or gray

The Millrace Principle

The above picture shows the interior of the Maytag aluminum cylinder and the remarkable action due to the Millrace Principle. It is this action in the water that produces such amazing results. This scientific principle is an exclusive Maytag feature.

The picture below shows the [illegible] of ordinary fabric magnified many times. It is like a screen. Dirt clogs the meshes. Heat is [illegible] in the water is necessary to flush the fabric clean.



Fresh and Pretty as New

IT is not the actual wearing of the dainty things that makes them quickly grow old and shabby. The rub-rub-rub on the rough old washboard takes the life out of them.

That is why so many women say that the Maytag Cabinet Electric —due to its wonderful *Millrace Principle*—actually *saves clothes.*

After months of wear and repeated washings in the Maytag, dainty blouses, waists, dresses, lingerie, linens, etc., are fresh and pretty as new.

Why? Because the wonderful *Millrace Principle* uses only the action of the sudsy water. In the clean, smooth aluminum cylinder of the Maytag there is nothing rough. The *Millrace Principle* gives *life* to the soap-laden water. This action is what cleanses so thoroughly and quickly, yet carefully.

Every home should own a Maytag Cabinet Electric. It is one of the greatest of modern work savers. Go to the local Maytag dealer. Witness a demonstration. Note the action of the scientific *Millrace Principle.* In the meantime, write for a copy of our famous "Household Manual." It is *free!* Write today.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, DEPT. 100, NEWTON, IOWA

Branches at Philadelphia, Pa., Indianapolis, Ind., Minneapolis, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Atlanta, Ga., Portland, Ore., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, and The Maytag Company of England, 323 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London.

Makers of Maytag Multi-Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand-Power Washers (24)

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 13)

Miss Wiggin, rinsing out with hot water Tutt's special blue-china cup, in the bottom of which had accumulated some reddish-brown dust from Mason & Welsby's Admiralty and Divorce Reports upon the adjacent shelf.

"He made the point," answered Tutt, helping himself to a piece of toast, "that crime was—if I may be permitted to use the figure—part of the onward urge of humanity toward a new and perhaps better social order; a natural impulse to rebel against existing abuses; and he made the claim that though an unsuccessful revolutionary was of course regarded as a criminal, on the other hand, if successful he at once became a patriot, a hero, a statesman or a saint."

"A very dangerous general doctrine, I should say," remarked Miss Wiggin. "I should think it all depended on what sort of laws he was rebelling against. I don't see how a murderer could ever be regarded as assisting in the onward urge toward sweetness and light, exactly."

"Wouldn't it depend somewhat on whom you were murdering?" inquired Mr. Tutt, finally succeeding in his attempt to make a damp stogy continue in a state of combustion. "If you murdered a tyrant wouldn't you be contributing toward progress?"

"No," retorted Miss Wiggin, "you wouldn't; and you know it. In certain cases where the laws are manifestly unjust, antiquated or perhaps do not really represent the moral sense of the community their violation may occasionally call attention to their absurdity, like the famous blue laws of Connecticut, for example; but as the laws as a whole do crystallize the general opinion of what is right and desirable in matters of conduct a movement toward progress would be exhibited not by breaking laws but by making laws."

"But," argued Mr. Tutt, abandoning his stogy, "isn't the making of a new law the same thing as changing an old law? And isn't changing a law essentially the same thing as breaking it?"

"It isn't," replied Miss Wiggin tartly. "For the obvious and simple reason that the legislators who change the laws have the right to do so, while the man who breaks them has not."

"All the same," admitted Tutt, slightly wavering, "I see what Mr. Tutt means."

"Oh, I see what he means!" sniffed Miss Wiggin. "I was only combating what he said!"

"But the making of laws does not demonstrate progress," perversely insisted Mr. Tutt. "The more statutes you pass the more it indicates that you need 'em. An ideal community would have no laws at all."

"There's a thought!" interjected Tutt "And there wouldn't be any lawyers either!"

"As King Hal said: 'The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers,'" commented Mr. Tutt.

"Awful vision!" ejaculated Miss Wiggin. "Luckily for us, that day has not yet dawned. However, Mr. Tutt's argument is blatantly fallacious. Of course the making of new laws indicates an impulse toward social betterment—and therefore toward progress."

"It seems to me," ventured Tutt, "that this conversation is more than usually theoretical—not to say specious! The fact of the matter is that the law is a part of our civilization and the state of the law marks the stage of our development—more or less."

Mr. Tutt smiled sardonically.

"You have enunciated two great truths," said he. "First, that it is a 'part'; and second, 'more or less.' The law is a very small part of our protection against what is harmful to us. It is only one of our sanctions of conduct, and a very crude one at that. Did you ever stop to think that compared with religion the efficacy of the law was almost *nil*? The law deals with conduct, but only at a certain point. We are apt to find fault with it because it makes what appear to us to be arbitrary and unreasonable distinctions. That in large measure is because law is only supplementary."

"How do you mean—supplementary?" queried Tutt.

"Why," answered his partner, "as James C. Carter pointed out, ninety-nine per cent of all law is unwritten. What keeps most people straight is not criminal statutes but their own sense of decency, conscience or whatever you may choose to call it. Doubtless—um!—you recall the famous saying of Diogenes Laertius: 'There is a written and an unwritten law. The one by which we regulate our constitutions in our cities is the written law; that which arises from custom is the unwritten law.' I see that, of course you do! As I was saying only the other day, infractions of good taste and of manners, civil wrongs, sins, crimes—are in essence one and the same, differing only in degree. Thus the man who goes out to dinner without a collar violates the laws of social usage; if he takes all his clothes off and walks the streets he commits a crime. In a measure it simply depends on how many clothes he has on what grade of offense he commits. From that point of view the man who is not a gentleman is in a sense a criminal. But the law can't make a man a gentleman."

"I should say not!" murmured Miss Wiggin.

"Well," continued Mr. Tutt, "we have various ways of dealing with these outlaws. The man who violates our ideas of good taste or good manners is sent to Coventry; the man who does you a wrong is mulcted in damages; the sinner is held under the town pump and ridden out of town on a rail, or the church takes a hand and threatens him with the hereafter; but if he crosses a certain line we arrest him and lock him up—either from public spirit or for our own private ends."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Tutt admiringly.

"Fundamentally there is only an arbitrary distinction between wrongs, sins and crimes. The meanest and most detestable of men, beside whom an honest burglar is a sympathetic human being, may yet never violate a criminal statute."

"That's so!" said Tutt. "Take Badger, for instance."

"How often we defend cases," ruminated his partner, "where the complainant is just as bad as the prisoner at the bar—if not worse."

"And of course," added Tutt, "you must admit there are a lot of criminals who are criminals from perfectly good motives. Take the man, for instance, who thrashes a bystander who insults his wife—the man's wife, I mean, naturally."

"Only in those cases where we elect to take the law into our own hands we ought to be willing to accept the consequences like gentlemen and sportsmen," commented the senior partner.

"This is all very interesting, no doubt," remarked Miss Wiggin, "but as a matter of general information I should like to know why the criminal law doesn't punish the sinners—as well as the criminals."

"I guess one reason," replied Tutt, "is that people don't wish to be kept from sinning."

"Thou hast spoken!" agreed Mr. Tutt. "And another reason is that the criminal law was not originally devised for the purpose of eradicating sin—which, after all, is the state into which it is said man was born—but was only intended to prevent certain kinds of physical violence and lawlessness—murder, highway robbery, assault, and so on. The church was supposed to take care of sin, and there was an elaborate system of ecclesiastical courts. In point of fact, though there is a great deal of misconception on the subject, the criminal law does not deal with sin as sin at all, or even with wrongs merely as wrongs. It has a precise and limited purpose—namely, to prevent certain kinds of acts and to compel the performance of other acts. The state relies on the good taste and sense of decency, duty and justice of the individual citizen to keep him in order most of the time. It doesn't, or anyhow it shouldn't, attempt to deal with trifling peccadillos; it generally couldn't. It merely says that if this man's conscience and idea of fair play aren't enough to make him behave himself, why, then, when he gets too obstreperous we'll lock him up. And different generations have had entirely different ideas about what was too obstreperous to be overlooked. In the early days the law only punished bloodshed and violence. Later on, its scope was increased, until thousands of acts and omissions are now made criminal by statute. But that explains why the fact that something is a sin doesn't necessarily mean that it is a crime. The law is artificial and not founded on any general attempt to prohibit what is unethical, but simply to prevent what is immediately dangerous to life, limb and property."

"Which, after all, is a good thing—for it leaves us free to do as we choose so long as we don't harm anybody else," said Miss Wiggin.

"Yet," her employer continued, "unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately from our professional point of view—our lawmakers from time to time get rather hysterical and pass such a multiplicity of statutes that nobody knows whether he is committing crime or not."

"In this enlightened state," interposed Tutt, "it's a crime to advertise as a divorce lawyer; to attach a corpse for payment of debt; to board a train while it is in motion; to plant oysters without permission; or without authority wear the badge of the Patrons of Husbandry."

"Really, one would have to be a student to avoid becoming a criminal," commented Miss Wiggin.

Mr. Tutt rose and, looking along one of the shelves, took down a volume which he opened at a point marked by a burned match thrust between the leaves.

"My old friend Joseph H. Choate," he remarked, "in his memorial of his partner, Charles H. Southmayde, who was generally regarded as one of the greatest lawyers of our own or any other generation, says, 'The ever-growing list of misdemeanors, created by statute, disturbed him, and he even employed counsel to watch for such statutes introduced into the legislature—mantraps, as he called them—lest he might, without knowing it, commit offenses which might involve the penalty of imprisonment.'"

"We certainly riot in the printed word," said Miss Wiggin. "Do you know that last year alone to interpret all those statutes and decide the respective rights of our citizens the Supreme Court of this state wrote five thousand eight hundred pages of opinion?"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Tutt. "Is that really so?"

"Of course it is!" she answered.

"But who reads the stuff?" demanded the junior partner. "I don't!"

"The real lawyers," replied Miss Wiggin innocently.

"The judges who write them probably read them," declared Mr. Tutt. "And the defeated litigants; the successful ones merely read the final paragraphs."

"But coming back to crime for a moment," said Miss Wiggin, pouring herself out a second cup of tea; "I had almost forgotten that the criminal law was originally intended only to keep down violence. That explains a lot of things. I confess to being one of those who unconsciously assumed that the law was a sort of official Mrs. Grundy."

"Not at all! Not at all!" corrected Mr. Tutt. "The law makes no pretense of being an arbiter of morals. Even where justice is concerned it expects the mere sentiment of the community to be capable of dealing with trifling offenses. The laws of etiquette and manners, devised for 'the purpose of keeping fools at a distance,' are reasonably adapted to enforcing the dictates of good taste and to dealing with minor offenses against our ideas of propriety."

"I wonder," hazarded Miss Wiggin thoughtfully, "if there isn't some sociological law about crimes, like the law of diminishing returns in physics?"

"The law of what?"

"Why, the law that the greater the force or effort applied to anything," she explained a little vaguely, "the greater the resistance becomes, until the effort doesn't accomplish anything; increased speed in a warship, for instance."

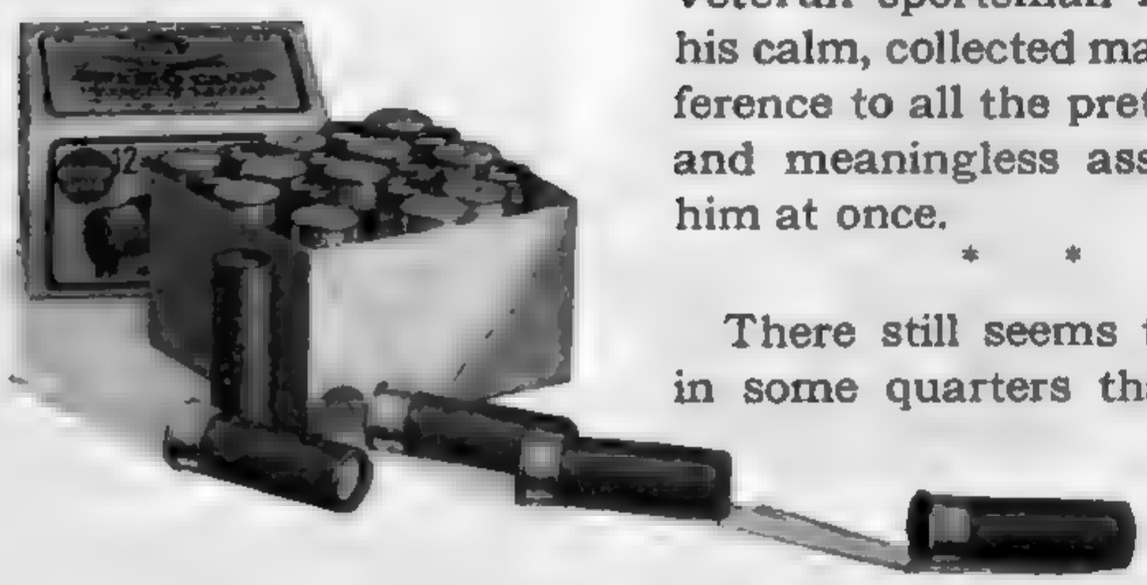
"What's that got to do with crime?"

(Continued on Page 161)

Mrs. Wells Ignored Her. Deliberately—and as if There Were No Such Person as Mrs. Pumpelly Upon the Sidewalk

Experienced hunters know that shells are likely to get wet. On a good duck morning. Or in the upland country, where streams must be forded or crossed on a slippery foot-log. These are the men who appreciate the full, practical meaning of Wetproof.

Watch where you buy your Shells this Fall



IT is interesting to notice the different kinds of people who step up to the shooting equipment counters at this time of year.

Nobody has any trouble spotting the *veteran* sportsman in the group—his calm, collected manner, his indifference to all the pretentious claims and meaningless assertions stamp him at once.

* * *

There still seems to be a notion in some quarters that the veteran sportsman is deeply impressed by the assertion that a Shell gives a uniformly perfect pattern—or that it goes through ordinary precautions and all possible tests and inspections before leaving the factory.

As though any knowing sportsman had not long ago eliminated from his consideration Shells on which he could not rely for standard requirements.

One reason no doubt why the *Remington* idea of giving him Shells that do *a little more* than is expected or immediately necessary, at no greater cost than ordinary Shells, is

The U. S. Navy had always used solid brass shells for signal lights until it found that Remington Wetproofing made paper shells equally waterproof and more practical.

receiving such strong and widespread appreciation and endorsement.

Take for example Remington Wetproofing—the greatest of all advancements ever made in Shell protection—and typical of the kind of improvements the great Remington organization has been instituting year after year for over 100 years.

All Remington Shells are Wetproof

You can drop Remington Shells in water—carry them around in soaking wet pockets or belt—with perfect confidence that they will work through your repeater and give a sharp clean instantaneous explosion and even pattern every time—fair weather *or foul.*

This is because the exclusively patented Remington Wetproof process does a typical, thorough-going, Remington job—enables a man to have a protection that is there when he needs it, and makes the assurance of his shooting doubly sure.

* * *

In the U. S. alone more than 90,000 forward-looking dealers are representing Remington—wherever you go throughout the world there is a Remington dealer to serve you. Watch where you buy your Shells this Fall. Go to the store where you see the Remington Red Ball sign.

REMINGTON UMC

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.

Successor to
THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Inc.
Woolworth Building, New York City
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
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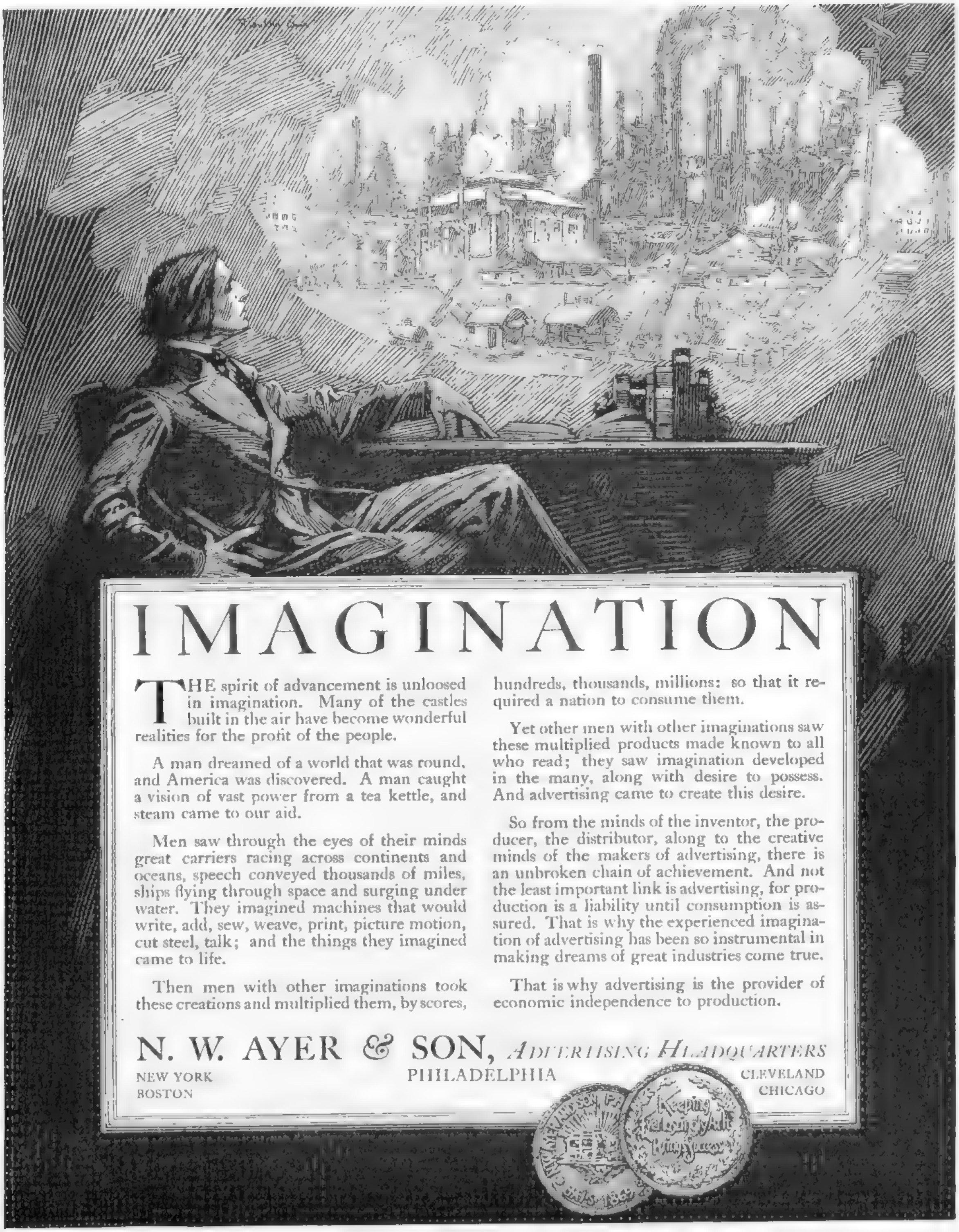

IMAGINATION

THE spirit of advancement is unloosed in imagination. Many of the castles built in the air have become wonderful realities for the profit of the people.

A man dreamed of a world that was round, and America was discovered. A man caught a vision of vast power from a tea kettle, and steam came to our aid.

Men saw through the eyes of their minds great carriers racing across continents and oceans, speech conveyed thousands of miles, ships flying through space and surging under water. They imagined machines that would write, add, sew, weave, print, picture motion, cut steel, talk; and the things they imagined came to life.

Then men with other imaginations took these creations and multiplied them, by scores, hundreds, thousands, millions: so that it required a nation to consume them.

Yet other men with other imaginations saw these multiplied products made known to all who read; they saw imagination developed in the many, along with desire to possess. And advertising came to create this desire.

So from the minds of the inventor, the producer, the distributor, along to the creative minds of the makers of advertising, there is an unbroken chain of achievement. And not the least important link is advertising, for production is a liability until consumption is assured. That is why the experienced imagination of advertising has been so instrumental in making dreams of great industries come true.

That is why advertising is the provider of economic independence to production.

N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK
BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA
CLEVELAND
CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 157)

"Why, the more statutes you pass and more new crimes you create the harder it becomes to enforce obedience to them, until finally you can't enforce them at all."

"That is rather a profound analogy," observed Mr. Tutt. "It might well repay study."

"Miss Wiggin has no corner on analogies," chirped Tutt. "Passing statutes creating new crimes is like printing paper money without anything back of it; in the one case there isn't really any more money than there was before and in the other there isn't really any more crime either."

"Only it makes more business for us."

"I've got another idea," continued Tutt airily, "and that is that crime is a good thing. Not because it means progress or any bunk like that, but because unless you had a certain amount of crime, and also criminal lawyers to attack the law, the state would never find out the weaknesses in its statutes. Therefore the more crime there is the more the protective power of the state is built up, just as the fever engendered by vaccine renders the human body immune from smallpox! Eh, what?"

"I never heard such nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Wiggin. "Do let me give you some more tea! Eh, what?"

But at that moment Willie announced that Mr. Rutherford Wells was calling to see Mr. Tutt and tea was hastily adjourned. Half an hour later the old lawyer rang for Bonnie Doon.

"Bonnie," he said, "one of our clients has been complained against by her next-door neighbor, a got-rich-quick lady, for obstructing the street with her motor. It's obviously a case of social envy, hatred and malice. Just take a run up there in the morning, give Mrs. Pierpont Pumpelly and her premises the once-over and let me know of any violations you happen to observe. I don't care how technical they are either."

"All right, Mr. Tutt," answered Bonnie. "I get you. Isn't there a new ordinance governing the filling of garbage cans?"

"I think there is," nodded Mr. Tutt. "And meantime I think I'll drop over and see Judge O'Hare."

"I'll settle her hash for her, the hussy!" declared Mrs. Pumpelly to her husband at dinner the following evening. "I'll teach her to insult decent people and violate the law. Just because her husband belongs to a swell club she thinks she can do as she likes! But I'll show her! Wait till I get her in court to-morrow!"

"Well, of course, Edna, I'll stand back of you and all that," Pierpont assured her. "No, thank you, Simmons, I don't wish any more 'voly vong.' But I'd hate to see you get all messed up in a police court!"

"Me—messed up!" she exclaimed haughtily. "I guess I can take care of myself most anywheres—good and plenty!"

"Of course you can, dearie!" he protested in a soothing tone. "But these shyster lawyers who hang round those places—you 'member Jim O'Leary out home to Athens? Well, they don't know a lady when they see one, and they wouldn't care if they did; and they'll try and pry into your past life ——"

"I haven't got any past life, and you know it too, Pierpont Pumpelly!" she retorted hotly. "I'm a respectable, law-abidin' woman, I am. I never broke a law in all my days ——"

"Excuse me, madam," interposed Simmons, with whom the second footman had just held a whispered conference behind the screen, "but James informs me that there is a police hofficer awaiting to see you in the front 'all."

"To see me?" ejaculated Mrs. Pumpelly.

"Yes, madam."

"I suppose it's about to-morrow. Tell him to call round about nine o'clock in the morning."

"'E says 'e must see you to-night, ma'am," annotated James excitedly. "And 'e acted most hobnoxious to me!"

"Oh, he acted obnoxious, did he?" remarked Mrs. Pumpelly airily. "What was he obnoxious about?"

"'E 'as a paper 'e says 'e wants to serve on you personal," answered James in agitation. "'E says if you will hallow 'm to step into the dining room 'e won't take a minute."

"Perhaps we'd better let him come in," mildly suggested Pierpont. "It's always best to keep on good terms with the police."

"But I haven't broken any law," repeated Mrs. Pumpelly blankly.

"Maybe you have without knowin' it," commented her husband.

"Why, Pierpont Pumpelly, you know I never did such a thing!" she retorted.

"Well, let's have him in anyway," he urged. "I can't digest my food with him sitting out there in the hall."

Mrs. Pumpelly took control of the situation.

"Have the man in, Simmons!" she directed grandly.

And thereupon entered Officer Patrick Roony. Politely Officer Roony removed his cap, politely he unbuttoned several yards of blue overcoat and fumbled in the caverns beneath. Eventually he brought forth a square sheet of paper—it had a certain familiarity of aspect for Mrs. Pumpelly—and handed it to her.

"Sorry to disturb you, ma'am," he apologized, "but I was instructed to make sure and serve you personal."

"That's all right! That's all right!" said Pierpont with an effort at bonhomie. "The—er—butler will give you a highball if you say so."

"Oh, boy, lead me to it!" murmured Roony in the most approved manner of East Fourteenth Street. "Which way?"

"Come with me!" intoned Simmons with the exalted gesture of an archbishop conducting an ecclesiastical ceremonial.

"What does it say?" asked her husband hurriedly as the butler led the cop to it.

"Sh-h!" warned Mrs. Pumpelly. "James, kindly retire!"

James retired, and the lady examined the paper by the tempered light of the shaded candles surrounding what was left of the "voly vong."

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" she cried. "Just listen here, Pierpont!"

"City Magistrate's Court, City of New York

"In the name of the people of the State of New York

"To 'Maggie' Pumpelly, the name 'Maggie' being fictitious:

"You are hereby summoned to appear before the —— District Magistrate's Court, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, on the tenth day of May, 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to answer to the charge made against you by William Mulcahy for violation of Section One, Article Two, of the Police Traffic Regulations in that on May 7, 1920, you permitted a vehicle owned or controlled by you to stop with its left side to the curb on a street other than a one-way traffic street; and also for violation of Section Seventeen, Article Two of Chapter Twenty-four of the Code of Ordinances of the City of New York in that on the date aforesaid, being the owner of a vehicle subject to Subdivision One of said section and riding therein, you caused or permitted the same to proceed at a rate of speed greater than four miles an hour in turning corner of intersecting highways, to wit, Park Avenue and Seventy-third Street; and upon your failure to appear at the time and place herein mentioned you are liable to a fine of not exceeding fifty dollars or to imprisonment of not exceeding ten days or both.

"Dated 7th day of May, 1920.

"Patrick Roony, Police Officer,
"Police Precinct ——
"New York City.

"Attest: John J. Jones,
"Chief City Magistrate."

"Well, I never!" she exploded. "What rubbish! Four miles an hour! And 'Maggie'—as if everybody didn't know my name was Edna!"

"The whole thing looks a bit phony to me!" muttered Pierpont, worried over the possibility of having wasted a slug of the real thing on an unreal police officer. "Perhaps that feller wasn't a cop at all!"

"And who's William Mul-kay-hay?" she continued. "I don't know any such person! You better call up Mr. Edgerton right away and see what the law is."

"I hope he knows!" countered Mr. Pumpelly. "Four miles an hour—that's a joke! A baby carriage goes faster than four miles an hour. You wouldn't arrest a baby!"

"Well, call him up!" directed Mrs. Pumpelly. "Tell him he should come right round over here."

The summons from his client interrupted Mr. Edgerton in the middle of an expensive dinner at his club and he left it in no good humor. He didn't like being ordered round like a servant the way Mrs. Pumpelly was ordering him. It wasn't dignified. Moreover, a lawyer out of his office was like a snail out of its shell—at a distinct disadvantage. You couldn't just make an excuse to step into the next office for a moment and ask somebody what the law was. The Edgertons always kept somebody in an adjoining office who knew the law—many lawyers do.

On the Pumpelly stoop the attorney found standing an evil-looking and very shabby person holding a paper in his hand, but he ignored him until the grilled iron *cinquecento* door swung open, revealing James, the retiring second man.

Then, before he could enter, the shabby person pushed past him and asked in a loud, vulgar tone: "Does Edna Pumpelly live here?"

James stiffened in the approved style of erect vertebrata.

"This is Madam Pierpont Pumpelly's residence," he replied with hauteur.

"Madam or no madam, just slip this to her," said the shabby one. "Happy days!"

Mr. Wilfred Edgerton beneath the mediæval tapestry of the Pumpelly marble hall glanced at the dirty sheet in James' hand and, though unfamiliar with the form of the document, perceived it to be a summons issued on the application of one Henry J. Goldsmith and returnable next day, for violating Section Two Hundred and Fifteen of Article Twelve of Chapter Twenty of the Municipal Ordinances for keeping and maintaining a certain bird, to wit, a cockatoo, which by its noise did disturb the quiet and repose of a certain person in the vicinity to the detriment of the health of such person, to wit, Henry J. Goldsmith, aforesaid, and upon her failure to appear, and so on.

Wilfred had some sort of vague idea of a law about keeping birds, but he couldn't exactly recall what it was. There was something incongruous about Mrs. Pierpont Pumpelly keeping a cockatoo. What did anybody want of a cockatoo? He concluded that it must be an ancestral hereditament from Athens, Ohio. Nervously he ascended the stairs to what Edna called the saloon.

"So you've come at last!" cried she. "Well, what have you got to say to this? Is it against the law to go round a corner at more than four miles an hour?"

Now, whereas Mr. Wilfred Edgerton could have told Mrs. Pumpelly the "rule in Shelly's case" or explained the doctrine of *cy pres*, he had never read the building code or the health ordinances or the traffic regulations, and in the present instance the latter were to the point while the former were not. Thus he was confronted with the disagreeable alternative of admitting his ignorance or bluffing it through. He chose the latter, unwisely.

"Of course not! Utter nonsense!" replied he blithely. "The lawful rate of speed is at least fifteen miles an hour."

"Excuse me, madam," said James, appearing once more in the doorway. "A man has just left this—er—paper at the area doorway."

Mrs. Pumpelly snatched it out of his hand.

"Well, of all things!" she gasped.

"To 'Bridget' Pumpelly," it began, "said first name 'Bridget' being fictitious:

"You are hereby summoned to appear . . . for violating Section Two Hundred and Forty-eight of Article Twelve of Chapter Twenty of the Health Ordinances in that you did upon the seventh day of May, 1920, fail to keep a certain tin receptacle used for swill or garbage, in shape and form a barrel, within the building occupied and owned by you until proper time for its removal and failed to securely bundle, tie up and pack the newspapers and other light refuse and rubbish contained therein, and, further, that you caused and permitted certain tin receptacles, in the shape and form of barrels, containing such swill or garbage, to be filled to a greater height with such swill or garbage than a line within such receptacle four inches from the top thereof."

"Now what do you know about that?" remarked the vice president of Cuban Crucible to the senior partner of Edgerton & Edgerton.

"I don't know anything about it!" answered the elegant Wilfred miserably. "I don't know the law of garbage, and there's no use pretending that I do. You'd better get a garbage lawyer."

"I thought all lawyers were supposed to know the law!" sniffed Mrs. Pumpelly. "What's that you got in your hand?"

"It's another summons, for keeping a bird," answered the attorney.

"A bird? You don't suppose it's Moses?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"The name of the bird isn't mentioned," said Wilfred. "But very likely it is Moses if Moses belongs to you."

"But I've had Moses ever since I was a little girl!" she protested. "And no one ever complained of him before."

"Beg pardon, madam," interposed Simmons, parting the Flemish arras, upon which was depicted the sinking of the Spanish Armada. "Officer Roony is back again with two more papers. 'E says it isn't necessary for him to see you again, as once is enough, but 'e was wondering whether being as it was rather chilly ——"

"Lead him to it!" hastily directed Pierpont, who was beginning to get a certain amount of enjoyment out of the situation. "But tell him he needn't call again."

"Give 'em here!" snapped Mrs. Pumpelly, grasping the documents. "This is a little too much! 'Lulu' this time. Fictitious as usual. Who's Julius Aberthaw? He says I caused a certain rug to be shaken in such place and manner that certain particles of dust passed therefrom into the public street or highway, to wit, East Seventy-third Street, contrary to Section Two Hundred and Fifty-three of Article Twelve of Chapter Twenty of the Municipal Ordinances. Huh!"

"What's the other one?" inquired her husband with a show of sympathy.

"For violating Section Fifteen of Article Two of Chapter Twenty, in that on May 7, 1920, I permitted a certain unmuzzled dog, to wit, a Pekingese brown spaniel dog, to be on a public highway, to wit, East Seventy-third Street in the City of New York. But that was Randolph!"

"Was Randolph muzzled?" inquired Mr. Edgerton maliciously.

"Of course not! He only weighs two pounds and a quarter!" protested Mrs. Pumpelly.

"He can bite all right, just the same!" interpolated Pierpont.

"But what shall I do?" wailed Mrs. Pumpelly, now thoroughly upset.

"Guess you'll have to take your medicine, same's other violators of the law," commented her husband.

"I never heard of such ridiculous laws!"

"Ignorance of the law excuses no one!" murmured Wilfred.

"It don't excuse a lawyer!" she snorted. "I have an idea you don't know much more about the law—this kind of law anyway—than I do. I bet it is against the law to go round a corner at more than four miles! Do you want to bet me?"

"No, I don't!" snapped Edgerton. "What you want is a police-court lawyer—if you're goin' in for this sort of thing."

"My Lord! What's this now, Simmons?" she raved as the butler deprecatingly made his appearance again with another paper.

"I think, madam," he answered soothingly, "that it's a summons for allowing the house man to use the hose on the sidewalk after eight A. M. Roony just brought it."

"H'm!" remarked Mr. Pumpelly. "Don't lead him to it again!"

"But I wouldn't have disturbed you if it hadn't been for a young gentleman who 'as called with another one regardin' the window boxes."

"What about window boxes?" moaned Mrs. Pumpelly.

"'E says," explained Simmons, "'e 'as a summons for you regardin' the window boxes, but that if you'd care to speak to him perhaps the matter might be adjusted ——"

"Let's see the summons!" exclaimed Wilfred, coming to life.

"'To Edna Pumpelly,'" he read.

"They're gettin' more polite," she commented ironically.

"'For violating Section Two Hundred and Fifty of Article Eighteen of Chapter Twenty-three in that you did place, keep and maintain upon a certain window sill of the premises now being occupied by you in the City of New York a window box for the cultivation or retention of flowers, shrubs, vines or other articles or things without the same being firmly protected by iron railings ——'"

"Heavens," ejaculated Mr. Pumpelly, "there'll be somebody here in a minute complaining that I don't use the right length of shaving stick."

"I understand," remarked Mr. Edgerton, "that in a certain Western state they regulate the length of bed sheets!"

(Concluded on Page 164)

Still Better

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THREAD-RUBBER INSULATION

Willard

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*Buick

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Noble
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Ogren
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(Concluded from Page 161)

"What's that for?" asked Edna with sudden interest.

"About seeing this feller?" hurriedly continued Mr. Pumpelly. "Seems to me they've rather got you, Edna!"

"But what's the use seein' him?" she asked. "I'm summoned, ain't I?"

"Why not see the man?" advised Mr. Edgerton, gladly seizing this possibility of a diversion. "It cannot do any harm."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Bonright Doon," answered Simmons encouragingly. "And he is a very pleasant-spoken young man."

"Very well," yielded Mrs. Pumpelly.

Two minutes later, "Mr. Doon!" announced Simmons.

Though the friends of Tutt & Tutt have made the acquaintance of Bonnie Doon only casually, they yet have seen enough of him to realize that he is an up-and-coming sort of young person with an elastic conscience and an ingratiating smile. Indeed the Pumpellys were rather taken with his breezy "Well, here we all are again!" manner as well as impressed by the fact that he was arrayed in immaculate evening costume.

"I represent Mr. Ephraim Tutt," said he pleasantly, "who has been retained by your neighbor, Mrs. Rutherford Wells, in connection with the summons which you caused to be issued against her yesterday. Mrs. Wells, you see, was a little annoyed by being referred to in the papers as Jane when her proper name is Beatrix. Besides, she felt that the offense charged against her was—so to speak—rather trifling. However—be that as it may—she and her friends in the block are not inclined to be severe with you if you are disposed to let the matter drop."

"Inclined to be severe with me!" ejaculated Mrs. Pumpelly, bristling.

"Edna!" cautioned her husband. "Mr. Doon is not responsible."

"Exactly. I find after a somewhat casual investigation that you have been consistently violating a large number of city ordinances—keeping parrots, beating rugs, allowing unmuzzled dogs at large, overfilling your garbage cans, disregarding the speed laws and traffic regulations, using improperly secured window boxes——"

"Anything else?" inquired Pierpont jocularly. "Don't mind us."

Bonnie carelessly removed from the pocket of his dress coat a sheaf of papers.

"One for neglecting to have your chauffeur display his metal badge on the outside of his coat—Section Ninety-four of Article Eight of Chapter Fourteen.

"One for allowing your drop awnings to extend more than six feet from the house line—Section Forty-two of Article Five of Chapter Twenty-two.

"One for failing to keep your curbstone at a proper level—Section One Hundred and Sixty-four of Article Fourteen of Chapter Twenty-three.

"One for maintaining an ornamental projection on your house—a statue, I believe, of the Goddess of Venus—to project more than five feet beyond the building line—Section One Hundred and Eighty-one of Article Fifteen of Chapter Twenty-three.

"One for having your area gate open outwardly instead of inwardly—Section One Hundred and Sixty-four of Article Fourteen of Chapter Twenty-three.

"And one for failing to affix to the fanlight or door the street number of your house—Section One Hundred and Ten of Article Ten of Chapter Twenty-three.

"I dare say there are others."

"I'd trust you to find 'em!" agreed Mr. Pumpelly. "Now what's your proposition? What does it cost?"

"It doesn't cost anything at all! Drop your proceedings and we'll drop ours," answered Bonnie genially.

"What do you say, Edgerton?" said Pumpelly, turning to the disgruntled Wilfred and for the first time in years assuming charge of his own domestic affairs.

"I should say that it was an excellent compromise!" answered the lawyer soulfully. "There's something in the Bible, isn't there, about pulling the mote out of your own eye before attempting to remove the beam from anybody's else?"

"I believe there is," assented Bonnie politely. "'You're another' certainly isn't a statutory legal plea, but as a practical defense ——"

"Tit for tat!" said Mr. Edgerton playfully. "Ha, ha! Ha!"

"Ha, ha! Ha!" mocked Mrs. Pumpelly, her nose high in air. "A lot of good you did me!"

"By the way, young man," asked Mr. Pumpelly, "whom do you say you represent?"

"Tutt & Tutt," cooed Bonnie, instantly flashing one of the firm's cards.

"Thanks," said Pumpelly, putting it carefully into his pocket. "I may need you sometime—perhaps even sooner. Now, if by any chance you'd care for a highball ——"

"Lead me right to it!" sighed Bonnie ecstatically.

"Me too!" echoed Wilfred, to the great astonishment of those assembled.

The Traveling Man

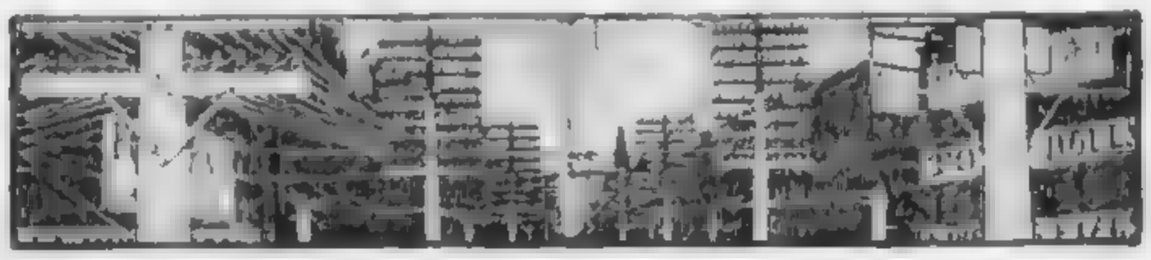
WHEN I was a small boy the traveling man seemed a personage no less important than a visiting prince. When he came to our town with his trunks and cases the loafers about the depot followed him to the general store to share in his distribution of cigars and listen to his large talk of distant places. I cannot remember whether his city clothes or suave superiority inspired the greater awe. He had a great fund of new stories and joined heartily in the laughter they provoked. Arguments that had been left hanging in the air against the day of his arrival were settled for all time by his decision, and his opinions concerning political matters were accepted as the words of an oracle. When he had finished his business in town a guard of honor accompanied him to the train and he always waited for the last coach and swung on as a young brakeman does.

Salesmanship is no longer the happy-go-lucky matter it was. The modern salesman is an expert, a student, a psychologist. His mission is to sell goods, but he accomplishes his purpose by rendering service. He is a counselor and friend. A postcard will bring him from a distant city, and once arrived he will study a shop or store, take it apart to find the rusty cogs, readjust it to fit a modern plan, and be gone with an order for the machines or devices or goods his house has for sale. He is the handmaiden of efficiency, an apostle of pep, bringing light into dark places and spreading the gospel of progress.

Now the salesman keeps fit. He needs a level head. He is a responsible citizen, and his place on the pay roll depends upon sound judgment and an unblemished character. He is, in many instances, the ambassador of a great institution, dignified by the reputation of a firm that counts honor its chief asset.

Traveling men are good citizens. Few men in other occupations are so well qualified for the business of self-government. The traveling man knows his country. He understands its needs, its virtues, its faults. He meets many men with many ideas, reads much, debates much, and from the random grist that comes to his mill makes for himself a standard of citizenship and a conception of good government that are without bias or prejudice or the narrowness that is the penalty of restricted horizons.

A government by traveling men would be a sensible government, without waste, delay, subterfuge or petty bickerings. America loses much because so many of her best citizens are so frequently disfranchised by their occupation.



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THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY has added to its list of nationally known lumber products the famous California White Pine Doors, long and favorably known to the trade as "Weed Doors," produced in the plant of the Weed Lumber Company at Weed, California, in the shadow of Mt. Shasta. The Weed Lumber Company is a subsidiary organization of The Long-Bell Lumber Company, whose lumber products from thirteen saw mills bear this trade-marked brand:

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There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is as distinctive to America as are friezes to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland and tweeds to England. It is made from the thick, long-fibre north country wool from "sheep that thrive in the snow

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Write for our handsome 1920-21 catalog showing styles for men, women and boys, also Patrick Duluth fabrics in natural colors.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS
Sole Manufacturers of both Cloth and Garments
Duluth Minnesota

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

(Continued from Page 21)

"Very smart!" her parent admitted, inspecting the trim suit with a fairly—for a mere man—intelligent eye. "How much?"

"Oh, dad, it's simply awful!" cried Violet, coming to an abrupt pause in her pirouetting. "Just guess!"

"I can't!" admitted George with foreboding. When Violet called him dad it was generally a storm signal.

"Ninety-seven-fifty," mourned Violet with almost as much rue as if she was contributing real money to the sum. "And that's not the worst!"

"My dear!" her father expostulated. "Really I think you might have found something a little less extravagant, even in these days! I'm sure your mother wouldn't have even dreamed of spending so much for a single dress at your age!"

"I'd have died of shock if anyone had suggested it!" pronounced Anita. "But this isn't my age—I mean things are different now. You want Violet to be as well dressed as the other girls, don't you? Well, then! Of course I don't believe in the modern method in one way, but daughters nowadays won't allow their mothers to choose their clothes."

"You pick out such useful things, dear!" protested Violet. "And yet you know how difficult it is for a girl to stand out from the crowd—she's got to be awfully well dressed!"

"Really, George, it's not such a bad price!" said Mrs. George. "I'll admit it's too much, but what is one to do?"

"Besides, you told me to go in and pick out a suit, mother," said Violet sulkily. "And a coat for next winter too. They are simply terrific!"

"Well?" said her parent a trifle grimly.

"The only decent thing I saw was seven hundred dollars," said Violet.

Her father gave a rather strained laugh. "At any rate nothing is forcing you to buy it," he said.

"But I have bought it!" said Violet miserably.

There was a cool sort of pause during which Carolina appeared between the dining-room portières and made motions as of one who eats—spaghetti, presumably, judging by her far-flung gesture.

"I do wonder where that boy is!" said his mother. "I hope nothing has happened to him!"

But his father did not even hear the note of alarm. His mind was fully occupied.

"Well, daughter, if you have bought that coat there is nothing to be done, I suppose!" he said. "I dislike insisting upon your returning it, which is what I really ought to do. However, you must clearly understand that you will have to give up other things as a consequence. I am perfectly well able to buy you a proper winter coat—but not a seven-hundred-dollar one—you are not an opera singer, you know!"

"Oh, daddy, you old dear!" cried Violet, running round and pecking him on both cheeks. "How sweet of you not to be cross! And I will economize some other way—truly I will. Prices are bound to come down, too, you know, and this is a really fine coat. It will wear forever!"

Five minutes after they had sat down to the evening meal—a rather foreign affair beginning with thoroughbred thick soup and a hybrid sort of Italio-New England tea biscuit which Carolina always insisted upon mixing with olive oil—an automobile was heard to stop before the house.

"It must be Talton!" exclaimed Mrs. Biggers in relief.

"It doesn't sound like our car," remarked his father, listening to the motor with that expert masculine ear which somehow detects such differences

But it was J. Talton. The purring engine took on abrupt silence and in another moment the nineteen-year-old tennis champion of all East Rosemere made his regal entrance.

"Hello, folkses!" he exclaimed, his face flushed with excitement, his eyes sparkling, his hair and tie all awry. "Behold the budding business man! Sorry to be late, mother!"

He went over and kissed her affectionately, greeting the other members of his family with an inclusive nod and slipping into his seat.

"Son, where have you been?" demanded his father with some severity. "You didn't meet either your mother's train or mine. Anything the matter with the car?"

George was always looking for rather than resisting plausible explanations. Another amiable weakness.

"Nothing!" replied the young hopeful cheerily. "Not a thing. Wait till I tell you folks, just wait! The old car is no more as far as we are concerned—no more, absolutely!"

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Biggers. "But you drove up in something"

"Oh, Talton! Did you have an accident?" cried his mother.

"Accident nothing!" grinned J. Talton, making a frontal attack on the soup. "I've had the darnedest piece of good luck you ever heard of, that's what! Parked at the portal of our palace stands a brand-new Prince five-passenger sports model, and it's ours!" He gave a triumphant flourish with his soup spoon. Mr. Biggers half rose from his chair.

"Talton Biggers, explain yourself!" he said sharply, his hands growing a trifle damp. "Explain this nonsense, sir, at once!"

"It isn't nonsense, pater," said the boy seriously. "Listen, please, and I am sure you will agree that I showed a lot of good sense. You want to make a business man out of me and I do my darnedest to show you it won't take much making, and here you go and jump on me without even listening to the facts!" He threw down his napkin and turned away from the table sulkily.

"Well, go ahead and tell me, like a business man, then," said his father quietly. "I am listening"

J. Talton swung back. His face was eager again.

"You see it was like this," he began. "The steering knuckle on the old Runner went blooey again this afternoon, and of course I ran her right down to the garage. Sillman himself was there and took care of it. He was in the deuce of a fix, though, believe me! It seems Mr. Holstman—you know, the people who have been making such a show at the hotel all summer? well, Mr. Holstman had ordered this Prince from Sill, and Sill hadn't asked for a deposit or a contract or anything because everyone round here thought Holstman was perfectly reliable and all that. And so Sill tied himself up for the bus and it came yesterday, and now it seems this Holstman has cleared out without a word, and here was old Sill with the car on his hands, and it's not so easy to turn right over in a small place like this."

"Well?" said Mr. Biggers patiently.

"Well, then Sill gave me the surprise of my life. Say, pater"—Talton interrupted himself a moment—"you paid eight hundred for the Runner, didn't you?"

His father nodded.

"That's what I thought!" said the boy relievedly. "Well, of course Sill didn't know that. So when I said what would he allow me on the old bus if we took the Prince he said he'd make it twelve hundred! So I snapped him up and there you are!"

His father looked at him, a little dazed. It was a good bargain—a wonderful deal, in fact—such an allowance on a secondhand car which had been run nearly two years by his own family and had nothing much spent on it except, recently, a hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar paint job. And the Prince was a good car, excellent.

"Which leaves how much?" asked Mr. Biggers.

"Fifteen hundred!" announced the boy. "But Sill says he'll take notes—your own terms. You see, he's got a sure prospect for a used Runner."

Mr. Biggers heaved a sigh.

"Well, son, I can't say but that you have made a good deal," he began, to the immense relief of the entire family. "But, however," he went on, "it is one which I would have very much preferred not to take on just at this time. After all, the old car was doing pretty well—the Runner is a noble little creature, as the secondhand value has pretty clearly demonstrated. And it's probably fairly hard to get deliveries on a Prince. Just the same we could perfectly well have done without it. Sillman should have come to me first."

"Well, it's done now," said the boy, a trifle crestfallen. "I thought you all would be tickled to death."

And then the family trailed out to look at the new acquisition—a shining thing of

(Continued on Page 169)

Biggest Wire Goods Company in the World Revolutionizes its Stock Control with Elliott-Fisher Machines

The Wire Goods Company of Worcester, with only 3 Elliott-Fisher machines, keeps track of 11,000 different stock and special articles, millions of semi-finished parts, and 9,000 active selling accounts

HERE is a firm that manufactures 8,000 different articles in its standard line of wire goods, ranging from nails to egg-beaters, and 3,000 different articles of special design, making a total of 11,000 distinct articles, both large and small, that are manufactured in the one plant.

Each of these articles or numbers in their line requires from one to sixty different pieces of semi-finished material in its construction. The problem of keeping accurate check of the raw materials, supplies, and finished products of The Wire Goods Company of Worcester literally runs into millions of entries and involves a tremendous amount of money.

The turn-over of this material is so big and rapid moving that ordinary accounting methods were literally swamped a dozen times a year in the plant, despite everything that they did to shorten and simplify the work, until they installed Elliott-Fisher machines about nine months ago, after one of the most rigid and exhaustive tests ever given any mechanical bookkeeping method.

From the first day of the installation, the Elliott-Fisher machines smoothed out the wrinkles in their great problems of planning and stock control.

Today this company has perpetual inventories covering every phase of stock control, from the planning and production departments to apportioning sales to customers.

Over 9,000 active accounts are also posted and proved on one Elliott-Fisher machine in the bookkeeping department.

Here again the Elliott-Fisher System has simplified the work so that there is an elimination of trial balance troubles.

The Elliott-Fisher System puts work on a one operation basis. The fact that in this big plant of The Wire Goods Company of Worcester only three Elliott-Fisher machines are required to carry on the work successfully proves the efficiency and economy of the system.

The Wire Goods Company is the largest maker of wire goods in the world, and is operated under complete scientific management. They and their associate companies, The Cassady-Fairbank Mfg. Co. of Chicago, Andrews Wire & Iron Works, Rockford, Ill., and Andrews Wire Works of Canada, Ltd., make every type of stamped and wire kitchenware and hardware. What the Elliott-Fisher System has accomplished for The Wire Goods Company it will do for any concern—manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer, bank, or public service corporation.

View of The Wire Goods Co. plant, Worcester, Mass.

The Elliott-Fisher System gives absolute accuracy, and most important of all, it is the only method of recording facts and figures that proves the work as done.

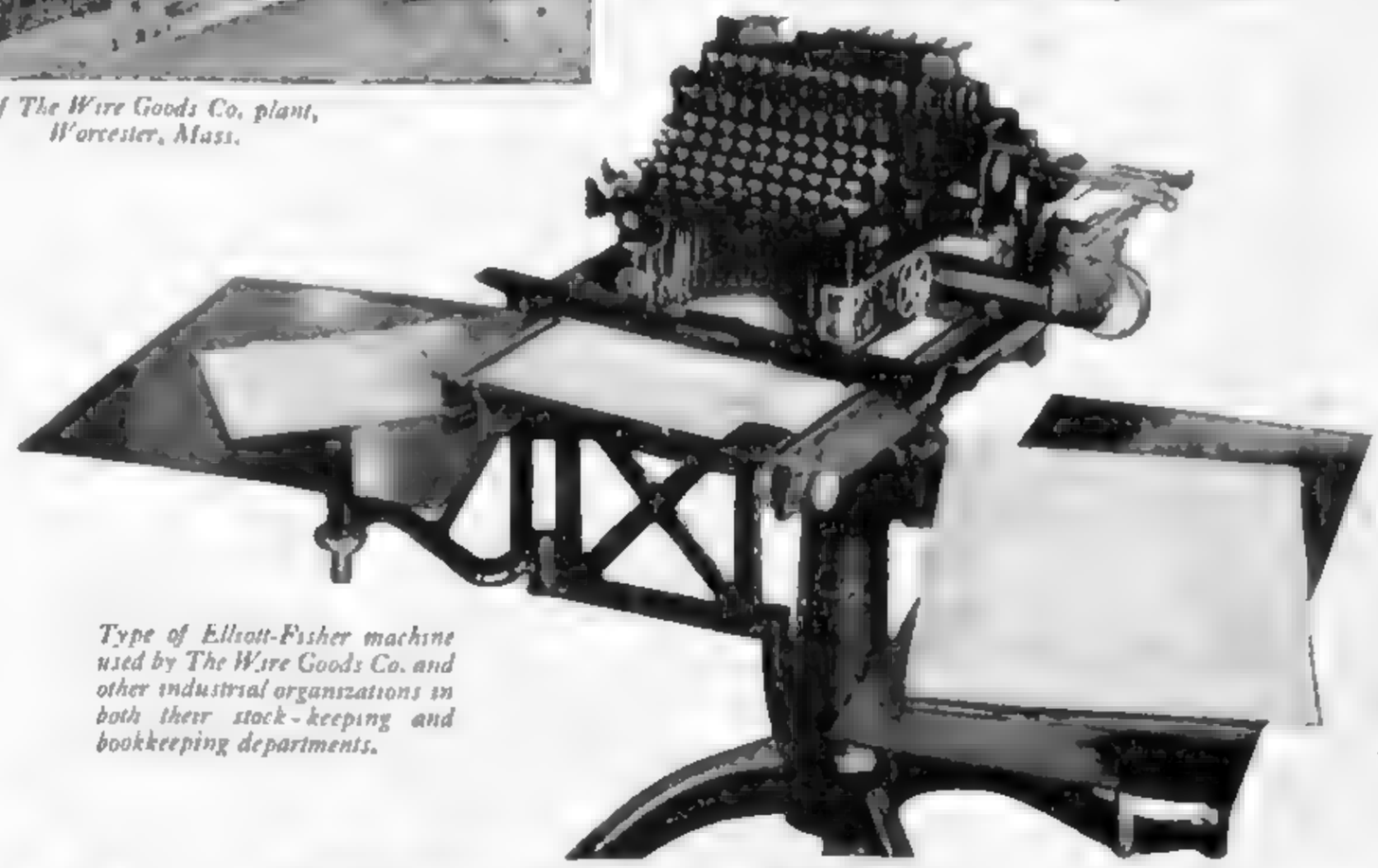
The flat writing surface of the Elliott-Fisher machine assures easy handling of every size and character of form, and any number of carbons, all clear and in perfect register.

There is an Elliott-Fisher method that will improve your accounting results whether yours is a small store or a business of international magnitude. We shall be glad to send you a booklet on the application of Elliott-Fisher machines in your business.

Our nearest representative will gladly call on you without obligation.

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY
Harrisburg, Pa.

Branches in 100 Principal Cities



Type of Elliott-Fisher machine used by The Wire Goods Co. and other industrial organizations in both their stock-keeping and bookkeeping departments.

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

In 1644 the first American "public school" was established at Dedham, Massachusetts.

New England—the Pioneer in Public Education

THE same spirit that prompted the first law enjoining free public education in New England, established Harvard College in 1636, Yale in 1700, and other schools of higher learning at early dates. Today more than $50,000,000 is represented in these institutions, with endowments considerably in excess of that amount.

But it is the little red school house that has contributed most to the general knowledge and prosperity of the people. Indeed, the present high percentage of literacy in New England may be directly attributable to the lessons instilled by the stern *New England Primer* of colonial days—lessons that led to an early appreciation of the value of culture and intelligence and of the community's responsibility for furthering education.

While thus ministering to the intellectual needs, New England has also steadily progressed in the commercial world. The Old Colony Trust Company, an institution reared in this spirit of New England initiative and vision, offers every advantage for financial and trust service of the highest order. Correspondence is cordially invited.

Plan to visit New England during her coming Tercentenary celebrations, and while here make this company's office your banking headquarters.

Let us mail you a copy of our interesting historical brochure, "*New England—Old and New*"—issued in commemoration of the First Pilgrim Landing. Address Department A.

Old Colony Trust Company
BOSTON

(Continued from Page 166)

beauty, to be sure, which made even George temporarily forget the increased indebtedness which it represented—the piling up of the sand heap in which he was already ankle-deep and finding his foothold none too easy to keep.

But it was not until several hours later, after the triumphal departure in the new car of J. Talton and Violet, who were due at a porch dance on the other side of town, that Mr. Biggers received the blow which finally brought him to the point of decisive action.

He and his ample Anita were seated in rocking-chairs upon the vine-covered veranda. Tootums was peacefully and mercifully asleep upstairs, the darling little nuisance! Antonio and his spouse were faintly murmurous upon the back stoop and the night was not too full of mosquitoes. George blew clouds of invisible cigar smoke at them, and felt that after all things might be managed somehow! He had rather that his boy should have let him in for the added responsibility than have proved himself a dullard. And it had been a good bargain—excellent! Better than he, George, would have been likely to make, he admitted proudly. Also he had now pretty well impressed on his family that they must pull up sharp. There must be no more spending! His wife's voice broke in upon his meditations.

"George, I—I met Mickey Toohey in the city to-day," she began. But George didn't realize that it was a beginning.

"That so?" he replied with polite indifference.

"I—I had quite a little talk with him!" she went on. This was matter for real interest.

"How'd that happen?" her husband inquired. "I thought you couldn't abide the man. How many times have you told me that he was a dreadful person and that his saloon was no fit place for a gentleman to go into? Why, you nearly had a fit when I paid him ten dollars each for those last three bottles of Scotch! A liquor dealer—ha, ha!"

"That's just the point, George," said Anita, a little tremulously.

"Whatter you mean?" he demanded, swinging toward her.

"It was a wonderful bargain, George," gasped his wife. "He told me so himself! And I simply had to take it then and there or let it go. Since that decision of the Supreme Court things have been getting worse and worse, he says, and this is positively the last he has. He doesn't dare go on."

"But in heaven's name what is it that you bought?" shouted George, actually springing up this time and pacing to and fro. "Hurry up! Tell me!"

"A barrel of red wine and a keg of whisky!" she sobbed, abstracting a handkerchief from her blouse and preparing for action. "Oh, George, I know it is simply terrible, and if the other women in the White Ribbon Society knew of it—it would—I'd be ostracized! But the servants have threatened to leave and I simply can't get any others, and I can't do any more work round this house than I do already! Any other woman would be dead in my place as it is! And I—I thought a little drink for you now and then—you really deserve it, and it was only three hundred dollars for both and—and —"

"What?" shrieked George, now thoroughly alarmed. "Three hundred dollars! You let him ask you three hundred dollars for a cask of claret and a keg of whisky? Outrageous! I won't take them—I won't pay for it! I won't have the stuff in my house. By heavens, I won't! Anita, I am ashamed of you—you, the mother of a family, doing such a thing! My wife, knowing how badly I need to retrench, ordering stuff at such a price—to say nothing of a woman—a lady, breaking the law. Scandalous! Have you no moral sense? How on earth do you suppose I can stand it? How thick do you think expenses can be laid on me anyhow? I should think that liquor was one thing we could manage to do without! And we will! I'll see Toohey to-morrow and tell him I don't want it, that's all!"

"But I've paid him for it!" wailed Anita. "He is only selling for cash now."

"You've what?"

"I gave him my check for it," she confessed into her handkerchief. "It probably went into the bank late this afternoon."

"Then I'll have to cover it!" exclaimed George. "But let me ——"

"Oh, George, don't," his wife pleaded. "I must keep the servants until Talton and Violet go back to school anyway! They are so hard to get. I thought you would be pleased!"

"Pleased!" said George savagely. "Do you mean to say that if I am willing to give up my drinks my servants must be pampered? Stuff and nonsense! I'll tell Toohey not to send the stuff and—and make some adjustment with him. I won't have it here, I tell you! It's against the law and my principles, and a beastly, wholly unnecessary expense!"

With which remark George, the ordinarily mild and tractable, rushed from the veranda and out into the night, leaving his wife to wonder, quite seriously, whether she hadn't perhaps gone rather far.

Just beyond his gateway George encountered a motor truck, moving slowly, its spotlight giving it the appearance of some terrible prehistoric monster. But the incident did not make any impression upon his distracted brain at the time. Night-traveling motor trucks were not uncommon on the highroad, and he was possessed with the idea of walking his fevered head into some degree of coolness. For over an hour he strayed over field and meadow, utterly destroying his shoe shine, and making damp slapping impedimenta of the bottoms of his trousers. But it did him good. He became his own man again. Indeed, he became quite a different man. Something had been stirred in him—something way down deep, for which he had no name; he only knew that he felt stronger, more resolute than ever before.

When he returned at length the house was dark. Anita had gone to bed. Nobody ever sat up for the children; their hours were too far beyond reckoning. So, calm and determined in spirit, but thoroughly exhausted by the strife both physical and spiritual through which he had just passed, George went to bed, too, and slept the sleep which only the sincere turning over of a new leaf can bring.

Early next morning—for George habitually took the seven-forty-seven to town—he was up and round, and having finished his breakfast emerged into the garden to have a look at the patch of geraniums which he had partially weeded the night before, admiring his handiwork, while J. Talton got out the new car to drive his father to the station. As George stood there in the fresh sunlight, the dew still giving the garden that cleanly look known only to early risers, Tony approached him with a pleasant grin—Tony with the cow in tow.

"I change him my mind, boss!" said Tony. "I make him to stay!"

"Good boy!" exclaimed Mr. Biggers. "I had an idea you would if you thought it over for a night!"

"Sure!" grinned Tony. "I no getta you, las' night!"

"Well, well, that's fine!" said George pleasantly.

"I put him inna da cellar," Tony now volunteered.

"The cow?" queried Biggers, at a loss.

"Na, na—da *vino!*" replied Tony cheerfully. "He come las' night. You was out. I putta inna da cellar: maka lock wi' da kev!"

A terrible blinding flash of light now broke upon George. That motor van at his gates! The deed was done, the booze was in his cellar—actually in his cellar, despite his uttermost resolution.

"Me mighty glad you gotta," smiled Antonio. "Me hidea him good. Cops no finda!"

"No, perhaps the cops can't," replied Mr. Biggers slowly. "Probably not—who knows?"

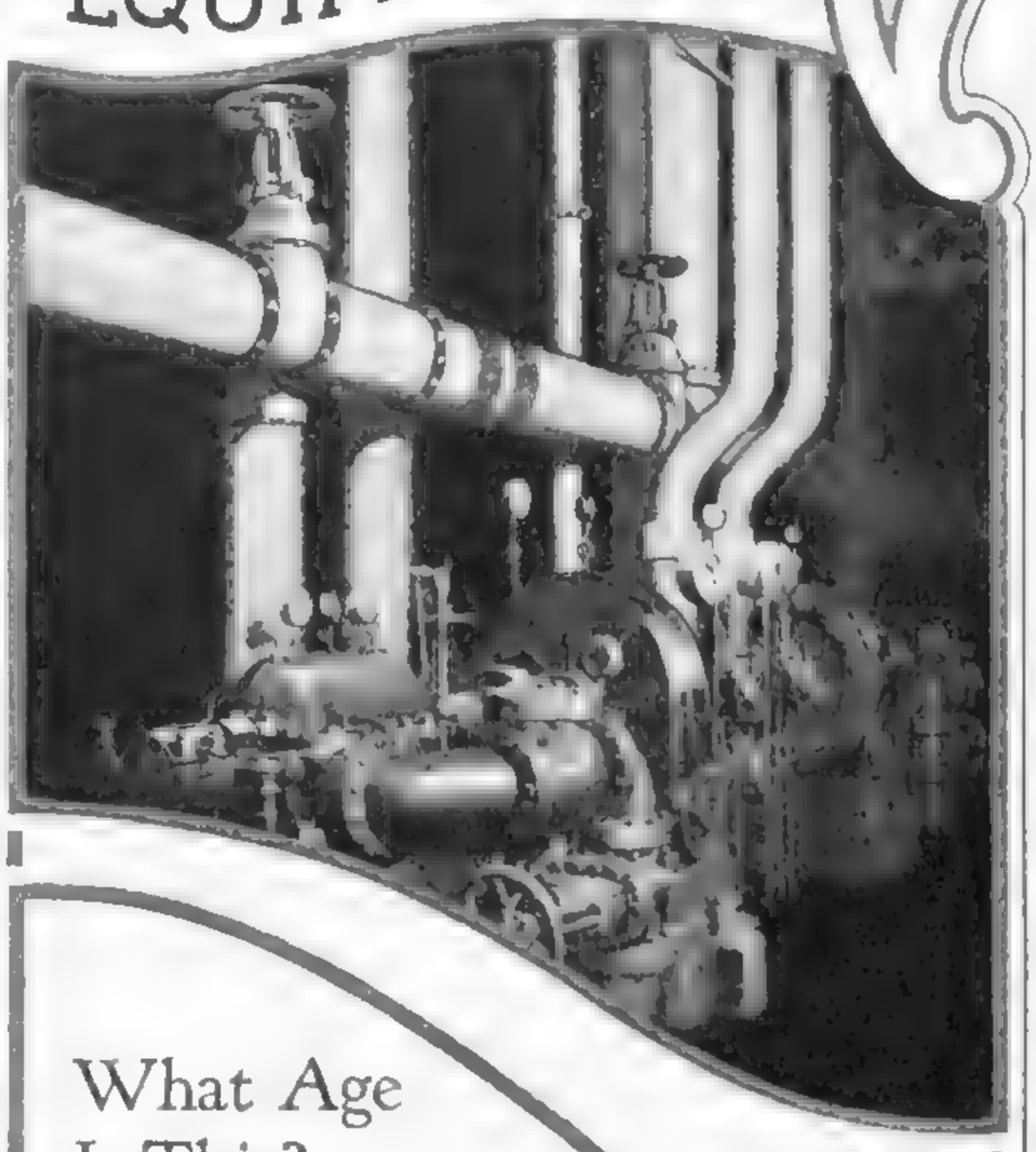
He stood for several seconds staring hard at the Italian. Then suddenly he laughed and laughed. Mr. Biggers had got a big idea.

Now when George reached his office in the city that morning he put in a busy day—a really busy day of the hardest kind of work, putting over a mighty slick deal—but the deal, curiously enough, had nothing whatsoever to do with the button business.

Having beaten his stenographer, who also operated the telephone switchboard in his offices, to the job by fully fifteen minutes—a by no means unusual occurrence—Mr. Biggers got himself a number without too much difficulty and presently was engaged in an earnest conversation with a friend of his called Charley Monteray—a well-to-do man, with a supernormal thirst. Charley had just returned from a trip to

INDUSTRIAL PIPING EQUIPMENTS

SCIENCE AND SERVICE



What Age Is This?

Part of a power plant [illegible] on the Mohawk [illegible] Power House of the Rhode Island Co., Providence, R. I.

AS this is the age of Manufacture, it is the age of Coal. Being the age of Coal, it is the age of Steam. Being the age of Steam, it is the age of Industrial Piping.

Steam, whether used for motive power or for manufacturing processes which require heat, must be conducted and controlled through ingenious equipments of pipes and valves from generating boiler to stations of usefulness.

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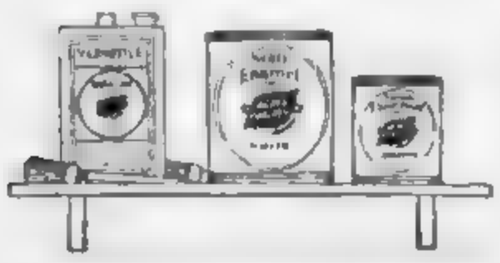

Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and similar surfaces; and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

Cuba, and as a consequence of this Mr. Biggers' line of talk listened particularly well to him.

"That's it!" Mr. Biggers replied to the glad incredulity of the other's acceptance. "A cask of *vino*—red, and a keg of whisky. You can have the two of them for three hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"Done!" chortled Mr. Monteray. "George Biggers, you certainly are a real friend. I appreciate this. When will you bring them out?"

"To-morrow afternoon about five-thirty," replied George. "Glad to oblige you, old man!" Then he hung up and summoned his right-hand young man, Tommy Shay, who was a sort of cross between an office boy and junior clerk, and a sporting Irishman at that.

Confiding a twenty-dollar bill and a big secret to Shay, Mr. Biggers then sent him uptown on an errand of importance. This done the boss next proceeded to call up a motor-trucking company to which he was well known and one of the leading theaters of the city. A customer came in shortly after this, but though the order which he brought was of some considerable importance Mr. Biggers could scarcely bring himself to regard it with any seriousness. In his own mind he had already called it a day.

At the Biggers dinner table that night there reigned the peace which follows after a storm. The family were wonderfully kind and polite to each other; but especially to George. He smiled indulgently and accepted this salve to the wounds they had so lately inflicted upon his pocketbook. Indeed, he was so gently gracious and fatherly that Anita, more sophisticated than her brood, became thoroughly alarmed before the meal was ended. But nothing happened—nothing serious, that is. True, Tony in the cowshed could be heard singing a little louder than had been his practice of late. But that was a mere trifle. And it was not until dessert was on the table that George sprung the surprise which his wife had instinctively sensed.

"Well, my dears," said Mr. Biggers, fishing in the recesses of his inner coat pocket, "I have a little treat for you. Mr. Monteray dropped into the office to-day and gave me four seats for Love Me, Dearie. They are for to-morrow's matinée, and I understand it's the best show in town."

J. Talton and Violet both immediately registered signs of life. But Mrs. Biggers took it hard, the way wives usually do when a treat is thrust upon them.

"I don't see how I can go!" she said plaintively. "Thursday is sort of a bad day for me, and then there's Tootums. Carolina hates to have me leave him with her."

"Take him along, then!" said George enthusiastically. "Why not take him? He'll enjoy it."

"But that leaves you out, papaw dear!" cooed Violet affectionately.

"Never mind me!" replied George, hastily attacking his custard pie. "I couldn't go anyway! I have to be in court to-morrow!"

"Well, then," said Anita, reluctant to enjoy anything she hadn't thought of herself, "well, then, I suppose it can be managed. I'd like to see that show. And perhaps Tootums will behave!"

So it came about that on the following afternoon—a fine, warm, sunny afternoon it was, too—none of the Biggers family were indulging in the joys supposed to be incident to owning your own place in the suburbs, but were, in proper accord with the traditions of their race, sweltering—with enjoyment—in a New York theater. And when at about a quarter to four a closed motor van drew up under the porte-cochère and an officer in a blue uniform and a neat set of gray whiskers descended from it, accompanied by a younger man, likewise uniformed, it was several moments before Antonio could be roused from his siesta sufficiently to answer the summons of the front doorbell—loud and clear and authoritative though it was. But at length he obeyed, and flung the portal wide with a nonchalance which turned to inarticulate alarm as he beheld the two limbs of the law.

"Hey—wasa matt'?" said Antonio tremulously. Behind him Carolina had approached, and stood cowering at his shoulder.

"Nothing's the matter!" said Whiskers, gruffly throwing back his coat and displaying a badge upon his vest. "Federal officers on inspection. Just want to see how much liquor you have in the house!"

"No got!" said Tony valiantly. "No got him *vino* even one droppa!"

"Hey now, my man!" the elder officer warned him. "None of that now! We know you have it—just want to put down how much in my book, that's all!"

Carolina plucked at her husband's sleeve. "Show him—he no take—justa looka!" she whispered.

"That's it, woman!" said the younger officer. "Lead us to it, that's all!"

And trembling, Antonio led.

The cellar of the Biggers establishment was large and commodious. At the bottom of the stairs leading down to it were two cupboards, one on either hand. The first of these was built of concrete and contained the electric and gas meters and about room enough for two persons. That which stood opposite to it sheltered the liquor which Mrs. Biggers had so rashly purchased of Mr. Mickey Toohey, and which Mr. Biggers had even more rashly pledged himself to deliver at an advance to Mr. Charley Monteray. Antonio and his voluble spouse led the way down into the damp darkness, followed closely by the two strangers. At the foot of the stairs the two Italians turned and pointed to the wine cellar, their backs, of course, to the other partition doorway; and turned to find themselves looking into the muzzles of a pair of revolvers.

"Back in there!" growled the elder man. "No nonsense now! Not a yelp out of you or I'll blow the heart out of the both of you!"

Antonio didn't yelp—not in the slightest degree. He backed instead, displaying a sudden comprehension of the English language which sheer terror had brought with it. Not so, Carolina. The saints whom she called upon must have heard her, and the only reason that the neighbors did not was because there were no neighbors. But she, like her brave husband, retreated none the less, and they were promptly and effectively locked in to keep company with the gas meter, the electric meter and an inadvertently imprisoned house cat for a weary time to come.

It was a little less than half an hour later, however, that the elder officer, riding beside his confederate on the high seat of the speeding truck, unintentionally removed his whiskers. He had to do so to wipe his face properly, for he was exceedingly warm.

"Hot job, that, Tommy!" remarked Mr. Biggers. "But we got away with it!"

"Got away, my eye!" grumbled Mr. Shay. "That costumer ain't going to let us get away with it! These pants I got on is tore something terrible!"

"Never mind the pants!" exulted Mr. Biggers triumphantly. "Even if we have to pay for them we are going to come out ahead of the game. Fifteen dollars for the truck, twenty-five for you—the theater tickets—well, maybe not ahead of the game, but darn near an even break when old Charley hands me that check! Step on her, Tommy; we want to hurry through Rosemere because they know me here!"

And Tommy stepped on her—to such purpose that, before they had accomplished the half mile to the place where the sidewalks and municipal lamps of Rosemere begin, a furious object resembling an immense firecracker and sounding worse than it looked shot by them and, coming to a dead stop in the middle of the road a hundred yards ahead, revealed itself to be a motorcycle cop. His gesture of command was the fruit of his former experience—a magnificent gesture it was, dramatic and unwearied, for Officer 113 was new to the game and had yet to acquire the policemanly air of ennui which in time will affect even an ex-service man. But Officer 113 had been a soldier very recently and he still loved to do unto others as his lieutenant used to do unto him.

"Hey! Where do you think you're going?" he demanded as the van was meekly parked by the roadside. "Whadja think this is? A race track? Whatsya number?"

He began busily writing as Mr. Biggers, hastily thrusting his absurd theatrical policeman's cap under the seat, stuck out his head, craning his rather long neck somewhat after the manner of a turtle peering from his shell.

"My good man," began Mr. Biggers, his voice warm but his feet exceedingly cold, "my good man, were we exceeding the limit?"

"I'll say you were!" snapped Private—or rather Officer 113. "Ten is the limit inside the city! Twenty-five—that's what you were doing!"

(Concluded on Page 173)

Zinc

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Pathé News

THE fall of Rome, the Norman Conquest, the signing of the Magna Charta, the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, the French Revolution, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the battle of Waterloo, every event in older history that shook the world and sent its reverberations down to our own time, lives only in the printed word. We know them only as others knew them.

What would we not give today to see the great happenings of history as they really happened? Would it not mean much to see the heroes and heroines of the past just as they were, just as they lived, talked and acted? To see Gutenberg at his printing press, Watt at his engine?

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One cannot follow the Pathé News and remain uninformed; or see it and fail to be intensely interested.

There is a theatre near you which shows it, twice a week. It will be easy for you to find it!

Pathé Exchange, Inc.

PAUL BRUNET

Vice-President & General Manager

25 West 45th St., New York

(Concluded from Page 170)

"In that case I will adjust the matter tomorrow," said Mr. Biggers. "We are in a hurry just now."

"I dare say," returned the cop, with what was intended as gentle sarcasm. "But you got to call on the chief first!"

"I'm sure it won't be necessary!" George exclaimed hastily. "Evidently you don't know who I am! I am Mr. George Biggers, and everyone round here knows me!"

"Well, I don't know you!" retorted Officer 113 with an air of letting George out completely.

"But I tell you I've got to hurry and get along!" insisted George, plainly nervous. "I have an important engagement to take—something to a friend of mine who is waiting for me now!"

"Take what?" inquired the policeman in that able, disgustingly intelligent way of his. "Say, you two bugs are dressed sort of peculiar. What have you got in that van anyways?"

A cold wave of nauseating fear swept over George, but he managed a reply of sorts.

"Interior decorations!" he gasped. "For a show, you know!"

"Believe I'll just take a look!" remarked Officer 113 grimly, and dove into the van. A moment later he emerged, grinning. "Interior decorations is right!" he agreed. "Come on, sports, the game is up! Just drive alongside of me, please, and don't try to get funny, because I'm gonner keep you covered!"

At two minutes of four o'clock Judge Drinkwater, local magistrate, town clerk, chief of police and notary public, took his heels from his desk in a leisurely fashion, folded the afternoon paper which he had been perusing, and decided it was about time to shut up shop for the night. The same idea seemed to occur simultaneously to Miss Winslow, the official stenographer, who at her desk across the room from him pulled out a powder rag and began to clear the decks for action.

"All right, Miss Mamie," said Alexander.

And then Fate held them fast. A commotion as of small boys, loafers and the idly curious, rose outside. Two motors stopped, and the judge hastily thrust his paper into the wastebasket and his feet beneath his desk, and seizing a perfectly dry pen began some furious calculations upon a printed poor-farm form.

When he looked up there was Officer 113 with two outlandish figures in tow, one of which gradually took on an appearance of vague familiarity.

"Hello, judge!" said Mr. Biggers sheepishly, a sickly smile upon his pallid face.

"What in the dev ——" began Judge Drinkwater before he remembered himself. "Well," he ejaculated, sinking back into his seat. "Of all things. Strange sight! Very!"

"Bootleggers, Your Honor!" announced Officer 113 in a voice of pride. The effect of his remark was electrifying.

"What?" shouted the judge, his eyes fairly bulging out of his head as he glared at the policeman. "Do you mean to say that this—prisoner—was taking liquor to his house when you arrested him?"

"Yes, Your Honor!" replied the cop.

"But I wasn't!" protested George, almost in tears. "I wasn't, Aleck. I was taking it away from my house!"

The effect of this upon the court was, if anything, worse than the charge had been.

"You were taking it away from the house?" said His Honor, looking at his guilty friend as much in sorrow as in anger. "Away from your house? So you had it in your house?"

"You don't understand, Aleck!" George began piteously. But the judge rapped him to silence.

"Address the court as 'Your Honor!'" he said crossly.

"All right, Aleck—I mean, Your Honor," said George. "What I mean to say is, it's all a mistake. You don't understand!"

"I understand this, George," said Drinkwater severely; "I understand this—that after professing to temperance, after telling me personally that the having and—and holding of liquor was strictly against your principle and that you hadn't a drop in the house and wouldn't at any price buy any more—words fail me, that's what they do. Fail me! I am grieved and surprised, George—I mean, prisoner. I'm going to make you pay for this! Law compels me to of course."

"I'm fearfully ashamed," murmured George, hanging his head. "I'll pay the fine, whatever it is. But can't we avoid publicity? Remember I'm a family man and this is my first offense! And Tommy here—he's just my office boy. He's not to blame, you know!"

"H'm!" growled His Honor.

"Will I have the evidence brought inside, Your Honor?" suggested Officer 113 respectfully. The judge's face relaxed a trifle.

"You might do that," he allowed. "And fetch a glass. The court will—er—take proof in the matter."

Breathlessly the throng waited while volunteers eagerly hauled in the two barrels and laid them on the floor. Spigots were already in each—Tony had seen to that. The judge took his tumbler and in solemn dignity, somewhat punctuated, however, by occasional hoots, groans and smacking of lips from the crowd, descended to the test. He tried the wine barrel first. But though when shaken it gave forth a liquid sound, nothing came from it.

"Humph!" said the judge. "Odd thing, that! Examine that barrel, officer!" And he passed to the keg of whisky. Here the liquid flowed freely, and the audience gasped in envy as the judge lifted the glass to his lips; and gasped as he set it down again. So did the judge.

"Lord!" he said quite audibly.

"What's the matter?" cried George, forgetting all etiquette and running to the aid of his friend. "Is it wood alcohol?"

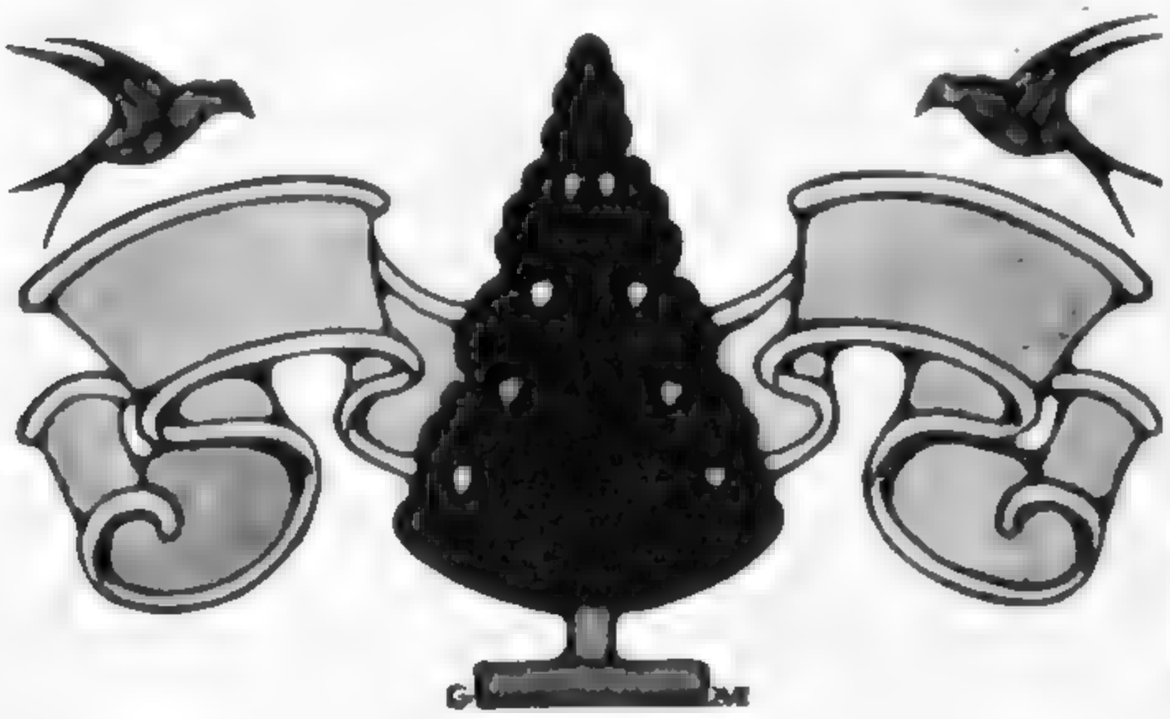
"Wood alcohol?" howled the judge. "It's plain water with a little prune juice in it!"

"Same here, Your Honor!" announced the officer from over the back of the wine barrel. "This has a false bottom. It evidently had a little claret in the compartment, but that's all been drained off. The rest of the stuff isn't even flavored with prune juice!"

Late that night Mr. Biggers sat alone at the lighted window of his bedroom and did some figuring on the stubs of his check book, ending with the fine for speeding. Outside an owl hooted distantly. Nearer at hand a mosquito was singing to its mate. Mr. Biggers sighed and stared into the summer darkness.

"Can you beat it?" he murmured softly. "Can you beat it?"

He meant the H. C. of L.



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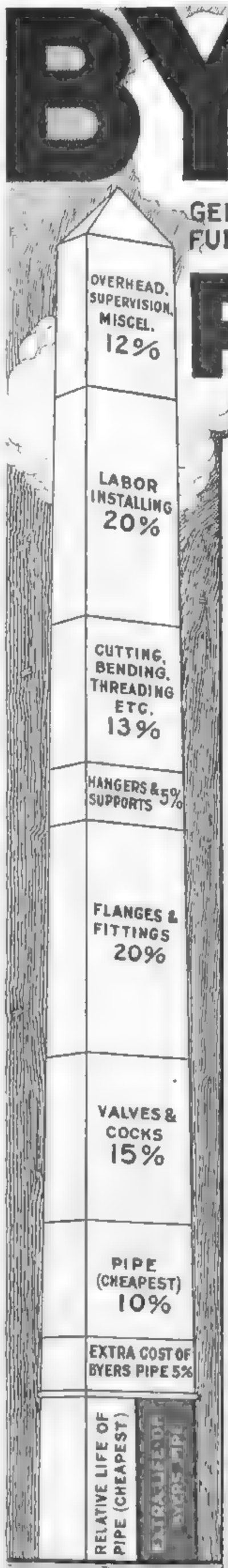
PIPE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The Cost of Pipe Failures

TO most people a pipe installation looks merely like a network of pipe, yet pipe in reality constitutes less than 15% of the total cost.

But—and this is the point of vital significance—the pipe is obviously the foundation of the whole system, and despite its relatively small cost it positively controls the utility of all the other materials involved. When pipe fails and replacements are needed, the salvage of other materials in the installation is usually less than 20%, and the original outlay for labor and incidentals is doubled.

In a certain industrial plant the cost of a pipe system was about $10,000. Out of this sum, Byers pipe amounted to only $1,500. If shorter lived pipe had been used it could have been obtained for $470 less. The difference in cost was slight, considering the extra stability given to the whole $10,000 investment.

As pipe is the lightest material used in a pipe installation, and therefore particularly exposed to destruction by corrosive influences, Byers pipe of genuine wrought iron, with its unequalled rust resistance, is the logical choice.

The relative costs shown in the diagram are typical. Byers Bulletin No. 38 contains similar cost analyses of a variety of pipe systems, with notes on corrosive conditions, replacement costs, etc.

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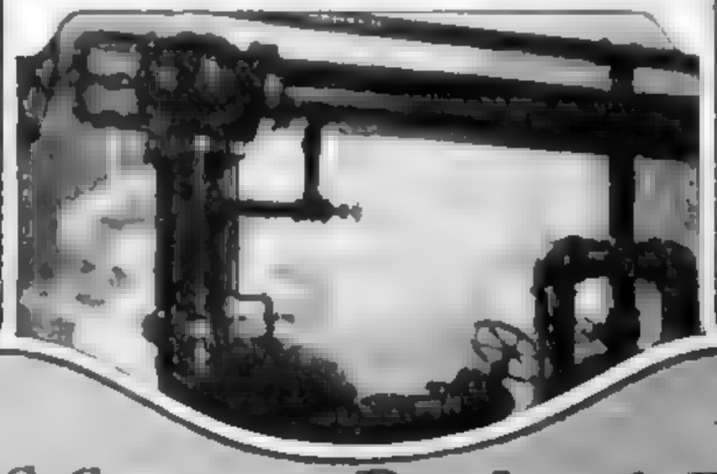

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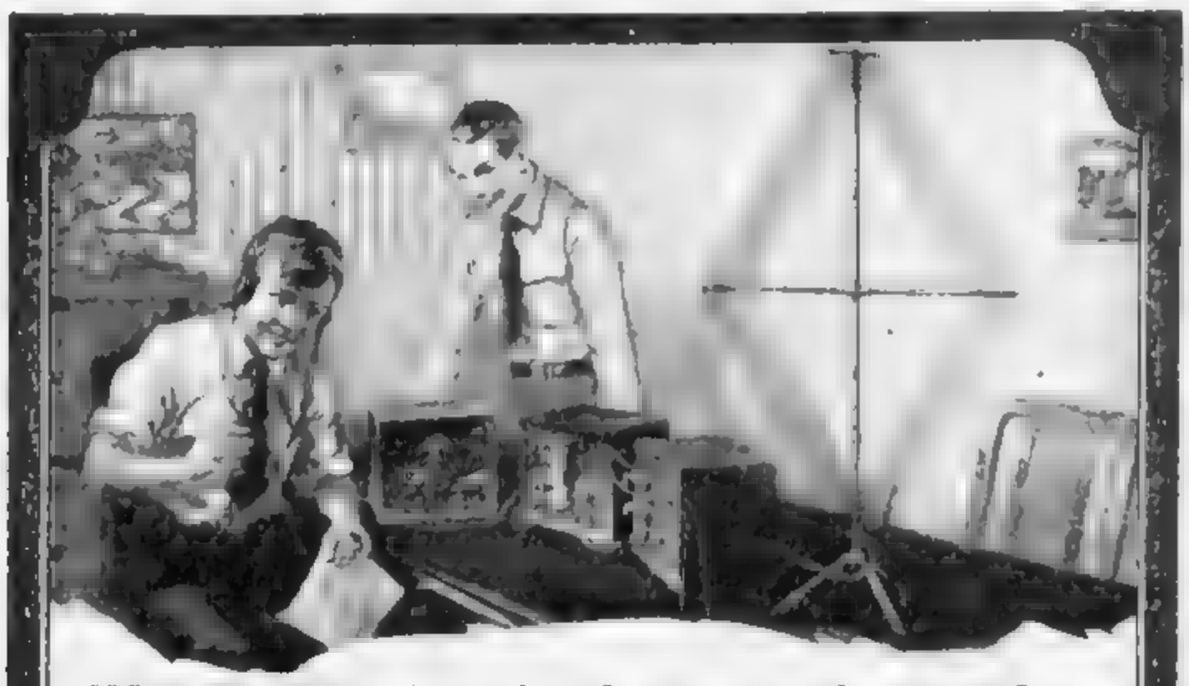

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Encourage your boy in scientific study. Let him install a wireless station at home—a real wireless, not a toy. With a No. 4006 Gilbert Receiving Set he can have his station completely assembled in an hour and be listening to the messages of Government and commercial stations and many amateur stations all over the country. It's fascinating. It's instructive. It opens great possibilities to any boy.

4006 Set $12.50 (In Canada $16.75)

Gilbert Radio outfits are right up-to-date, designed by an expert, a wireless officer of the U. S. Army during the war. The Wireless Book in each outfit tells the location of the Government stations—when they send messages—how to receive them. It gives the wireless code. And the powerful Gilbert station at New Haven sends messages to boys every day.

Write today for our special Radio Catalog and name of the dealer who sells these outfits in your city.

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AFTER JAZZ PHILANTHROPY—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 23)

debts, provide new equipment and meet next year's running expenses. A campaign was planned, with several weeks of publicity followed by five days' solicitation. Several large gifts were announced as the campaign began, to stimulate interest. Volunteer workers visited everybody in the community, accepting contributions of as little as one dollar. A total of $104,000 was raised, the hospital put on a sound financial basis, and the whole city lined up behind it with a new understanding of its work.

Even in a drive-distracted center like New York the community appeal for support by a local institution meets response. One of the little-known institutions in the metropolis is an association of nurses who look after people unable to pay private nurses. This institution did its work on a yearly budget of contributions aggregating about $150,000. Its trustees, attracted by the new drive method of raising money, planned extensions of service calling for $3,000,000. A professional money-raising expert was consulted. He declared this objective unreasonable because the institution was not widely known to the public, and suggested a campaign for $1,000,000 instead. Publicity was directed toward demonstrating that there is no such thing as sanitary isolation—sickness in Mulberry Bend means sickness on Fifth Avenue. The nurses' work was explained in terms of community service. Contributions ran to $2,000,000, and regular support has been secured from contributors who have learned about the institution in terms of service.

The raising of money on a local basis meets with a direct community response seldom found in big national drives. Local institutions can be investigated and checked up, whereas appeals of local institutions outside their own communities often invite suspicion.

The advantage of a leisurely, well-planned money-raising campaign over the short, hurried drive was demonstrated recently in the different methods followed by two great universities, each of which sought approximately $15,000,000. One planned for quick collections, with teams of canvassers, who began with a dinner on the Saturday night before the drive was launched and met daily the following week at lunch, where totals were announced. The other college took a year for the job, with the purpose of informing the public about the institution as well as of raising money, and also of utilizing the valuable factor of momentum in a long drive. The quick drive was organized so hurriedly that less than half of the college graduates were enlisted in the work, while the year's drive enlisted ninety per cent of the other institution's alumni. The quick drive attained its objective so far as funds were concerned, to be sure, while the year's drive is still under way, with only two-thirds of the desired aggregate raised. But the quick drive is over—finished. Everybody knows that it is over, and little additional money is coming in. The slow drive, on the contrary, is still bringing contributions almost automatically, with indications that the objective will be far exceeded at the close of the year, and that contributions will continue thereafter.

Long Drives Versus Short

Moreover, by devoting a year to the work this institution has been able to inform the public about its facilities and build what some of the money-raising experts call a background of service. Thousands of parents and young people have learned enough about the university to create a desire for utilizing its facilities. The heavy enlistment of graduates in the campaign has pulled the alumni together as a body and emphasized their obligation to their alma mater.

One of the first things stressed in a college drive for money is that an educational institution's alumni owe it something after graduation in the way of support. But during the long drive this university discovered that it likewise owed something to its alumni, with the outcome that each graduate now receives, twice a month, printed lectures chosen from the best work of the faculty, keeping him in touch with the living thought of the university.

Another illustration of momentum in the long drive is found in a church money-raising project, which was planned for a year, with a $5,000,000 objective. Subscriptions unexpectedly reached $4,000,000 in eight months. Solicitation was then abandoned, in the belief that the final million would come as a matter of momentum, and further solicitation would be unfair to the public. But at the end of the year nearly $8,000,000 had been received. That campaign was closed more than four years ago, but momentum to date has carried contributions up to $12,000,000.

When it succeeds, say the experts, the intensive drive is the cheapest way to raise money, and also brings certain benefits in the shape of quick advertising for little-known institutions. Large numbers of volunteer workers can often be enlisted where the campaign requires but a few days or weeks, whereas enlistment for six months or a year is not so attractive.

Letting George Do the Giving

A trifle may upset the quick drive in midcareer, and before readjustments can be made the campaign is over, whereas the long steady drive gives opportunity for readjustments. During the two college drives described above, a multimillionaire died, and his will, published all over the country, showed that both these institutions had been left large bequests. The quick-drive college got $5,000,000 under his will, and the slow-drive college got $10,000,000. The public naturally assumed that both institutions had got what they needed, and contributions immediately fell off. Strenuous work was necessary to overcome this assumption. The colleges explained that this money left by the millionaire had been anticipated for work already planned. But overcoming this setback was harder in the case of the short-drive institution than with the long-drive college, even though the former had been left only half as much money as the other.

War brought a new contributor to institutions, plain John Smith, with his five or ten dollar bill. Institutions are earnestly seeking a continuance of John Smith's patronage and interest. Before the war, when it came to support of charitable, educational and other benevolent causes, the public was disposed to "let George do it." A man of wealth and prominence, this George, a shining mark for every philanthropy, contributing fully ninety per cent of the money needed for institutions, and very often a clean one hundred per cent when he ran them himself. George had his church, his college, his charities and other causes for which he wrote yearly checks and in which he was often an officer, director or trustee.

Institutions were almost painfully conservative and dignified in their methods of soliciting money. Wealthy contributors received handsomely printed reports and year books, each with its blank form of bequest, making it easy to leave money by will when they departed for regions where banking and investment facilities are not considered necessary.

Suave solicitors moved deftly among the rich and the prominent, taking their measure for contributions, interesting them in institutional work, and seeking substantial sums for endowments, scholarships, buildings, extensions of facilities and running expenses. The list of contributors in one year book was circularized by a dozen other institutions. Charity appeals followed prominence to Europe, with demands for excess postage. In self-defense at least one rich New Yorker has devised a printed form with which he answers every appeal for money. It is somewhat like an editorial rejection slip. It carries his refusal, with elaborate reasons for withholding contributions, and has been effective in eliminating his name from many philanthropic mailing lists.

Corporations may have no souls, but they have pocketbooks, and since the income-tax law went into effect they are numbered among the prominent by those who seek funds. Under the income-tax law they enjoy exemption up to fifteen per cent of their gross receipts on gifts to religious,

(Continued on Page 177)

A Quality Group

All the packages shown here contain chocolates and confections of precisely the same high quality as those that are put in the Sampler.

The difference is in the kinds and assortments packed in each box, not in the quality.

It is never easy to keep constantly faithful to high standards of quality. During the war, and this trying reconstruction period, it has been unusually hard. Our success is made possible only by the constant, daily, faithful attention to the countless details that go to make perfection on the part of the workers associated with us.

The quality originally put into the Whitman products is maintained also by our plan of distribution direct to selected stores in every locality acting as agencies for the sale of Whitman's.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

FIRST *in* Construction Hauling

IN the whole field of truck operation there is no more drastic demand upon power, efficiency and endurance than in hauling crushed stone, sand, brick, cement, lumber, structural steel and machinery.

Tons of material are literally dumped into the trucks from buckets, chutes or derricks. These loads are carried over torn-up ground, into and out of excavations, to places where the trucks must break their own path. Materials must be kept moving. Deliveries are vital. Trucks work day and night.

For years White Trucks have had a predominant position in this field. They are the mainstay of contractors, of road and bridge builders, of dealers in lumber and building supplies.

They not only stand up and keep going day in and day out, year after year; they pay dividends long after the investment is written off the books. White Trucks are distinctly a balance sheet proposition; their earning power is *sustained*.

White Trucks are used by contractors in 156 cities. They are used by 431 lumber dealers; by 218 dealers in building supplies and by 224 miscellaneous concerns in the building and contracting field; 365 states, counties and municipalities use White Trucks on road construction and maintenance work.

These owners know from their cost records that White Trucks not only do the *most* work but they do it for the *least* money.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 174)

charitable, scientific or educational societies, and on money given for the prevention of cruelty to animals or children or for vocational rehabilitation. Saving on tax payments, together with the satisfaction of assisting worthy causes, makes a strong and diversified appeal to corporation executives, as well as to partners and individuals doing business as corporations. Naturally these advantages are pointed out to them by those who solicit money.

On large individual incomes this inducement to give money can be made striking. From a taxable net income of $10,000 the sum of $1500, or fifteen per cent, represents an actual cost of $1335, the balance being $165 saved in taxes. On a $500,000 income gifts of fifteen per cent, or $75,000, save $53,250 in taxes, so that the actual gift is only $21,750. State income taxes provide similar exemptions in many cases.

During the war corporations gave lavishly toward financing auxiliary work, even stretching a point in their charters to do so. Under the usual corporation charter directors are authorized to make expenditures only for the necessary expenses of the corporation. Because the status of American corporations generally would have been problematical in the event of our losing the war, contributions to auxiliary work could be liberally interpreted as necessary expense. Even then, stockholders might have raised good legal objections to such contributions and made things unpleasant for directors—except that an objecting stockholder would have had a mighty hard time getting a hearing while the war spirit was upon us. For that reason, so far as is known, not a solitary stockholder in the United States raised any doubts. But now there is no sanction for such contributions, and corporations all over the country have stopped them.

War broadened the basis of giving and taught those in charge of benevolent institutions that the pocketbook is not the only measure of the contributor. John Smith's gift may be only a five-dollar bill, or a single dollar, against the rich man's $5000 check. It may cost five to fifty cents to bring his mite into the treasury. But it can represent several hundred dollars in terms of his interest in the institution, his knowledge of its work, and in the public opinion which brings money to institutions as a by-product.

In one successful drive undertaken by an Eastern institution $4,000,000 was raised from 17,400 contributors. Of this aggregate $3,600,000 was given by 400 well-to-do persons, and the remaining $400,000 came from 17,000 contributors who gave slightly less than twenty-four dollars each. But the drive was supervised by a resourceful manager with long experience in raising money among prominent people. Some of the prominent prospects had hesitated about writing checks. As the drive neared its end this manager went to the doubtful ones with figures showing the contributions of the 17,000 modest folks, and this evidence of widespread public interest in the institution's work led the hesitants to climb on the band wagon with substantial contributions.

Gifts Plus Interest

Probably ninety per cent of all funds for philanthropy still come from rich people, and will probably always materialize in large checks. But war gave John Smith a chance to buy cigarettes, books, red apples and phonograph records for our soldiers in France, and he is still disposed to give according to his ability toward the support of institutions that demonstrate usefulness and efficiency. These institutions often touch his life in practical ways. The dispensary, hospital, fresh-air fund, settlement house, nursing service and children's-aid society help him out of difficulties, or help people that he knows. Upcreek College may seem somewhat aloof as an institution, strictly the affair of the rich when it comes to support, because he hardly got through grammar school himself, much less dreamed of a college education. But if Upcreek College tells him enough about its facilities he may see his way to sending his son or daughter there, and be glad to contribute his five or ten dollars toward extensions of its work. Practically every money-raising campaign for educational institutions the past year, though planned and conducted chiefly among graduates, has interested an outside public, and particularly a body of small contributors. The aggregate of their gifts may fall short of one large individual check, but the aggregate of their interest is a force worth having.

A year ago worried trustees would come to the professional drive expert, saying: "Our institution is in debt. We need new buildings and facilities. We must have extensions to serve neglected territory. Can you get us some money through a drive?"

"How much do you want?" was probably his first question; and the second: "Can you raise enough to finance a campaign in advance?" If preliminary expenses could be assured out of the treasury or by contributions from wealthy sponsors, a drive was launched nine times in ten, and usually with success.

Contributors From Missouri

But to-day things are not so simple. There are a new order and a new spirit. First of all comes an investigation of the institution, which may be entirely commendable, yet lacking certain factors essential in the raising of funds. It is necessary, for one thing, to have an organization of workers who can canvass territory and secure contributions after needs have been made known through publicity. A group of scientific men recently submitted to a professional drive expert their project for raising $1,000,000 for research work. A rigidly technical proposition, they had no organization to back it up. It was pronounced unfeasible. In another case a well-to-do woman wanted several million dollars for the encouragement of art throughout the United States. This project also lacked the backing of an organization, and she was advised to spend a couple of years building one, after which a campaign for funds might meet with public response. To this end she has begun forming art clubs all over the country. Many worthy institutions are run wastefully—they keep no cost records of their work, are slipshod in bookkeeping, make sketchy financial statements and are honestly yet carelessly easy with other people's money. Many institutions begin to think about raising money from the general public only after they have become desperately involved financially—and then want to pass the hat in a hurry.

"What is your background of public service?" the money-raising expert asks to-day. "You can't create good will overnight. This is not a matter of merely going after the dollars, but one of social service. You must tell people what you are doing for the community. No drive ever sold an organization to the public. The drive days are over—begin by selling your organization."

"The time to start raising money for an institution," says one expert with long experience, "is several years before the institution needs it. Great harm is done when the job is left to the last moment. Then the faker is likely to come in and take his toll. Institutions are just like people—they must be trusted before money can come to them without fear or graft. The only proper bases for asking money are good work and the confidence of the public. The big objection to quick, costly campaigns is that when they are over everybody has had a thrill, but nobody knows much about the reasons for giving. A good many contributors resolve to be tighter next time, by way of reaction.

"The educational idea really means that all of us are causing most of the misery we try to mitigate—causing it because we do not know any better. We will never know better until the community gets the facts and tells us about it in an interesting way. Some of the big national agencies do not like the community way of raising money because they do not relish being put upon the fifty-fifty basis with local institutions. But local institutions should come first. Recent failures in big national drives, in my opinion, are due to pressure for money at the expense of local institutions, and also because those in charge of national drives did not begin far enough back and give people time to get the idea. Pressure for money is nearly always wrong and always expensive."

Another expert, speaking of his reasons for concentrating upon local campaigns alone, says: "I am convinced that the public is tired of contributing to 'funds,' but still willing to give money to some definite institution. People want to give their money to the particular thing in which they are interested, rather than to a

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cloth hat never has that weather-beaten look. It keeps its stylish shape till worn out because "Cravenette" finished. No other hat can equal it for service, comfort and economy.

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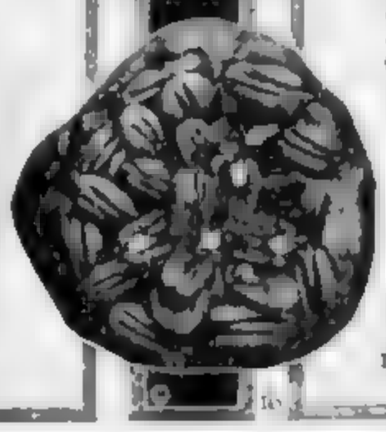

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If you have ever visited New Orleans, then, of course, you have tasted this famous candy which the Hotel Grunewald Caterers have made and sold for many years.

The demand has become so great that we are now supplying Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) direct by mail, parcel post insured, in specially constructed mailing cartons, carefully packed.

Absolutely pure, made only of pure Louisiana Cane Sugar and Louisiana (whole-half) pecan meats.

Scrupulous care is maintained throughout in producing this famous candy. Cleanliness and purity are Grunewald watchwords. That's why Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) are regarded everywhere as the highest quality Creole Pralines made. *Do not accept substitutes!*

A delightful confection, dessert, or after-dinner dainty.

Mail orders filled anywhere. P. O. or Express money orders or personal checks received
Box of 7 (Sample)...$1.00
Box of 12...$1.50 Box of 24....$3.00

THE HOTEL GRUNEWALD CATERERS
Dept. P. NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

fund to be divided up and administered by a committee. Business men are scrutinizing appeals as never before and withholding contributions from causes that do not meet the fullest investigation of local people. They go further than that and are careful to avoid being identified with campaigns which will not bear a strict local survey."

Confidence in a cause is as definite a factor in raising funds as credit with business concerns. Some worthy institutions, not generally known by the public even locally, encounter difficulties, while others are accepted instantly because the public believes them efficient. This was illustrated some years ago when the New York police force planned Christmas trees in each station house for the poor children of the precincts. Money was collected in small amounts by the policeman on his beat, and people thrust dollar bills into his hands for two reasons: First, the confidence that there were no collection costs, each dollar being a hundred per cent contribution; second, confidence that the police knew better than anybody else who were the really deserving children in each neighborhood.

The public to-day demands efficiency in benevolence, and it has been taught to do so chiefly by observing drive methods. Conservation was a watchword during the war. People learned to be thrifty with money, food, fuel, time, labor. When this viewpoint was applied to the money drives, with one band following another, the public began to suspect waste, and this checked its philanthropy no less than did annoyance and the effect on the individual pocketbook of too many requests for money.

As was stated in a former article, there are three general methods of raising money for institutions: By the quick, concentrated drive; by mail solicitation, through letters; by organizing permanent committees of workers.

Despite public prejudice the drive is pronounced cheapest, provided it be carried out with volunteer workers. Paid solicitors on commission have received ten to twenty-five per cent of the money they collected where this method was abused. But with volunteers the chief expense is for planning, supervision and leadership.

Here is where the professional expert makes out a very good case for himself when retained for a fixed, reasonable professional fee—not a percentage of the money collected. Whether the campaign be short or long, volunteer workers must be enlisted and coached. The short drive attracted more volunteers during the excitement of war days, and they gave more time. But a long campaign enlists a class of volunteers who have direct interest in the cause, as college graduates, business men or church members, and the field is covered in a more leisurely way, months being devoted to the job instead of days. Leadership is absolutely indispensable. Many a worthy cause has been discouraged because leaders could not be found to inspire and keep volunteers at work.

The Cost of Collecting Money

A properly organized volunteer campaign is like a sales campaign with a paid executive staff in the professional planner and his assistants and an unpaid sales force in its volunteer canvassers. The field must be carefully surveyed and mapped in advance, to locate possible contributors. Lists of names must be prepared, an office organization set up, printing and publicity attended to. This is tedious detail work, and it seldom happens that an active business or professional man can give his time to it, no matter how willing he may be to volunteer.

One of the indispensable details is a little sales pamphlet for canvassers, clearly setting forth arguments to be used in visiting prospective contributors. This assures the canvasser, first of all, that he or she represents an institution useful to the community; that money is sought not as charity but for community betterment; that he or she is soliciting teamwork as much as money. Facts about the institution and its work are summarized, and special arguments outlined for business men, workingmen, housewives and other classes of contributors, as well as ways of approaching people and using one contribution to aid in getting others.

When the campaign is launched, after all this preparation, it requires skillful direction. Volunteer workers are easily discouraged and even stampeded by setbacks. Professional supervisors hold that campaigns under amateur supervision seldom attain their objectives, whereas with the experience of the professional, and quick action in emergencies, failure is exceptional.

However, when it comes to downright cost of raising money, the burden of proof to-day is clearly upon the professional. Some close observers of money-raising methods do not hesitate to pronounce him an expensive luxury. In one instance experts were consulted about a $4,000,000 campaign to finance a theological seminary, and their charges approximated $100,000. The campaign was undertaken without them, and realized $5,000,000, at a total collection cost amounting to two per cent, practically the fee demanded by the experts. Had their services been retained the cost would have been double. The professional money-raising industry to-day is the result of mushroom growth and embraces experts of such diversified character, with so many different ways of charging for their services, that it may well be asked to demonstrate its own usefulness and efficiency

The soliciting of funds by mail seems to impress people as economical, probably because it is not so bothersome to them as personal canvassing. But for that very reason experts pronounce it expensive. So many people dodge that the proportion of contributions is small for the number of letters sent out, and costs are estimated at fifteen per cent of the money collected. Established institutions with a good mailing list of solid citizens get a larger percentage of contributions, but only as long as they stick to their Old Guard. It is said that any attempt to extend the mailing list and reach a large number of prospective contributors, and also the use of mail appeals by a new unknown institution, are exceedingly expensive.

Sugar-Coated Publicity

The tendency to-day is to dovetail the drive and the mailing appeal together.

Personal solicitation, either in a quick drive or a long campaign, has a double purpose: One is to get money, and the other to build a supporting clientele for the institution. Along with $100,000 there should be secured from 3000 to 10,000 names of people in the community who have heard something about the institution's work, supported it by a gift, are probably interested in hearing more about it from time to time, and likely to give money again at intervals of six months or a year. Investigation of deserving institutions which lack support shows, in many cases, that they have an inadequate mailing list of possible contributors, and this is used unskillfully. An Eastern charity, in debt, and resorting to a drive, was found to have less than 1000 former contributors on its mailing list, many more having been neglected and lost. The drive brought $500,000 and 20,000 good names. Each contributor was given a membership card and was put on the mailing list to receive an inexpensive semimonthly journal giving news of the institution's work. The chief method of raising money in the past had been by letters to a small list of rich people. These letters cost from seven to ten cents apiece. For five cents a copy the more attractive journal was printed and mailed, reaching 20,000 readers, and this is bringing contributions throughout the year.

The organization of permanent committees in support of an institution applies the personal solicitation of the drive to the list of people who have already contributed and are presumably interested. It costs money for organization where the job has to be done from the ground up, but is economical afterward. This method is followed by churches, colleges and institutions with a large membership available for the work. These volunteers soon build up a clientele of steady customers, like the salesman. Figures show the possibilities. Income-tax returns in New York City demonstrate that 100,000 persons in the metropolis are well enough off in this world's goods to be prospective contributors to institutions. On the basis of families, this is equivalent to one in six—one family is the social keeper of its less fortunate brothers and sisters in five other families. On the same basis about 3,500,000 families throughout the United States

(Concluded on Page 181)

Herschell-Spillman Motors

AN afternoon at golf or tennis with its health invigorating activity counts much in your out-door life.

Equaling even the enjoyment of the old time "19th" hole is the assurance that your ride to the club will be swift and sure — and the Herschell-Spillman "Motor's the Thing" that gives you this assurance.

This is the logical result of Herschell-Spillman scientifically correct design, mechanically fine construction, and scrupulously rigid supervision of production in all its phases.

Builders of high grade motors since nineteen hundred

Four
3 1/2" x 5"

Six
3¼" x 5"

"The Pick of the Field"

The HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN MOTOR CO.
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

IN THE Apperson Eight, flexibility and thrift are twin sisters. To get flexibility you must have multi-cylinder power.

To get true economy you should have four-cylinder thrift.

The Apperson "Eight with eighty less parts" gives you both.

The elimination of many parts and the simplification of motor design is the reason.

This motor operates with a single cam shaft and a pair of cam gears meshed direct. There is no chain. It is two small, simple fours merged into one at the base.

The Apperson eight gives you smooth-as-steam flexibility, plus bed-rock gas-thrift.

Apperson Brothers' 27 years of automobile building count.

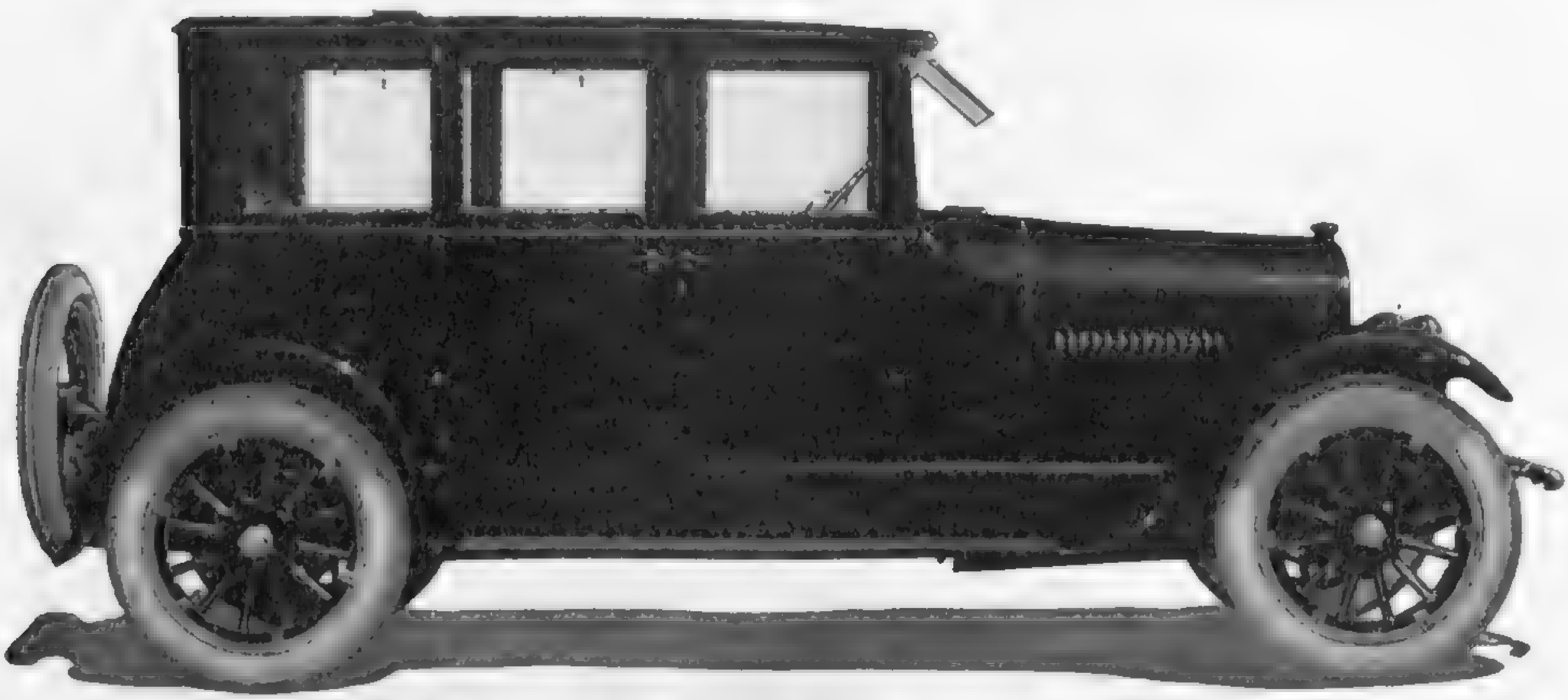
The originality which enabled Apperson cars to come out first with many of the signal improvements in the automobile, produced naturally this eight with "four" economy.

Drive an Apperson first—then decide

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND.
Export Department: One Hundred West Fifty-Seventh Street New York City

The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.

Apperson bounds in high from 1 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40-mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in 38¼ feet.



APPERSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

(Concluded from Page 178)

would be prospective contributors. This is approximately the number of persons paying income tax in 1917, of whom 2,000,000 reported incomes from $2000 to $3000.

The demand for publicity in support of money drives and institutions has become an editorial nightmare. During the war publications of every kind threw their columns open to almost every announcement that seemed helpful in winning—if they could find space for it. Business concerns contributed countless pages of advertising space for publicity purposes. There was no decrease in the demand after the armistice—on the contrary, an increase. Editors found their desks piled high with the product of the mimeograph, and were approached hourly by solicitors of free space—not merely newspaper editors, but those in charge of magazines, class journals, business publications, house organs. Paper shortage, rising costs in the publishing field and public weariness have checked this flood of publicity to some extent. Yet thousands upon thousands of columns are still printed daily.

If, as is maintained, publicity is absolutely necessary in money-raising, to inform and prepare the public before personal solicitation, then upon the publicity artist rests the responsibility of infusing into his screeds such news value and human interest that they will be printed on their merits.

In an obscure New York hotel a hundred-year-old visitor from the West is discovered. He has $10,000 in his pockets, and has not only spent several days in the metropolitan whirlpool without being robbed or bunkoed but declares that New Yorkers are the kindest people he has ever known when it comes to guiding and protecting a stranger. He had some thought of visiting his boyhood home in Ireland, but has given it up and will go back West. His money is turned into a bank draft, his railroad ticket home is bought, and steps are taken to check him up when he passes through Chicago. A plain human-interest story, such as reporters seek to lighten the daily news. But also a publicity story. For he was discovered, had his money put into safe form, and was conducted back home by an organization that looks after such travelers in big cities.

Here is an interesting account of life in Russia under soviet rule, the personal story of a refugee just landed. It bears no earmarks of publicity yet it is a publicity story, for a relief organization has facilities for locating refugees when they land, and their experiences are gathered, written and supplied to newspapers.

Money-Raising Ideas

Gratuitous publicity is being supplemented more and more with paid advertising for institutions, expenditure being directed by advertising experts who volunteer for the work. An Eastern college, which teaches advertising among other vocations, recently used newspaper and magazine space in raising a fund of several million dollars, the campaign being directed by its professor of advertising, with the coöperation of several advertising agencies. A Protestant church used paid advertising to such purpose in raising a fund of $60,000,000 that a Jewish rabbi in the South sent in a contribution, saying that the advertising had roused a desire to help an institution that explained its work so convincingly.

One form of advertising still common among institutions, however, cannot be too strongly condemned—the solicitation of advertisements for programs, souvenirs and similar schemes. The advertising value of such publications is negligible, and the cost of soliciting and printing is so great that but a small percentage of money contributed in that way is left for institutional work. Money would be saved both by the institution and the advertiser who is solicited if the latter, when approached, ascertained the charge for a given amount of space, and then sent half as much to the institution as a straight contribution for its work, ignoring the advertising appeal altogether.

Striking ideas have publicity value in raising money. Good ones frequently come from workers while a drive is on if there is someone who can recognize and utilize them. Such a suggestion made by a worker during a money-raising campaign of an Eastern college led to a personal canvass of everybody named Smith, with an appeal touching the pride of that well-known and numerous family. "Smith" figured also in the campaign of a big Eastern technical school, the pseudonym of an unknown millionaire who had contributed several million dollars in the past and pledged several million more provided his gifts were duplicated dollar for dollar. Moreover, he promised to reveal his identity. The alumni and the public covered his bet, and he proved to be a well-known manufacturer and philanthropist.

The Community-Chest Plan

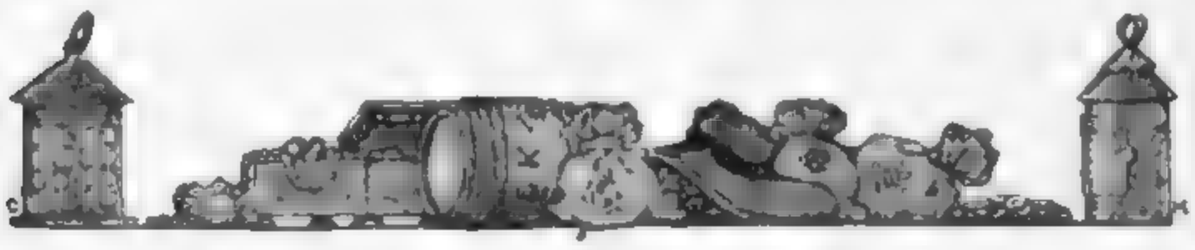
Many of the evils of both collecting and giving are being overcome by the community chest, also known as the peace chest. This is an outgrowth of the war-chest idea, whereby cities concentrated the different war drives in one big yearly community drive, raising a general fund from which war and benevolent projects were financed. The community chest cuts down collection costs, weeds out the duplicating and wasting institution, along with the swindler, and applies business methods to money-raising. In Cleveland, Ohio, for example, paid advertising was largely used in a one-week appeal to the public last winter, resulting in a community-chest fund of nearly $3,500,000. Volunteers are more easily secured by the community for one big effort than where dozens of separate organizations conduct individual campaigns. In Cleveland, more than a hundred organizations are supported out of the community chest. Rigid supervision is exercised over organizations under this plan, to insure competent management, live directors, efficiency in work, regular auditing, public financial statements and other essentials. Some communities issue an indorsement certificate to institutions found worthy. The community chest and the Financial Federation of Social Institutions are now established in more than fifty cities and towns throughout the United States, while in a dozen other communities the war-chest organization has been maintained.

The community chest is perhaps a beginning toward some better way of performing benevolent and social work heretofore rendered by scattered volunteer agencies. Some authorities believe that it will lead to consolidation of all such activities under community government.

But there is a great deal to be said for individual initiative in such matters.

Flexibility is one demonstrated value. Apart from the danger of political domination, public-relief bureaus are held to certain fields of activity by law, whereas private initiative constantly discovers new community needs and its sympathies are touched where the public bureau might be either soulless or powerless. The discovery that school children are undernourished, for example, enlists volunteer workers and brings funds for school lunches, where city attention to such a matter might require fundamental changes in law. Private initiative sometimes runs into duplication and useless projects, but there is a feeling on the part of a large section of the public that volunteer agencies have done much good and that their work should not be hindered by over-regulation or crystallization in government bureaus.

Two benefits have grown out of the community chest: First, a guaranty to the public that money raising will be kept within bounds and only worthy institutions supported; and that duplication will be abolished, with economy in raising money, expressed both in cost per dollar and the total amount needed for institutional work; second, under the community plan institutions are more generously supported, and they are freed from the money-raising job and enabled to center their efforts upon their work.



THE SHOE THAT IS TAILORED

HOLD SHAPE

"Tailored As The Finest Gowns"

A pattern for every Last and for every part of every Last.

Inquire at your own Shoe Shop or write to us for Name of nearest Dealer
Department H

For Afternoon Wear
Priced $12 to $18

Wise Shaw & Feder Co.
Cincinnati

A sock that has been made for careful buyers.

Iron Clad No. 398 has been made to meet the requirements of those who demand attractiveness and durability in a sock which sells at a reasonable price.

It is neat because it fits the foot and ankle snugly, while its permanent lustre finish makes it very good looking.

It is durable because of its four-ply reinforcement in heel and toe combined with three-ply reinforcement in the whole sole and high splice of heel.

Its price, seventy five cents per pair (east of the Rockies), recommends itself.

If there is no Iron Clad dealer near-by, order direct from us, enclosing remittance and stating size and color. Colors—black, dark gray, white, palm beach, navy and cordovan brown. Sizes 9 to 11½. Your order will receive prompt attention and be sent you postage paid.

Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine Street,
St. Joseph, Michigan

Iron Clad

The Florsheim SHOE

IT pleases any man to know that the shoe he is wearing has the approval of men everywhere; that it has national prestige; that, at home or on his travels, he can always be glad to have it known that he wears The Florsheim Shoe. Few shoes are so gratifying to the wearer; none more so, at any price.

Consider the wear not the price per pair. Look for the name—The Florsheim Shoe. Write for booklet "Styles of the Times."

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers Chicago

The Lamar—
Style M-57

THE
APPRECIATED
CHOCOLATES

Johnston's MILWAUKEE

The Next President of the United States and the High Cost of Living

(Continued from Page 7)

Fifth, the bureau chiefs of the different departments, being human, fight against encroachment upon their separate powers and jurisdiction within the department. With little intelligent pressure from the department head above for economy and coördination, each department in itself is in a sadly uncoördinated state.

Sixth, so far from one department endeavoring to find methods of coöperation with other departments by which public economy can be secured and business simplified, at the first suggestion of any such thing there is an instant call to arms from the department head down the line against a threatened encroachment upon old-established prerogatives and powers. No one who has not served in a government department can imagine the fossilized condition of the ancient systems and the tremendous inertia of the status quo.

Seventh, the bureau chiefs encourage the department chiefs to concern themselves with matters of general policy to the exclusion of personal attention to the business running of the concern.

Eighth, the pressure of congressmen and senators to find places for constituents or to secure the retention of old employees is continuous and insistent.

Ninth, to sum up, pressure in departments is exerted along lines which tend to increase expenditure—to prevent coördination—to decentralize the business of the Government—to increase independent powers—to discourage all teamwork except that to increase expenditures and keep out interlopers who are suggesting that money could be saved for the Government by having its business conducted upon correct business principles.

There is only one power in the United States which, effectively used, is equal to the tremendous task of putting government affairs upon a proper basis; and that is the power of the President of the United States, exercised primarily over his cabinet, who by his appointment constitute the heads of the administrative departments. A budget law which is proposed to correct the present situation will be totally inadequate unless the President is determined to exercise his full power to compel the spirit as well as the letter of departmental coördination. He must become the personal sponsor before his departments, before Congress and before the people, of a plan of government-business unification involving the personal responsibility of a recommendation to Congress of a budget and the application of pressure, primarily through the cabinet, toward economy, by definitely fixing responsibility for extravagance and failure in departmental coördination.

Unpopular Economy

The President, by assuming, in the matter of business coördination alone, the attitude toward his cabinet of a commander in chief of an army toward his general staff, must supplement any budget law. The latter, if passed, will afford an absolutely essential machinery of assistance, but the full powers of the President must be invoked, in addition, to secure the reform to which our people are entitled.

Let no one underestimate the magnitude of the opposition that will develop to a plan so self-evidently for the good of the Government and our people. Unless the next President chooses his cabinet with a preliminary pledge from them that they will submit to a supervising central business control as something not derogatory to their dignity, they may praise such a plan openly and fight it to the death in private.

Mr. Taft's success in the Philippines, where he had a free hand, led him to urge business methods and economy in Washington. His views were apparently adopted with enthusiasm by his cabinet and their subordinates. "Economy" sounded well and, until tried, was popular.

In charge of assembling estimates for Congress was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Charles D. Norton. A study of the estimates disclosed the same absurd conditions which, greatly multiplied, exist at present. There was no coöperation between departments in an effort to reduce expenses. Common purchasing bureaus were not dreamed of. For the identical electric-light bulb or lead pencil one department paid double the price paid by another department. Our paper money, printed on silk-lined paper, which cost fifty cents a pound, had an average life of six months. The new régime found that dirty money could be laundered and made to look like new, and last eighteen months. The solemn nonsense of printing paper money on hand presses in one building, counting it, recording it, and hauling it a mile in a guarded wagon to the Treasury, there to be recounted and resorted, was abolished.

The Budget and the Cabinet

Norton furnished Senator Aldrich with the figures from which the senator made his famous statement that the Government could be better run on three hundred million dollars less each year. The economists captured the Appropriations Committee of Congress by their zeal for economy. The lions and the lambs lay down together. Mann, Tawney and Fitzgerald, on the floor of Congress, praised their efforts; and later, when President Taft made Norton his secretary and authorized him to organize a commission on economy and efficiency, Congress passed the necessary appropriation cheerfully.

But it was speedily demonstrated that you cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. Everyone was for economy, but no one wanted his expenses cut. Norton's name became anathema. Doctor Cleveland and his able commission struggled on, despite criticism and attack. They issued an admirable report. For the first time in the history of our Government they actually submitted to Congress the estimates in budget form.

Despite his own political troubles Taft stood by them. But cabinet officers and Congress alike fought them; pigeonholed their reports and recommendations, which still molder unopened in Washington; and finally starved them out by cutting off their appropriations.

Norton resigned to enter private business, and with his group organized the Institute for Government Research, to study business reform and to develop a broad public sentiment in favor of business methods of government, a sentiment just now finding expression in the Budget Bill.

The monstrosities of the system, the duplication of work by the different departments, the wickedly unnecessary waste—all were seen then as clearly as they are to be seen to-day; but if anyone expected the head of an independent department willingly to give up power or to coöperate in a general reform that would lead to that result he was disappointed. If this work is to be done by the next President he will have to commence early and start with a cabinet not obsessed with the idea that there are vested rights in each one of them not subject to veto by a coördinating business control which thinks in terms of one government, to be administered for the best good of the American people.

The stronger the cabinet the President selects, if this preliminary cooperation is not pledged, the more impossible will it be for the next Administration to succeed in its most important task.

Of no one thing is a strong man more jealous than of his power. In the great war, among the Allied armies the same condition existed as among our government departments in their relation to each other. Enforced military coördination was preached, and all knew the necessity for it during four years of war without it. But what brought about the central command of Foch? Nothing but the wiping out of the British Fifth Army, in March, 1918, and the certainty of the annihilation of the Allied armies if the central command was not conceded. For nearly two years in France, charged by General Pershing with coördinating work between independent authorities in Allied armies and governments, I came to know that the tenacity with which a man or a nation holds to independent power is shaken only by a threat of total destruction.

The glory of Pershing's great career in France was his practically unique exhibition of a willingness to release power when

(Continued on Page 185)

The Saving Car At a Saving Price

$1585

F.O.B. Moline Illinois

Velie

Six Points of Velie Saving

1—SAVING of hundreds of dollars in first cost. Compare quality for quality—and you will be astonished at Velie 34's low price.

2—SAVING of fuel. Velie Six 34 in the hands of owners is showing fuel costs even lower than the prediction of Velie Engineers.

3—SAVING in tires. Cord tires are standard equipment on Velie 34. With its exceptionally light weight and perfect balance, Velie Six bids fair to make the long-distance tire record for light sixes.

4—SAVING in upkeep. Go over the splendid specifications—or better still, go to your nearest Velie dealer and examine the car. See for yourself why Velie 34 will match the famous Velie 100,000-mile record for low repair cost.

5—SAVING of refinishing and refurnishing. Velie 34 has the Velie deep plaited genuine leather upholstery and the Velie lasting mirror finish.

6—SAVING of having your Velie now. The prices of good cars cannot go down. In fact, prices of many cars have advanced. Velie values give you a *permanently* profitable investment. See the car—ride in it—judge for yourself.

Catalog on Request

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
Moline, Illinois

Five larger models—Velie 48 Touring Cars, Sedan, Coupé, Roadster and Speedster—all in the Authoritative Style. To make sure of having your Velie when you want it, see your Velie dealer now.

"Such Beautifully Ironed Linens"

"Yes, and that's only a small part of what the Simplex can do. I really get the most satisfaction from ironing my simple dresses, John's shirts and the children's clothing."

IN a short hour, the Simplex finishes the average family ironing—not only what is generally termed "flat work" but all of the personal apparel except that having gathers and ruffles. With only a little practice, a housewife can duplicate the lovely work of an expert laundress and save expense, time, and hours of weary labor.

The household help problem becomes solved!

A wonderful automatic feed board places full control over the machine at her finger tips, insuring absolute safety to herself and her work. Simple, easy to operate, and perfect mechanically, the Simplex is a complete success in 250,000 happy homes. For the first time, women can sit and iron comfortably.

It costs only 4 cents an hour to run the Simplex. Operated by electricity, heated by gas, gasoline or electricity, it is adaptable for house, apartment or farm home use. Reliable household appliance dealers sell the Simplex.

What can you iron on the Simplex?

Aprons	Soft Collars
Curtains	Children's Dresses
Lingerie	Table Cloths
Shirts	Centerpieces
Napkins	Dresser Scarfs
Doilies	Sheets
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Send for our illustrated booklet

American Ironing Machine Company, 515-168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Factories at Algonquin, Illinois
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We also make Ironing Machines and Laundry Equipment for laundries, hotels, institutions and factories

SIMPLEX IRONER

"THE BEST IRONER"

It is a mark of intelligent housekeeping to possess a SIMPLEX IRONER

(Continued from Page 182)

the common good required it. The most wonderful, quick and complete coördination of a vast industrial and military effort which the world has seen was that of the work of the American Expeditionary Forces in France under Pershing. He had, as our next President should have, a complete power over his administrative machine. This heedless generation, living in an age so eventful that the unprecedented has become commonplace, will not comprehend or study the enormous difficulties, personal and material, which he overcame. But let the thoughtful consider. A theoretically impossible program was laid upon each chief of an army service in the American Expeditionary Forces. The Army, with its separate services, was in as completely decentralized a condition as is our government business administration to-day.

If Pershing had not immediately established his central control over the entire program of the American Expeditionary Forces, and with inflexible purpose maintained it, our military effort in France would have commenced and ended in utter failure. If our Army in France had been managed on the lines of our government business system each chief of the service, doing his best and his full duty as he saw it in carrying out the task allotted to him, would have demanded as essential to his particular effort all the ship tonnage available for the entire Army.

The immediate coördination established between the separate services of the Army by Pershing through his General Staff in order to carry out his plan had certain features which we will compare with our governmental business system—for an army in these industrial days is largely a business machine.

No Coördinating Control

Pershing started with a plan of his military and business enterprise. Our Government, at present, has no one who is responsible for either forming or carrying out a general plan of government business.

Pershing established a General Staff which undertook, under his direction, to control, not as administrators but as coördinators, the operations of the different services, such as the ordnance, engineers', quartermasters', transportation and medical departments, so that they would all work together toward the consummation of his general plan.

The members of the cabinet of the President, each the head of a department and occupying a position analogous to that of the chief of a service, are not subject to a coördinating control because the President of the United States has never adopted such a policy so far as business administration is concerned

In the American Expeditionary Forces each chief was compelled to practice the strictest economy in the use of the limited material available, for the reason that a superior power which had in mind the whole plan would not permit the use of material by those charged with carrying out one detail of the plan where it interfered with a more essential detail.

Under our governmental business system each cabinet member, having only his departmental plan in mind, is not only subjected to no restraining pressure from the President but is subjected to great pressure from the chiefs of bureaus within his department to expand. He goes to a committee of Congress to ask for all he can get. He therefore asks for more than even he thinks he needs, because he expects Congress to cut him down in its appropriations on general principles, which it usually does.

If officers of the American Expeditionary Forces dared to withhold coöperation from the Commander in Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces they were removed.

If the President of the United States gave the cabinet a coördinated plan to work to, these gentlemen would think twice before they balked; for self preservation is usually the first thought of most public officials.

Pershing and his General Staff constantly appraised the relative importance of work and its rate of progress in each service. If machine tools, lumber or other materials were critically needed for the ordnance service, another service might be crippled temporarily to supply them—or vice versa—the idea being to expedite such effort as was most vital at the time being to the general plan.

Under our government system Congress has practically no assistance from an administration in determining the relative importance of departmental work which should determine the allotment of funds, save as each department head explains his own alleged necessities. Congress has no one in first contact with the services who, like Congress, concerned only with the general plan, can interpret from the departmental side these relative necessities.

It's Up to the Next President

Pershing and his General Staff, having in mind the general plan as well as the relation of the work of each service toward its fulfillment, could, by comparison, judge of the relative efficiency of the work of the services. If one service continually lagged, after due allowance for natural disadvantages, its head would be demoted or reassigned

That the effort of all services was to keep pace with the most efficient.

Under our government system the chief of a department is practically the only supervisor of his business. Government business attracts little intelligent investigation.

There exists no agency through which real and relative business efficiency may be studied and compared.

Through ignorance, if for no other reason, the President is not likely to make the business administration of a department the criterion by which the propriety of the removal of a cabinet member is determined.

Pershing and his staff could determine where the work of one army service at times could advantageously be done by another service or where a work could be done best by the cooperation of two or more services.

Under our government system no one with supervisory power, thinking of the whole work to be performed, considers the question of coöperative work by the department with a view to saving time and money and increasing efficiency. Much cooperative work could be done now without change in legislation, but there is no one in power who compels it to any great extent.

Pershing could and did compel a central purchasing supervision and coördination of supplies.

Under our government system purchasing, like everything else, is haphazard and uncoördinated.

The great outstanding accomplishment in governmental business coordination is that effected by Gov. Frank O. Lowden, in the state of Illinois, which in itself is a demonstration of what is possible for the President to do for our whole country and, at the same time, what cannot be accomplished without a similar personal effort on his part.

In Illinois when Governor Lowden came into office its business was carried on by one hundred and twenty-five or more uncoördinated boards, commissions and independent agencies. To start the state on a proper business basis it was necessary therefore for him to secure the abolition by legislation of these boards at the same time he secured the passage of the law providing for his new system of nine coördinated departments.

This situation was at once a disadvantage and an advantage to him—a disadvantage because the whole outfit of officeholders en masse were immediately challenged to battle for the status quo; an advantage because when they were disposed of en masse the institution of a new system was less complicated than an effort to reform the old one. Instead of waiting for the inevitable reaction against the winning executive who enters office at the height of his popularity and power, the governor announced that no appointments to office

Speediest, Most Economical Building Idea in a Decade

A Structural Steel Building of Standardized, Interchangeable Truss Units

Now used by the largest industrial concerns of the country. No building development of the past ten years equals this design in economy, service and flexibility. For warehouses, machine shops, farm buildings, garages, etc., this one patented unit, weighing 200 lbs., gives the widest possible combinations of framed construction, with clear floor space widths of 20-40 60 feet, any length desired, in multiples of twenty feet.

"Your Choice of a Thousand Buildings" is enlarged by an engineering service department to make special plans for your special demands.

Choice of Materials for Enclosure

Either a complete building, or the steel frame independent of covering. Sloping or vertical sides Roof, ends and sides covered with any material desired—corrugated iron, asbestos protected metal, wire lath and stucco, etc. Steel doors and windows.

Prompt shipment from stock, compact shipping space, full directions for erection, no specialized labor necessary. Can be enlarged, moved or changed at any time without loss of material. Absolutely fireproof.

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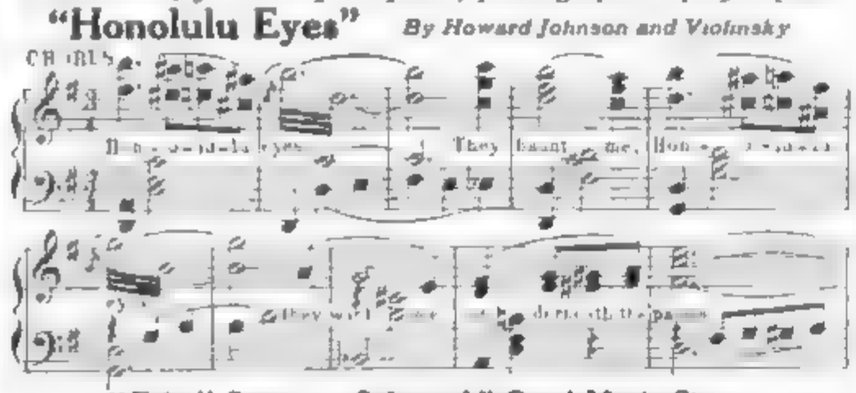

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would be made by him until after the passage of the reform law to which he had pledged his administration. He forced this reform through because he fearlessly made it a public issue, and the many politicians who were opposed to it did not dare run counter to the public sentiment he created. He succeeded, and his name will forever be linked in the history of his state with that success. With taxes everywhere else increasing, Illinois is better administered than ever before, and with a large reduction in taxation.

Thus, if our next President is to do for his country what Governor Lowden did for his state, he must make the accomplishment of this reform his personal fight. The people will support him in it; for his success means reduced taxation in an amount from one billion dollars a year upward, and a lessened cost of living. But if he succeeds he will have a bitter fight to make—let no one mistake this.

If he succeeds it does not mean, of necessity, that he becomes more of a dictator than ever. What we have written applies only to ordinary business administration. The relation of the President to his cabinet in all other matters is not under discussion. The central supervisory business control which our separate departments of the Government lack is what every successful private business corporation possesses. A bank, for instance, has its president, its board of directors and its administrative vice presidents. The president, advised by the board of directors, controls, supervises and coördinates the administrative vice presidents. If each of the latter formed his own business policy, determined his own expenses, made his own loans and ran his part of the business without any reference to the interest of the bank as a whole the bank would break. If the American people were not the most prosperous on earth our present government business system would eventually break them.

In our Government the President has as his advisers, or board of directors, the chiefs of our government departments, who are therefore occupying the position both of directors and administrative vice presidents in a bank. They can still advise him as before when, for the first time, he emphatically assumes the responsibility of bringing government business out of chaos.

Their importance or dignity as advisers is lessened in no degree by their submission to a central business supervision of the routine business administration of the departments, to which as a matter of fact they give little intelligent attention. Nevertheless the President should, before their appointment, make this a subject of clear understanding with every prospective cabinet member. And this understanding with his cabinet members should be so clear that Congress and the people understand it is an issue of his Administration.

The President cannot delegate anyone to stand the brunt of the battle with human selfishness which this reform involves. He, and only he, can win the fight. Suppose the next President selects someone of his cabinet to make the fight in his place. That member will fail and resign. The President, unless he makes it his personal cause, will be in the midst of as merry a fight as was ever staged by Kilkenny cats.

But if he does make it his fight and keeps an ax on the wall of the cabinet room as a reminder, those gentlemen will show the country the same teamwork, with corresponding results, which General Pershing and his staff showed in France, and Governor Lowden and his staff are showing in Illinois.

It is up to the next President. It is up to the business men and our people generally to let him know that they know it is up to him. It is up to him to present a coördinated and economical program of government needs and activities to Congress, and he will find that Congress will coöperate with him. If our next President does not assume this responsibility he will be a failure; for the national finances are not in the shape they were in the Taft Administration, when public interest and attention were not directed toward them by an extravagant cost of existence.

A miserable system of business in government, almost as old as the Government itself, bound round with steel tape and red tape, rooted deep in human selfishness and ambition, will not be easily changed.

But General Pershing made such a change in the American Expeditionary Forces, Governor Lowden made such a change in Illinois, and the next President, if he has the sand and the ability, can change it in the nation.

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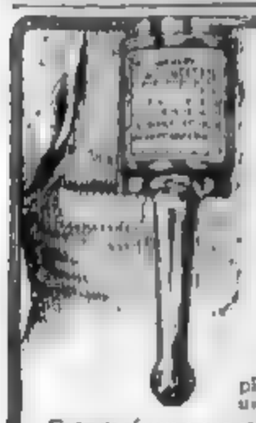

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